

GENEALOGY DEPARTMENT

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY




3 1833 01744 4958

GENEALOGY

979.4

H624H

1954



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016 with funding from
findmypast.com

March, 1954

Vol. XXXVI — No. 1

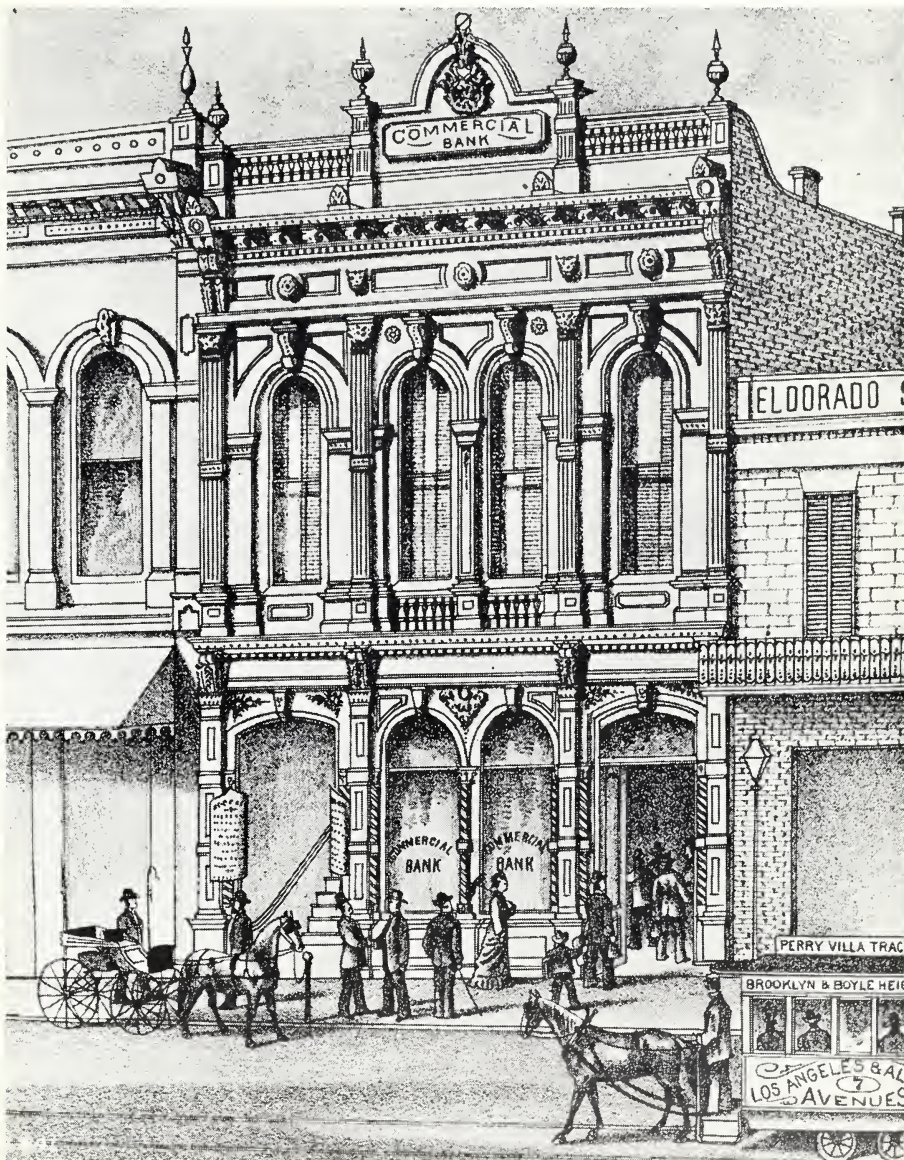
Fifty Cents

The

Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

Old Los Angeles Print



COMMERCIAL BANK ON NORTH MAIN STREET

See "A Brief Survey of Early Los Angeles Banks and Banking" — Page 40



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

* * * * *

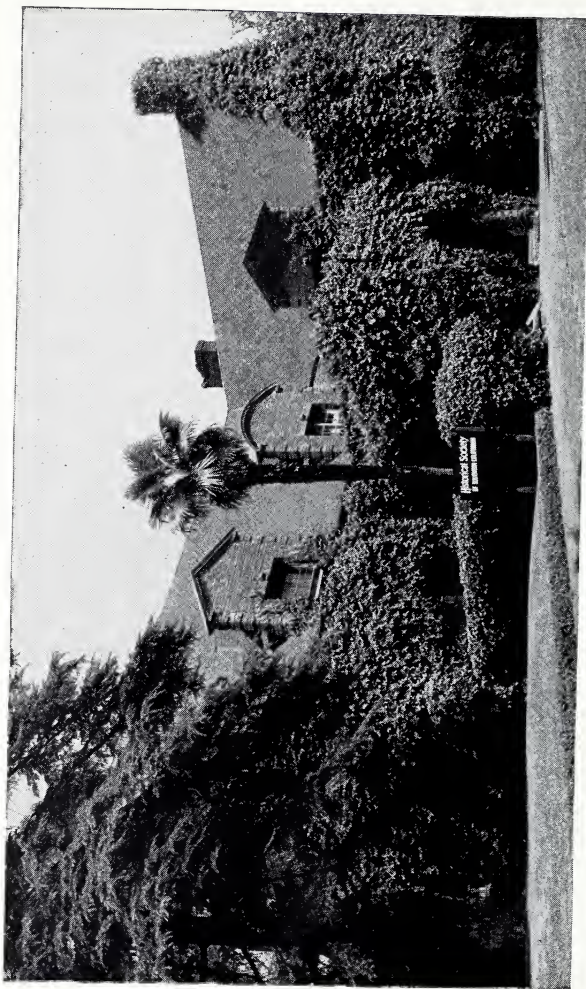
Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the *QUARTERLY*, and general Society correspondence to:

THE SECRETARY,
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

Mon County Public Library
St. Wayne, Indiana



HOME OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

1742217

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

VOLUME XXXVI	MARCH, 1954	NUMBER 1
--------------	-------------	----------

CONTENTS:

NATIVE CALIFORNIANS IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1849	- - - -	3
<i>By Donald E. Hargis</i>		
JOHN GOLLER: PIONEER ANGELENO MANUFACTURER	- -	14
<i>By John E. Baur</i>		
DAILY LIFE IN EARLY LOS ANGELES	- - - -	28
<i>By Maymie R. Krythe</i>		
A BRIEF SURVEY OF EARLY LOS ANGELES BANKS AND BANKING	- - - - - - - -	40
<i>By Helen Tyler</i>		
THE LIFE OF JONATHAN (JOHN) TEMPLE	- - - -	46
<i>By Marco R. Newmark</i>		
THE HISTORY OF CAMP CADY	- - - - -	49
<i>By Leonard Waitman</i>		
BOOK REVIEWS	- - - - -	92
ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY	- - - - -	94
GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY	- - - - -	95

The HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY, official publication of the Historical Society of Southern California, 2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California, is issued four times each year during the months of March, June, September and December. Annual membership \$10.00. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California.

The Historical Society of Southern California

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

1954

OFFICERS:

JOHN C. AUSTIN, President
GUSTAVE O. ARLT, *First Vice-President*
FREDERICK F. HOUSER, *Second Vice-President*
EDWARD A. DICKSON, *Treasurer*
ANA BEGUE DE PACKMAN, *Secretary*
MARCO R. NEWMARK, *Curator*

DIRECTORS:

GUSTAVE O. ARLT	FREDERICK F. HOUSER
JOHN C. AUSTIN	OSCAR LAWLER
HOMER D. CROTTY	MARCO R. NEWMARK
EDWARD A. DICKSON	ANA BEGUE DE PACKMAN
EDMUND F. DUCOMMUN	MRS. FREDERIC C. RIPLEY
JOHN E. FISHBURN, JR.	W. W. ROBINSON
JOHN ANSON FORD	ROGER STERRETT
PHIL TOWNSEND HANNA	MRS. MARSHALL STIMSON

STANDING COMMITTEES:

Publication Committee: EDWARD A. DICKSON, *Chairman*; Dr. Robert G. Cleland, Phil Townsend Hanna, Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley, W. W. Robinson, Roger Sterrett, Dr. Henry Wagner.

Finance Committee: OSCAR LAWLER, *Chairman*; Edward A. Dickson, John E. Fishburn, Frederick F. Houser, Maynard McFie.

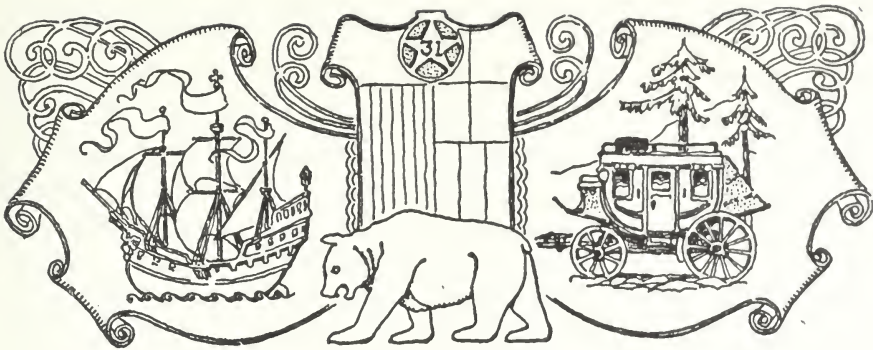
Program Committee: FREDERICK F. HOUSER, *Chairman*; John B. T. Campbell, Rev. Msgr. James E. Dolan, John E. Fishburn, Jr., Sam Green, Neil Petree, Reese H. Taylor, George Healey Tondel.

Membership Committee: MRS. FREDERIC C. RIPLEY, *Chairman*; Charles G. Adams, Eugene W. Biscailuz, Dr. Robert L. Borland, Miss Clementina de Forest Griffen, D. S. Hammack, William Robert Kilgore, Frederic C. Ripley, Mrs. Marshall Stimson.

Landmarks Committee: EDMUND F. DUCOMMUN, *Chairman*; Homer D. Crotty, Phil Townsend Hanna, Frederick F. Houser, Marco R. Newmark, Frederic C. Ripley, Mrs. Florence Dodson Shoneman, Roger J. Sterrett, Miss Grace Stoermer.

Gifts Committee: MARCO R. NEWMARK, *Chairman*; Mrs. Frederick Kingston, Mrs. Oscar Lawler, Mrs. Lucy Gage Rand, Mrs. Marshall Stimson, Mrs. John C. Wolfskill.

Executive Committee: JOHN C. AUSTIN, *Chairman*; Gustave O. Arlt, Edward A. Dickson, John Anson Ford, Oscar Lawler, Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley, W. W. Robinson.



GUSTAVE O. ARLT, *Editor*

The Historical Society of Southern California QUARTERLY for March, 1954

Native Californians *in the* Constitutional Convention *of 1849*

By Donald E. Hargis

IN 1849 THE MEXICAN-SPANISH INHABITANTS of California, the native Californians, were in an unusual position, even historically unique. Defeated, and not only subject but foreign in their culture, language, and political institutions to their conquerors, they were asked to share in the formation of an American government, which was to be theirs as well. Out-numbered 76,000 to 13,000, they could have sat docilely by and refused cooperation, but, instead, they took their place in the Constitutional Convention.¹ Although the proceedings of the convention have been analyzed, a detailed study of the activities of the native delegates has never been attempted.² Perhaps, because they spoke infrequently, and then through an interpreter, and because they were overshadowed numerically, they have not appeared to need special investigation.³ However, they did have a consequential role in writing the constitution.

I.

Eight native Californians were elected as delegates from the predominantly Mexican-Spanish sections of California. Five came from districts in the south and three from those parts of the north which were heavily Spanish. In most instances they had the unanimous support of the Americans as well as of the natives in their districts and, hence, did not represent the conquered minority exclusively. De Pedrorena represented San Diego;⁴ Carrillo and Dominguez, Los Angeles;⁵ De la Guerra, Santa Barbara;⁶ Covarrubias, San Luis Obispo;⁷ Rodriguez, Monterey;⁸ Pico, San Jose;⁹ and Vallejo, Sonoma.¹⁰

Some of the native delegates were friendly with the Americans and sought the annexation of California to the United States, while others were openly hostile. Vallejo, although he had been arrested in the abortive "Bear Flag Revolt," was an outspoken advocate of annexation; but Carrillo, who led the native military forces in a last ditch resistance, preferred a separate government, at least for the south. All of them, even those who favored annexation, were concerned about certain conceivable conditions of government under rule by the United States. They feared domination to the point where they would lose their proud inheritance and identity and would become second-class citizens. They were suspicious of specific American institutions which were counter to their habits of thought. They were troubled that with the loose system of land grants under both the Spanish and Mexican governments they might be deprived of their ranchos, the economic and social foundation of their civilization. Finally, they were worried that the cost of the government would fall on them as the only settled landholders. However, "these apprehensions forced them to become representatives of their class, in order to avert as much as possible the evils they forboded."¹¹

The native Californians were somewhat irregular in attendance at the sessions of the convention and in voting. Covarrubias, Dominguez, De la Guerra, and de Pedrorena were nearly a week late taking their seats; while De la Guerra, de Pedrorena, Rodriguez, and Vallejo absented themselves for days at a time. As

Native Californians in the Constitutional Convention of 1849

individuals, each voted on about 73% of the forty-six roll calls; they all voted on identical motions only eleven times. It has been charged that they voted together on nearly all issues and usually were at variance with the Americans.¹² However, on the eleven roll calls in which *all* of the native Californians voted, they cast a unanimous ballot in only five; on the thirty-five others they agreed among themselves in eighteen and disagreed in seventeen. The majority of them concurred with the majority of the Americans thirty-seven times and differed, nine. This demonstrates that they were not acting as a block and that they agreed more often with the Americans than they did among themselves.

All of them except Dominguez and Pico had a part in the work of the committees. The others were on the Select Committee which wrote the constitution, where, with six members in twenty, they were influential out of proportion to their number in the whole body of delegates. In the five-member committee on the boundary, the bias of De la Guerra and Rodriguez was evident in the report. De la Guerra was on the privileges and elections committee; de Pedrorena, on that for engrossing the constitution in Spanish; and Vallejo, on the privileges and elections, engrossing in Spanish, and finance committees.

Although they followed the proceedings of the convention with interest, the language difference was a formidable barrier to regular collaboration. While interpreters had been appointed, they proved inefficient and even insulting. Only De la Guerra and Vallejo spoke English with any fluency, and even they spoke through the interpreter most of the time; it is doubtful that a majority of them was able to read English. Occasionally the convention was without an interpreter, and at times measures had to be postponed while written translations were made. This linguistic obstacle, coupled with suspicion of American intentions and a natural reserve in a situation in which they felt "foreign," drastically curtailed the speaking by the native delegates.

The Californians spoke on nine issues and made brief contributions to the discussion of seven others.¹³ Dominguez, Pico, and Rodriguez did not speak or debate; and while Covarrubias and de Pedrorena shared in the discussion, they made no formal

speeches. The three who were most active, who gave speeches and joined in the debate were Carrillo, who delivered five speeches; De la Guerra, six; and Vallejo, one. In the discussion Carrillo made twelve comments; De la Guerra, seventeen; Covarrubias, eight; and de Pedrorena and Vallejo, three each. They were articulate only on the issues which touched their interests closely.

II.

One of the significant questions was whether the convention should organize a territorial or a state government. The electorate in most of southern California had instructed its delegates to argue for a territorial government, which would place less restraint on the native Californians, would cost less, and would allow for the possible division of California. Carrillo presented his instructions and advocated a division at San Luis Obispo with the northern half as a state and the southern, a territory. He concluded by stating that he and the other native Californians were now *Americans* and favored the American system as much as did any of the delegates.¹⁴ Later, de Pedrorena asserted that he and his constituents preferred a state government.¹⁵ Carrillo, Pico, and Rodriguez voted for the territorial government; and Vallejo, for the State.¹⁶

A crucial issue arose on the franchise. There was no controversy over excluding the Negro, but the problem occurred in relation to the Indian. As some of the Californians had Indian blood and as one of the delegates, Dominguez, was an Indian, the efforts to deny the franchise to Indians met with strong resistance. De la Guerra emphasized that the Indians were capable of education and political liberty and that educated Indians had voted under the Mexican and California governments. He averred that denying them the franchise would condemn them to an inferior status, instead of which they should be educated for citizenship.¹⁷ In the debate which followed, Carrillo furthered this argument, and De la Guerra reiterated that he wished only educated, land-holding Indians to vote.¹⁸ The implied threat of the native Californians to leave the convention led to the provision which served as an uneasy compromise, that the legislature should have the

Native Californians in the Constitutional Convention of 1849

power by a two-thirds concurrent vote to enfranchise certain Indians. The proviso granting legislative discretion on the franchise was passed without a record vote.¹⁹

For the natives, taxation was undoubtedly the most important item considered. They threatened an actual "bolt" unless they were given some protection, which safeguard they received in a concession on the election of assessors. The principle of equality of taxation was established; but the districts, counties, and towns were allowed to elect their own assessors. The opponents of this scheme asserted that it would let the land owner influence the election of the assessor and, thus, dishonestly determine his own property valuation. De la Guerra, in a fiery speech, countered that both the assessor and the land holder could take an oath to be fair and honest and that such an oath should be enough for anyone. Further, defending the honor and integrity of the native Californian, he could not see why bad faith should be expected from one class of property owner.²⁰

The apportionment for the state legislature concerned the Californians, as they sensed that they might be outvoted by a transient population in the north. Carrillo argued that each permanent landholding citizen in the south should count for more in determining representation than the migratory one in the north. As a larger portion of the inhabitants of the south were qualified voters than in the north, therefore, the south should have at least equal representation with the north.²¹ He and De la Guerra reiterated these contentions in the debate.²² They failed to secure special privileges for the south, but they did obtain equitable representation on the basis of the estimated population, both migratory and settled.

The debate over the territorial limits for California excited more speaking than did any other problem. It was alleged that Gwin²³ dominated the native Californians so that they voted consistently with him for the largest possible area, one which included Nevada and most of Utah and Arizona, in order later to disjoin the southern half and make it a separate territory. It is doubtful that they were under the control of any man, especially Gwin.²⁴ Their consistent vote for the largest area seems rather to reflect

the fact that this approximate territory had been considered to be California under the Spanish and Mexican governments—it was never circumscribed by the present boundary. It is a possible supposition that they hoped with the extended area that the southern half might become a territory which they could control. However, if this were so, they were acting from their own motives and not Gwin's.²⁵ Carrillo explained that in 1768 the Spanish government, followed later by the Mexican one, recognized the extended boundary for California. He averred that as the delegates were sent to the convention to form a government for the whole of California and as they had no right to take a foot away from that area or to exclude anyone in it from the protection of the government which they were organizing, all of the territory which had been ceded by Mexico should be included in the new state. Carrillo concluded by asserting that the natives were as anxious for a *state* government as were the Americans and that they had no thought of attempting to divide California.²⁶ Covarrubias and Vallejo affirmed Carrillo's statements on the boundary under Spain and Mexico.²⁷ Covarrubias, Dominguez, and Rodriguez voted in favor of the proposal which established the present boundary, while de Pedrorena and Vallejo voted against it.

De la Guerra spoke on three comparatively minor issues. On the jurisdiction of the state Supreme Court as an appellate court, he argued that it should consider only cases involving more than \$200, and he proposed the limiting provision, which was inserted in the constitution.²⁸ De la Guerra's recommendation for a section to require the immediate translation of all new laws, decrees, regulations, and provisions into Spanish was adopted unanimously.²⁹ Although he wanted the citizenry to vote on the new constitution as soon as possible after the convention adjourned, De la Guerra declared that a date early in November was too soon for the document to be translated into Spanish and for the people to have had time to study it.³⁰ A compromise was effected, setting a date in mid-November.

Vallejo, in his only speech, argued for a commission to write a code of basic laws for the first legislature to consider. He reasoned that his plan would save time and money as it would allow



—From the Collection of Ana Begue de Packman

DON MARIANO GUADALUPE VALLEJO



—From the Collection of Ana Begue de Puckman

DON MANUEL DOMINGUEZ



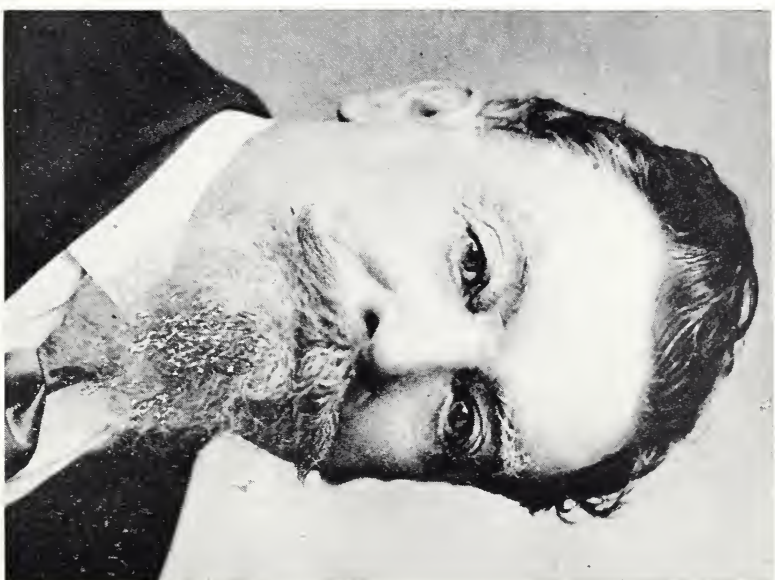
—From the Collection of Ana Begue de Puckman

DON JOSE ANTONIO CARRILLO



—From the Collection of Ana Beque de Packman

DON PABLO DE LA GUERRA



—From the Collection of Ana Beque de Packman

DON JOSE MARIA COVARRUBIAS



—From the Collection of Ana Begue de Packman

DON MIGUEL DE PEDRORENA

Native Californians in the Constitutional Convention of 1849

for the rapid consideration and passage of legislation necessary to the new state. He was willing, in fact, to pay the commissioners himself.³¹ The idea was rejected; four Californians voted for it; and four, against.

Covarrubias twice advocated that Santa Barbara be made the capital because of its location and climate.³² He also moved, in a spirit of genuine magnanimity, that the delegates serve at the convention without compensation.³³ He and De la Guerra both raised minor technical points on the manner in which the constitution was to be submitted to the President and Congress.³⁴ The most frequently quoted remark by a native Californian is the resolution proposed by Vallejo on the design for the state seal: "*Resolved*, That the bear be taken out of the design for the Seal of California; or, if it do remain, that it be represented as made fast by a *lazo* in the hands of a Vaquero."³⁵ Whether this was presented seriously or as a subtle jest, it was rejected by only one vote.

Covarrubias and De la Guerra on three occasions asked that votes be deferred until proposals could be translated into Spanish and, once, that the Californians be excused from voting as the issue was over an English word.³⁶ Carrillo complained of the incompetency and disrespectful language of the interpreter's clerk, securing his instant dismissal.³⁷ Carrillo, De la Guerra, de Pedrona, and Vallejo raised several purely procedural points. Carrillo was involved in two minor personal exchanges. In the first, he accused Gwin of calling him a foreigner and asserted heatedly that he was as good an American as any other delegate. Gwin's explanation appeased Carrillo.³⁸ In the other, he said that he was weary of the prolonged debate on the boundary and would vote for the next proposal no matter what it was. Covarrubias disapproved of this attitude; Carrillo answered that his reasons for a vote were his own business.³⁹

As there were so few speeches made by native Californians, as they were all so very brief, and, especially, as they suffered so in translation, it is difficult to pass definitive judgment on them. Carrillo would make a general assertion and allow it to stand with another generalization or two for support. There were no real introductions or conclusions; each speech began with a

direct statement and, if it were rounded out, ended with a restatement of the central proposition. The language was extremely blunt and stilted, which, of course, may have been the result of the translation. Rather than being speeches, they were dry, unadorned, and undeveloped statements. Vallejo was represented by one speech which followed the pattern set by Carrillo. The speeches given by De la Guerra were distinguished from Carrillo's in several ways. De la Guerra was more personal and less blunt than the former. Each speech began with a sentence statement of the speaker's position and closed with a restatement which indicated the intended action. The reasoning was deductive, and there was adequate support with personal and reasonably detailed illustrations. There were no figures of speech or decoration in that sense. The sentence structure was simple and the wording basically informal. As De la Guerra admitted, it was difficult for him to answer arguments because of the problems of translation. His speeches were the most effective given by any of the Californians.

From this distance in time it is impossible to analyze the oral presentation, as there is no evidence on the delivery.⁴⁰ In any case, as the speeches were given in Spanish, it would be hard to evaluate such testimony.

III.

Even though they were a subject minority, the native Californians participated in the California Constitutional Convention of 1849 to protect their own interests and to assist in the organization of the new government. It is doubtful that any group dominated the convention; and certainly the native Californians, who seldom acted in concert, did not. However, they made their position clear on measures of primary concern to themselves; and, although they were forced to concede many points, they seem to have been content with the finished constitution and were proud of the part which they had in writing it.⁴¹

They were persuasive in the Select Committee on the Constitution and in the committee on the boundary. On specific issues, it was their pressure which gave the final form to the sections on the franchise, the taxation, the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court,

Native Californians in the Constitutional Convention of 1849

the translation into Spanish, and the date for the ballot on ratification. They failed to secure a territorial government, a division of the area, an extended boundary, or an advantageous apportionment. Their original apprehensions were actually only partially allayed; but, as so much of the American philosophy was foreign to them, further protest must have seemed futile.

The native Californians did relatively little formal speaking and played a limited role in the discussion; the language barrier was a reasonable excuse for this scarcity. The speeches were neither particularly efficacious nor noteworthy. Carrillo with his dry, blunt statements and De la Guerra with the more personal "little" speeches were the most articulate. It was not primarily through their speaking, but in another way perhaps that they were more persuasive.

The Americans did possess a sense of fair play which made them recognize that they must consult with the natives; but more important, they knew that the Californians could leave the convention and refuse further cooperation. The Americans feared such a "bolt" as they realized that if a constitution were submitted to Congress without the support of the native Californians, California might be refused statehood and placed in a territorial status or the area might be divided and a separate government organized in the south. They wished to avoid either of these alternatives, and so they retreated at least part way from positions which were particularly obnoxious to the Californians. In this manner the native Californians did wield a sort of power in the democratic process of the convention and by compromise secured some protection for themselves, influencing the final form of the constitution.

NOTES

1. The California Constitutional Convention met in Monterey from September 1 to October 13, 1849, and is reported in detail in Browne, J. R., *The Debates in the Convention of California* (Washington, D.C., 1850).
2. For a general analysis see: Goodwin, C., *The Establishment of State Government in California* (New York, 1914); Ellison, W. H., *A Self-governing Dominion* (Berkeley, 1950); Ellison, J., "The Struggle for Civil Government in California," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, X (1931); and Bancroft, H. H., *Works*, XXIII, "History of California," VI (San Francisco, 1888) pp. 284-304.
3. In the convention there were eight native Californians, thirty-six Americans, and four delegates of foreign birth. Although de Pedrorena and Covarrubias were born abroad they are included as Californians.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

4. *Miguel de Pedrorena*, born in Spain, had been in California for twelve years as a shipping agent. He favored the intervention of the United States and was Stockton's aide and collector of customs in San Diego.
5. *Jose A. Carrillo* was in and out of the government from 1822 to 1849. Described as "an habitual revolutionist," (Willard, C. D., *History of Los Angeles* (Los Angeles, 1901), p. 214) he was exiled from California at least three times. Carrillo had served as alcalde of Los Angeles, a member of the Mexican Congress, and a leader of the militia which fought the Americans, so that he was forced to sign the Treaty of Cahuenga.
Manual Dominguez had been alcalde of Los Angeles and of San Pedro. After the convention he was a Los Angeles county supervisor.
6. *Pablo N. de la Guerra* was active in the general government from 1838 to 1846 and alcalde of Santa Barbara in 1847. He opposed the Americans, was arrested, and served as Castro's commissioner to Stockton. Following the convention De la Guerra was in the California Senate for several terms, president of the Senate and acting lieutenant governor in 1860, a United States Marshal for the south, and a district judge.
7. *Jose M. Covarrubias* came to California from France in 1834. He had been alcalde of Santa Barbara, secretary to Governor Pico, and a justice of the Supreme Court. After the convention Covarrubias served in the assembly for five years and was a county judge in Santa Barbara.
8. *Jacinto Rodriguez* was in the militia and local government in Monterey and San Francisco from 1836 to 1843 and alcalde of Monterey in 1849.
9. *Antonio M. Pico* served in the California militia and in the government. He was alcalde of San Jose for three years and favored a reapproachment with the United States. In 1861 Pico was a Republican elector and, later, register of the United States land office in Los Angeles.
10. *Mariano G. Vallejo* entered military service as a cadet and rose to become comandante general of California. He served in the Mexican Congress and led in the colonization of the Sonoma area. He was an open friend of the United States and in 1847 Fremont's legislative councillor and a sub-agent for the Indians. After the convention Vallejo was a member of the first state senate and a land promoter at Benecia.
Padre Antonio Ramirez, the pastor of the Catholic church at Monterey, should be listed with the other native Californians at the convention. He alternated with S. H. Willey in giving the opening prayers for the sessions and officiated seventeen times. Ramirez has been described as an excellent speaker. See: Taylor, B., *Eldorado* (New York, 1949), p. 133.
11. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, p. 284.
12. Eldredge, Z. S., *History of California*, III (New York, 1915), p. 287.
13. Any contribution of 250 words or more was considered as a speech for the purposes of this study.
14. Browne, *op. cit.*, p. 22.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 446.
16. Covarrubias, Dominguez, De la Guerra, and de Pedrorena were not yet in attendance at the convention when this vote was taken. The state plan was adopted, twenty-eight to eight.
17. *Ibid.*, pp. 63 and 305.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 306.
19. On a proposal to exclude all Indians from the franchise the seven Californians voting, were opposed; on one to allow tax paying Indians to vote, the seven voted in the affirmative.
20. *Ibid.*, pp. 70 and 365. There was no roll call on this question.
21. *Ibid.*, pp. 407-8.
22. *Ibid.*, pp. 413-4.
23. *William M. Gwin*, previously a political leader in Mississippi and Louisiana, was, perhaps, the most influential delegate in the convention. It was said that he pressed for the extended boundary in order, later, to divide California and make the southern half a state which would be allied with the South. See: Eldredge, *op. cit.*, p. 311.
24. The native Californians seem to have been suspicious of the motives of most of the Americans and particularly of Gwin's. See: "Memoirs of Hon. W. M. Gwin," ed. by W. H. Ellison, *California Historical Society Quarterly*, XIX, 1 (March, 1940), pp. 5-6 and Scherer, J. A. B., *Thirty-first Star* (New York, 1942), p. 158.

Native Californians in the Constitutional Convention of 1849

25. Earlier in the convention some native Californians had suggested that California be divided. (Browne, *op. cit.*, p. 22.) In the first years of statehood these same persons were active in the movement which nearly ended with such a partition in 1859 when the division was approved by the legislature and the electorate south of San Luis Obispo. The Civil War ended the agitation. *See*: Ellison, W. H., *op. cit.*, p. 169 *et seq.*
26. Browne, *op. cit.*, pp. 193, 446, and 452.
27. *Ibid.*, p. 451. On the preliminary ballots the native Californians voted against any restricted boundary, while in two instances they voted unanimously for the largest area. On one proposal to divide the territory, north and south, about half-way between the extremes, their vote was split, four to four.
28. *Ibid.*, p. 225.
29. *Ibid.*, pp. 273-4.
30. *Ibid.*, p. 390.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 303.
32. *Ibid.*, pp. 244-5.
33. *Ibid.*, p. 290.
34. *Ibid.*, pp. 393 and 398.
35. *Ibid.*, p. 323.
36. *Ibid.*, pp. 58, 153, and 233.
37. *Ibid.*, pp. 94-5.
38. *Ibid.*, pp. 22-3.
39. *Ibid.*, pp. 456-7.
40. Bancroft (*op. cit.*, XX, p. 769) describes De la Guerra as "a good speaker in Spanish and English" and (XXII, p. 759) Vallejo as having "grandiloquence of speech."
41. Taylor, *op. cit.*, p. 125:



John Goller: *Pioneer Angeleno Manufacturer*

By John E. Baur



ODAY'S RAPIDLY INDUSTRIALIZING Southern California seems a millenium removed from its pioneer beginnings, yet only a century ago the first Los Angeles "industrialists" began to dream and do. John Goller gave wheels to a city that was later to live on wheels. He had been born in Germany on July 7, 1825, and during his early years learned the blacksmith's trade. He lived in a mining region, but soon found that European dreams of reform and progress were turning out to be fool's gold. With more hope than bitterness, however, young Goller had set out for America. His first permanent stop was St. Louis, already echoing with German accents. Then in the magic year 1849 he heard of California gold, and with a companion, John Graff, he turned once more westward.¹

Both young men had their handicaps, though they seemed unaware of them. Speaking almost no English and endowed with neither friends nor cash, they traveled through unfamiliar, inhospitable territory. Eventually the pair reached the Great Basin, and at Little Salt Lake in October they and two other Germans met the famous Jayhawker party, also from Missouri. In a hurry to reach golden California, this American group tried a short cut, as others had before, turning southward *via* Mountain Meadow and Death Valley. Theirs was a trail-blazing detour to despair.

In their many sufferings from heat and thirst, the Jayhawkers at least had the companionship of their fellows, but John Goller and his three friends had only themselves. They were never considered Jayhawkers, and most lists of that group do not include them. Sarcastically, the Missourians called them the "Buzzard Dutch," because when the Germans ran out of provisions, they

John Goller: Pioneer Angeleno Manufacturer

ate their few cattle, hide, blood, entrails, and all. In time the Americans who had mocked came to copy them.²

The Rev. J. W. Brier and his wife, the only woman in the party, befriended Goller and Graff, sharing with them their dry biscuits and precious canteen.³ Still, the “Dutchmen” stayed generally together, eating and sleeping separately from the rest, and after the main party had abandoned their wagons, Goller and Graff strayed even farther away.

One day while hunting for water, Graff sat down on a rock to rest, then suddenly Goller cried out, “See what I have found!” When his thirsty friend asked hopefully if it was water, he heard with disappointment, “No, it is gold.” “I want no gold now; I want water and bread; that, gold will not buy in this dry place,” replied John Graff.⁴ Such grumblings did not dissuade Goller from gathering a few samples. Later he told William L. Manly, hero of the Death Valley wanderers, that he could have picked up \$1,000 worth of gold an hour in this desolate western Sahara. It was not mica either, he insisted, for experience in German mines served him well.⁵

Not everyone had as much faith in Goller’s findings. John B. Colton, last surviving Jayhawker, wrote in 1901 that he thought the discovery near “Nitre Spring” was only mica, since Goller was “partly insane” from his terrible experiences.⁶

After more adventures with temperature, thirst, and hunger, Goller and his companions eventually stumbled into José Salazar’s rancho. Goller, the robust 24-year old smith, was now wan and nearly dead, but he carried a pack of nuggets which he had “clung to in spite of Hell.”⁷ To the day of his death he would keep one specimen.⁸

Although he settled in Los Angeles instead of becoming a miner in the Mother Lode, Goller never forgot Death Valley and his strike. He believed it was located in what later was called the Armagosa District. Now, John Goller was an honest man, and time and deeds made his word and wisdom respected locally. Willing to believe him and always eager to man a new gold rush, his townsmen encouraged his expeditions to Death Valley. Once returned to the region, he could not find any landmarks. Rocks and mountains

looked unfamiliar.⁹ A second trip of Goller and his followers was by a new route. This time several places seemed strangely reminiscent, but all proved misleading.¹⁰ Goller was doubly disappointed, for the confidence of his friends as well as much of his own time and money has been dissipated. Yet, he was never completely disillusioned. It might have been better if he had had a bit of pessimism in his soul. Fellow Angelenos were not so optimistic, though Horace Bell predicted a generation after Goller's death that the now-famous Lost Goller Mine would some day be found.¹¹ To others it all became a huge joke, a delightful sample of local color. As early as 1861, the Los Angeles *Star* joshed:

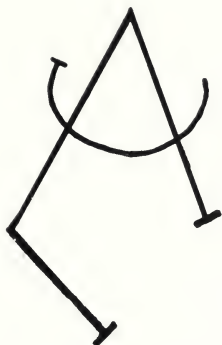
NEW GOLD MINES

Who has not heard of the rich gold mines on the Desert known as the "Goller" lead, where gold was picked up in lumps, or cut off in bars. Well, another Goller "lead" not exactly so rich, but rich enough to satisfy the most avaricious, if it would only hold out. We saw a chap at work in front of Goller's coach factory . . . who scraped up and washed out about forty dollars to the pan. Several others rushed in to assist, but were not quite so lucky — all, however, "got the color." The hombre was lucky enough to lose only about five dollars by the operation. He had taken a package of quicksilver, of Kern river, to Goller's forge, to have it retorted, and placed it in a bottle, which split; the gold fell out, and so made the new "Goller Diggings." Great excitement prevailed in the locality for a time, some supposing a rich placer had been discovered.¹²

Hard fact or legend-coated mirage, the Goller find added one more tale to the West's rich mining lore and gave immortality to Goller through Goller Canyon in the southern Panamints.¹³

John Goller's more solid fame came from a shop in Los Angeles. When he arrived in town at the end of 1849, he lacked enough money to go north to the mines, so Goller hired himself out as a gunsmith for \$2.50 a day.¹⁴ Thus he worked for several months until Louis Wilhardt, a fellow German, lent him \$500 with which Goller bought a set of blacksmith's tools and opened a shop on Los Angeles Street near Commercial.¹⁵ Wilhardt, who had begun in 1849 to make locally high quality white wine, also helped Goller get needed customers.¹⁶

Almost immediately, John Goller became Los Angeles' first



—From the Collection of Ana Begue de Packman

OFFICIAL LOS ANGELES CITY BRAND

forged by John Goller in his shop.

Recorded June 1, 1870.



—From the collection of Ana Begue de Packman

CARRIAGE AND BLACKSMITH SHOP
of John Goller located on North Los Angeles Street just South of Commercial Street.

John Goller: Pioneer Angeleno Manufacturer

general blacksmith. At the time, California desperately needed members of his calling. In San Francisco a good smith got \$4 to \$5 a day, sometimes even receiving board and lodging as well. The situation was similar in Los Angeles, and Goller took full advantage of it. One of his first jobs was to make an iron awning for which a resident paid him \$500.¹⁷ He got \$16 for shoeing a horse, but this was not gouging, for iron was extremely scarce.¹⁸ With typical pioneer ingenuity and pluck, Goller went out to the plains he had crossed and gathered up all the old horseshoes, nails, and other metal parts abandoned there by the hard-pressed travelers.¹⁹ Later, he bought these from suppliers, thus becoming the region's pioneer junkman.

In the early days, Goller served the county government, and his was a satisfied customer. In 1851, for instance, the Court of Session ordered the sheriff to have 50 lances made for the volunteer rangers, organized to fight local desperadoes and unruly Indians. In 1861, Goller got the contract. He also won the commission to make three-inch branding irons for the county with the initials "L. A." on them.²⁰ From then until the end of his career, Los Angeles County called often on Goller to do expert metal work. In 1857 he supplied "arms, etc.," the next year he was paid \$14 for horse shoeing. In September, 1861, he got \$7 for "Repairing Iron Bars and Locks in Jail," and 13 months later proved himself the bane of inmates by providing \$113.50 worth of goods and services described as "Chains for prisoners in the County Jail." Later that year he put in a bill for \$675.50 for repairs on that well-stocked Bastille.²¹ Throughout the turbulent 'sixties Goller continued to get calls to "iron prisoners."²²

John Goller soon became respected for the quieter tasks of putting shoes on local horses, but he and the pueblo could not long be satisfied with a horse's back or lumbering ox-drawn carretas to provide them with trade and transport. During the gold rush Southern California visitors noted that there was not a "wagon in town, except those brought by American emigrants," while wood was dragged in by jackasses attached to their bundles by rawhide thongs.²³ Then, in 1853, Abel Stearns, the region's richest man, introduced a carriage with a closed top. In emulation,

John Schumacher ordered Goller to make him a one-horse spring wagon with a top. The blacksmith did so, and his creation was a local curiosity.²⁴ In 1869, he was to build Los Angeles' first velocipede, a high-wheeled affair which also brought as much disdain as admiration. The next year Goller constructed the vicinity's original hackney coach.²⁵

It was an easy and logical step from blacksmith to carriage maker. Many men had made it elsewhere, but in early Southern California it had its economic setbacks. The Spanish Californian population disliked the rickety-looking vehicles that Goller began putting out. The first ones he made commercially took months to sell.²⁶

Finally by early 1855 Goller began to see his new enterprise as a success. On June 10 he inserted an advertisement in the *Star* announcing his "Carriage and Blacksmith Shop, Near the Foot of Commercial" where he would manufacture to order coaches, buggies, wagons, and carts. Furthermore, he sold eastern white oak and hickory planks and axles and double singletrees. As a blacksmith, Goller still shod horses and specialized in making and repairing plows and harrows for Los Angeles' expanding agriculture. As well as supplying local farmers with wagons, he would sell them plow steel.²⁷

Already Goller's little one-story adobe on the west side of Los Angeles Street had become cramped. That fall a new brick warehouse was completed.²⁸ Erected by Mullaly, Porter & Ayers, it was one of the pueblo's first brick buildings.²⁹ Near-by Goller had added living quarters for his family. By 1858 he had twenty-six employees and five forges constantly operating with ten men attending them. Eight men and a couple of boys were working as wheelwrights, while three painters and a trimmer served in the finishing department. During the fiscal year 1857-1858 their output averaged one ten- or twelve-mule wagon, two six-horse wagons, six two-horse lumber wagons, four two-horse spring wagons, a couple of one-horse or ox-carts, four one-horse express wagons, two two-horse Concord coaches, and one buggy or carriage monthly. During the year the shop had constructed a six-horse and two four-horse stage coaches. On an average, five horses were

John Goller: Pioneer Angeleno Manufacturer

shod per day and a great deal of carriage repairing and painting was carried on.³⁰

John Goller's "manufactory" had a number of outstanding employees who got their start with him and then went on to individual successes. In November, 1858 he made his foreman, James Baldwin, a partner in the blacksmith shop.³¹ Louis Roeder, who arrived in town in November, 1856, worked for Goller for nine years and when finally a well-trained manufacturer, he bought out J. H. Burke.³² Another capable employee, Louis Lichtenberger, came in 1864 and the next year left Goller, joining Roeder in the new firm of Roeder & Lichtenberger.³³ An East Prussian immigrant, Frank Lecouvreur, later the county surveyor, was in 1855 Goller's carriage painter.

In the prerailroad age Goller's name and wagons became well known all over California, spreading even to other Western territory. By 1859 he was making wagons to be used in United States government freighting from Fort Yuma, while others of his vehicles were bought by private Arizona parties for forwarding. These were of the broad gauge pattern, well adapted for sands and desert travel.³⁴ During the Civil War, the Colorado River mines were discovered and first developed. Goller's wagons were there with the earliest prospectors, hauling supplies from Los Angeles, and even the prosperous Salt Lake trade's teams pulled the Angeleno's well-admired products.³⁵ In 1868, he built 30 freight wagons for the Vulture Mining Company of the Wickenburg District, Arizona. These were substantially built to haul ore from mine to mills.³⁶ Meanwhile, as the 'seventies began, John Goller's patent spring buggies were being shipped to San Diego and San Francisco. A number were ordered for the central California farming villages.³⁷

"These buggies are probably the most perfect and complete manufactured anywhere," said the editor of the *Star*.³⁸ Their excellence was due to Goller's own inventions. Proudly the same newspaper noted, "It is gratifying to find that an invention by one of our citizens is attracting great attention not only here, and throughout the State, but even in the Atlantic States."³⁹ How well Goller was known east of the Appalachians we may never know, but he may have been the first Angeleno to register an invention

with the United States Patent Office. His two patents were dated February 8 and May 2, 1870 and were for a "vehicle spring" and a "thorough-brace spring."⁴⁰ The "C spring" boasted fifteen distinct changes from the older styles.

Meanwhile, Goller continued to sell his usual wagons and wares.⁴¹ To the assortment had been added by the 'sixties, American, English, Norwegian, and Swedish iron. In keeping with changing times, he offered to repair steam engines and boilers.⁴² An inventor himself, Goller appreciated the genius of others, and thus had purchased for the Southwest the franchise to sell C. A. Fargo's patent wagon brake, which he was soon manufacturing.⁴³ He had also bought machinery to produce heavy ironwork, such as doors, shutters, vaults, and railings.⁴⁴ Keeping step with progress, in 1869 Goller exhibited at his factory the model for Los Angeles' first vehicle bridge, which William Arnold had prepared to span the Los Angeles River.⁴⁵

Probably Goller's carriage making ushered him into the forwarding business. At any rate, in 1857 he made a fine "elegantly furnished" six-horse stage coach which could carry eighteen persons for A. W. Timms of San Pedro.⁴⁶ Goller had by now accumulated a small competence and had become Alex Timms' principal creditor. That year Goller bought him out and organized with John J. Tomlinson the firm of Goller & Tomlinson. His new partner had been in the business since 1850, forwarding between Sacramento, Shasta, and Yreka.⁴⁷ Goller himself was a novice, and besides, his wagon factory kept him too busy to spend time learning the details of an intricate new business. To help manage the San Pedro office, Goller hired Frank Lecouvreur at \$120 a month and board, but the latter stayed only four months.⁴⁸ At San Francisco the forwarding agent was R. E. Raimund.⁴⁹

It would seem natural that here was a rich business, for Los Angeles received almost all its freight *via* San Pedro. Unfortunately, Goller and his partner had a clever competitor in Phineas Banning, who founded Wilmington that same year to rival Goller's establishment. Very soon the new firm had rented to Banning for six months all their vehicles and animals, lighters and warehouses, but not their "good will," such as it might be.⁵⁰ Banning

John Goller: Pioneer Angeleno Manufacturer

was to keep books and pay them one-third of the next profits after deducting his expenses.

In 1858, for \$6,135.75 Timms sold Goller and associates twenty-two mules, ten head of horses, eleven wagons, two stages, harnesses, two lighters, and a wharf and a warehouse.⁵¹ The next year Timms sold Goller for \$5,000 his title to two warehouses at Sepulveda Landing adjoining Goller's & Tomlinson's San Pedro warehouse, a wharf, and two more lighters.⁵² These warehouses, wharf, and lighters were leased for four years to Felix Bachman the next day.⁵³ A fortnight later, for \$6,000 Goller sold to Rufus S. Eells and A. M. W. Ball of San Francisco half interest in his business.⁵⁴ Eventually Goller lost interest — and money — in this enterprise. Business lagged when Banning's competition mounted. Goller sold his remaining interest to Tomlinson, who, in 1861, became the partner of his own brother-in-law, John M. Griffith. At one time they engaged in a price war, which Goller resolved as wise mediator.⁵⁵ Banning remained the company's nemesis until Tomlinson's death in 1868.⁵⁶

John Goller's other investments were usually more successful. He was an organizer of and the largest stockholder in the Los Angeles Gas Company in 1867. On June 6, 1866, for \$500, he purchased from James Walsh of San Francisco the latter's franchise from the City of Los Angeles to manufacture "Gass for the term of 20 Years." Immediately, he became its vice president. By mid-1868 the company was consuming two tons of asphalt daily to produce 2,000 cubic feet of gas. Already there were several street lamps and 500 burners in town, and 8,000 feet of main pipe had been laid.⁵⁷ Goller was also prominent in the establishment of the first domestic water company in Los Angeles.⁵⁸ His interest in mining never died, and he spent large sums in the Goler Mining District on the western border of the Mojave Desert. No important discoveries were made there until long after his time, about 1890.⁵⁹

Had John Goller lived longer and held on to them, his Los Angeles investments in real estate would have been worth a fortune. On March 9, 1853 William Nordholt mortgaged to him for \$988 his business property on the west side of "Calle de la Zanja," fronting 28 varas on that street and running back 39

varas.⁶⁰ John Behn sold a tract bounded on the northeast by the pioneer Santiago McKinley's lot, on the southeast by Requena Street, on the southwest by Charles Burrows' property, and on the northwest by the extensive tract of Maximo Alanis' estate.⁶¹ This property cost Goller \$8,000 in September, 1854, but he could afford to give not cash but only promissory notes.

Goller was also interested in the "Cañada de la Brea," which he, William H. Perry, N. A. Potter, and Wallace Woodworth bought for only \$1,000 in 1866.⁶² Two years later Potter sold his quarter containing 1,000 acres for \$600. In 1869 Perry gave up his rights to Goller for \$2,000.⁶³ The brea on this interesting and historic property was used by the gas works. At the time, Max von Stroble, an Anaheim promoter, was boring for oil there. Although he failed, later speculators did not.⁶⁴ John Goller's other land interests involved property on New High Street, purchased from Abel Stearns, and a parcel on Fort Street.⁶⁵

Almost every merchant of early Los Angeles took his civic duties as seriously as he did religion. John Goller was no exception.⁶⁶ In 1857, he was listed as farrier for the Los Angeles "Lanceros," a volunteer cavalry company captained by Juan Sepulveda.⁶⁷ This role of passive warrior suited him best. In October, 1871, however, he unintentionally got into the middle of the Angel City's bloodiest and most shameful riot, the infamous Chinese massacre. At the investigation following the mob attack, John Kress, Goller's employee, testified that he saw the Chinese victims brought to Goller's shop and there hanged by white lynchings atop Goller's roof. Three Chinese were stood on one of Goller's wagons which Kress himself had manufactured. All this time the carriage maker had been on the corner of Los Angeles Street. Of the killers and their victims, Goller said, "When I remonstrated with them for bringing them there, where my little children were, a man — an American — held a rifle to my head, cocked it, and said, 'You dry up, you - -.' " For fear of being shot, Goller had obeyed, and did not even dare cut down the dead Orientals.⁶⁸

Not human conflagrations but fiery ones were the better background for John Goller. He knew what fires meant. His own

John Goller: Pioneer Angeleno Manufacturer

factory had been ignited by flying sparks during the big fire of February 25, 1858. Thus among the charter members of Los Angeles' first volunteer fire company, Company No. 1, was Goller, who, interestingly enough was elected assistant foreman two days after Chicago burned down.⁶⁹

The roster of Los Angeles' pioneer Masonic Lodge, Number 42, was practically a list of the city's earliest and best citizens. William H. Workman, John G. Downey, Benjamin S. Eaton, Samuel C. Foy, Henry Hamilton, Matthew Keller, Harris Newmark, Samuel Prager, Louis Sainsevain, B. D. Wilson, Phineas Banning, and John Goller were among the most prominent, and the last was far from least. In fact, Goller had been a charter member of the Pentalpha Lodge.⁷⁰ By 1861 he was a master Mason, and on December 27 was named the lodge's steward.⁷¹

Of even greater fascination for the prospering manufacturer was politics. Goller had not hesitated to become an American citizen. He joined his fellow Democrats, Nordholt and Lorenzo Leck, in organizing Los Angeles' first political parade. With transparencies and the Catholic church's little brass cannon, they whooped it up for Pierce on election eve, November 1, 1852.⁷² Almost immediately Goller became involved in local politics and by August, 1857 was one of the delegates to the Democratic county convention.⁷³ He often served on juries.⁷⁴ No "Secesh" Democrat, he proved his Union loyalty during the Civil War by dropping in one day at the office of Winfield Scott Hancock on Main Street with the rumor that Arizona conspirators were planning to seize government stores.⁷⁵ For a time in 1861, the Confederate flag actually flew in Arizona, but Goller's greatest fears of a Southern conquest to the Pacific were never realized.

John Goller had already served in the city council in 1858-1859, when he was a member of its police committee and street grading group which sought a permit to grade Los Angeles Street. With his particular calling and business house there, and his continuing interest in all road improvements, these duties must have been pleasant. At the time he headed the Board of Equalization.⁷⁶ During the Civil War Goller served again in the common council, 1862-1863, and 1865-1866. Once more he was on the streets com-

mittee, this time heading it.⁷⁷ For the fourth and last time he was a councilman in 1868.⁷⁸

Be it destiny or tangled circumstances, though John Goller worked, was respected, and revealed himself versatile, he never achieved greatness in business or public affairs.⁷⁹ Probably his poor financial judgment was primarily at fault. Through lax business methods he had once allowed the bill of a Yuma customer to reach \$13,000. Upon notifying the offender that his own San Francisco creditors were pushing him, Goller was repaid in full, only to have the man borrow it back with a promise to repay the entire sum in a month. That 30 days stretched into eternity.⁸⁰ In May, 1862 he inserted a notice in the *Star* requesting his delinquent customers to settle their accounts forthwith so that he would not have to go to law. The notice remained in print a long time.⁸¹ On one sad occasion Goller and another prominent Angeleno paid \$10,000 security debt for a supposed friend.⁸² That supposition was without foundation.

Thus it was that early in 1872 his estate, real and personal, was assigned by the court to Henry C. Hyde. John Goller was bankrupt.⁸³ That was not quite the end. In the fall of 1873, at his old address, Goller began to make wagons once more.⁸⁴ His friends were glad to see him rise again and noted that he had created "the finest barouche that Los Angeles ever saw," one of America's first of this particular French model. The trimmings alone were valued at \$300.⁸⁵ For Los Angeles it had been a long distance in time and wealth from his first wagon, though only a score of years had passed. Now the city was about to grade its first ten streets, three and a quarter miles of them by 1875. In 1874, the Spring and 6th Street Railway began operations.⁸⁶

With satisfaction Goller must have seen this progress. There was little else to cheer him. His beloved wife, Paulina Neidt, of a modestly wealthy German family of San Francisco, he had married in 1854. They had three daughters, all still small in July, 1873 when their mother died after a long and painful illness.⁸⁷ Already Goller was suffering from a liver complaint, and the next June took to his bed. He died in Los Angeles on July 7, 1874, his 49th birthday⁸⁸ After having paid off his huge debts, he could

John Goller: Pioneer Angeleno Manufacturer

leave his children only the homestead.⁸⁹ Not long afterward his estate at the Temple and Workman Bank had been overdrawn \$480.22.⁹⁰

John Goller left nothing material behind. Even his name needs resurrection. While he survived, however, an unusual pioneer lived. Many were more fortunate, but added together, men such as he made Los Angeles.

NOTES

1. Los Angeles *Herald*, July 9, 1874.
2. John B. Colton, Jayhawker Collection, Book 4, p. 170 in the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California. See also Carl I. Wheat, "The Forty-Niners in Death Valley," *Quarterly* of the Historical Society of Southern California, XXI, December, 1939, pp. 107-108.
3. Ana Begué de Packman, "Landmarks and Pioneers of Los Angeles in 1853," *Ibid.*, XXVI, December, 1944, p. 89.
4. William Lewis Manly, *The Jayhawkers' Oath and Other Sketches*. Ed. by Arthur Woodward (Los Angeles, 1949), 66.
5. *Ibid.*, 90. This is also contained in the *Pioneer*, San Jose, May 15, 1895.
6. Jayhawker Collection, *op. cit.*, Book 4, p. 170.
7. Horace Bell, *On the Old West Coast: Being Further Reminiscences of a Ranger*. Ed. by Lanier Bartlett. (New York, 1930), 136. See also a brief mention of Goller's find in Neill C. Wilson, *Silver Stampede: The Career of Death Valley's Hell-Camp, Old Panamint* (New York, 1937), 10.
8. Los Angeles *Evening Express*, July 8, 1874.
9. Manly, *op. cit.*, 66.
10. *Ibid.*, 66.
11. Bell, *op. cit.*, 138.
12. Los Angeles *Star*, May 11, 1861.
13. *Place Names of the Death Valley Region in California and Nevada*, Ed. by T. S. Palmer, who says that the earliest map of the canyon was U. S. G. S. Searless Lake Quad., 1915, p. 31.
14. *Southern Vineyard*, Los Angeles, June 15, 1858. The 1850 census listed Goller as 26 and born in Germany, but put no value on his real property. *Census of the City and County of Los Angeles for the Year 1850*. Ed. by Maurice H and Marco R. Newmark (Los Angeles, 1929), 46. The pueblo had 11 blacksmiths that early, but only one carriage maker.
15. *An Illustrated History of Los Angeles County* (Chicago, 1889), 97.
16. J. J. Warner, Benjamin Hayes, and J. P. Widney, *An Historical Sketch of Los Angeles County* (Los Angeles, 1876), 61.
17. Ernest Seyd, *California and Its Resources* (London, 1858), 156. Here is a good brief discussion of contemporary wages. See also "And Old John Golder," in *Annual Report, 1914-5* of the Los Angeles Pioneers of Southern California (Los Angeles, 1915), 92. Goller's name is misspelled, but there is not doubt of his identity.
18. Harris Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California, 1853-1913*. Ed by Maurice H. and Marco R. Newmark (Boston, 1930), 83.
19. *An Illustrated History, op. cit.*, 97.
20. Newmark, *op. cit.*, 83. On November 2, 1861, the county paid Goller five dollars for a branding iron. Los Angeles County, Board of Supervisors, *Minute Book 3*, p. 68.
21. Los Angeles County, Board of Supervisors, *Minute Book 2*, pp. 112 and 154, and *Minute Book 3*, pp. 48, and 117.
22. *Ibid.*, *Minute Book 3*, p. 256, *Minute Book 4*, p. 225.
23. Charles Edward Pancoast, *A Quaker Forty-Niner*, Ed. by Anna Paschall Hannum (Philadelphia, 1930), 271.
24. Newmark, *op. cit.*, 85. See also William A. Spalding, *History and Reminiscences, Los Angeles City and County, California* (3 vols., Los Angeles, 1928), I, 130.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

25. According to Newmark, A. A. Polhamus of Wilmington had made the first velocipede there, and Goller followed suit in the Angel City. One of his apprentices had a mild mishap with the contraption on Main Street! Newmark, *op. cit.*, 384. Spalding also mentions this, *op. cit.*, I, 175.
26. John Goller's modest fortune was slowly accumulated. For instance, in October, 1854, his personal property assessment was augmented \$2,000, but real property was not mentioned. Los Angeles County, Board of Supervisors, *Minute Book 1*, p. 172 and 2, p. 94.
27. Los Angeles *Star*, June 10, 1855. This advertisement continued for several months.
28. Spalding, *op. cit.*, I, 185.
29. Newmark, *op. cit.*, 83. The Los Angeles *Star* of September 29, 1855 told of the completion of a brick carriage warehouse for Goller.
30. *Southern Vineyard*, Los Angeles, June 15, 1858.
31. *Ibid.*, November 27, 1858.
32. Warner, Hayes, and Widney, *op. cit.*, 62.
33. Marco R. Newmark, "Pioneer Merchants of Los Angeles," Part II, *Quarterly* of the Historical Society of Southern California, XXV, March, 1943, p. 8. An Irish immigrant, John Wilson, had arrived in 1862 and got his start with Goller. He continued in his own business for 20 years.
34. Los Angeles *Star*, April 9, 1859.
35. Los Angeles *Semi-Weekly News*, November 29, 1867.
36. *Ibid.*, May 29, 1868.
37. Los Angeles *Star*, June 15 and 19, 1870. See also, H. D. Barrows, "Reminiscences of Los Angeles in the 'Fifties and Early 'Sixties," Historical Society of Southern California *Publication*, III, February, 1893, pp. 58-59. The San Diego *Union* of July 7, 1870 praised "the most elegantly finished and altogether the best styled buggy ever landed in this city," bought by C. P. Taggart from Goller's shop.
38. Los Angeles *Star*, June 15, 1870.
39. *Ibid.*, January 29, 1870.
40. Commissioner of Patents, *Annual Report, 1870* (Washington, D. C., 1871), I, 96.
41. Los Angeles *Semi-Weekly Southern News*, September 21, 1860. This same advertisement began again on September 25, 1861 in the *News*. It was still extant at the end of the Civil War!
42. Los Angeles *Star*, December 26, 1868 f.
43. *Ibid.*
44. *Ibid.* Yet, in 1865, John Goller & Company's blacksmith equipment, iron, and other materials were evaluated at but \$1,500. Los Angeles County, Board of Equalization, *List of County Assessments*, 1865, n. p. The next year it was reported that Goller was building a carriage factory on Los Angeles Street 120 feet square and two stories high. Los Angeles *Tri-Weekly News*, November 6, 1866.
45. Los Angeles *Daily News*, July 2, 1869.
46. Los Angeles *Star*, September 26, 1857.
47. *Southern Vineyard*, Los Angeles, July 3, 1858.
48. Frank Lecouvreur, *From East Prussia to the Golden Gate*. Trans. by Julius C. Behnke (New York and Los Angeles, 1906), 310.
49. Los Angeles *Star*, April 9, 1859.
50. Los Angeles County, *Deed Book 2*, p. 476. The document was dated April 7, 1857. J. Khurts. "Reminiscences of a Pioneer," *Quarterly* of the Historical Society of Southern California, VI, 1906, p. 59.
51. *Deed Book 1*, p. 433 and *Deed Book 2*, p. 425.
52. *Deed Book 4*, p. 486.
53. *Deed Book 1*, pp. 473-476.
54. *Deed Book 2*, p. 471. The list comprising "Schedule A" gives an interesting inventory of the property involved and a word picture of what the establishment must have looked like. After Goller's and Tomlinson's petition, the board of supervisors made the road from Timms' Landing to Los Angeles a public road, February, 1859.
55. *Annual Report*, Los Angeles Pioneers, *op. cit.*, 93.
56. Lecouvreur, *op. cit.*, 311.
57. Los Angeles *Star*, July 4, 1868. See Los Angeles County, *Book of Deeds 8*, p. 611 for Goller's purchase for \$500 to James Walsh the latter's sixth-interest in the franchise to manufacture gas.
58. *Annual Report*, Los Angeles Pioneers, *op. cit.*, 93.
59. Frank L. Nason, "The Goller Gold Diggings," *Engineering and Mining Journal*, LIX, March 9, 1895, p. 223.

John Goller: Pioneer Angeleno Manufacturer

60. Los Angeles County, *Deed Book 1*, p. 310.
61. *Ibid.*, *Book 1*, p. 80 and *Book 2*, p. 83.
62. *Ibid.*, *Book 8*, p. 503.
63. *Ibid.*, *Book 11*, p. 573, and *Book 14*, p. 355.
64. *Ibid.*, *Book 13*, p. 409.
65. *Ibid.*, *Book 13*, p. 408; *Book 14*, p. 492.
66. Los Angeles *Semi-Weekly Southern News*, April 10, 1861. On this date John Goller joined his fellow citizens in asking for a reduction of foreign rates from the owners of the steamship *Senator*, San Francisco to Los Angeles.
67. *El Clamor Público*, Los Angeles, May 16, 1857.
68. Los Angeles *Daily News*, October 29, 1871.
69. Los Angeles *Star*, February 27, 1858 describes the serious fire of that day and the ignition of Goller's roof. See also Los Angeles *Daily News*, November 16, 1869, and October 10, 1871. On March 28, 1874, Goller and other volunteers threatened to disband their Fire Company 1 if the city council did not furnish new horses. The group disbanded. See the Los Angeles *Daily News* for that date.
70. *Historical Review, Seventy-Fifth Anniversary, May 5, 1929. Los Angeles Lodge No. 42. F & A. M.* (Los Angeles, 1929), 67. Consult also *Proceedings of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of California* (San Francisco, 1861), 155.
71. Los Angeles *Semi-Weekly Southern News*, January 3, 1862.
72. *An Illustrated History*, *op. cit.*, 110.
73. Los Angeles *Star*, August 8, 1857.
74. Los Angeles County, Board of Supervisors, *Minute Book 2*, p. 393.
75. Harris Newmark, *op. cit.*, 300.
76. In the May, 1858 election, Goller got 431 votes. Los Angeles *Star*, May 8, 1858.
77. Chronological Record of Los Angeles County Officials, 1850-1938, typescript in Los Angeles Public Library, [1862-1863], p. 5 and [1865-1866], p. 1. See also Los Angeles *Star*, May 9, 1863.
78. J. Albert Wilson, *History of Los Angeles County, California* (Oakland, 1880), 114.
79. In 1870, the lists of those Los Angeles County citizens whose income had exceeded \$1,000 during the past year did not include Goller, Los Angeles *Daily News*, June 11, 1870. Five years earlier the assessment roll credited him with the ownership of property on the west side of Los Angeles Street, valued at \$2,000. His household and kitchen furniture was reckoned at \$100, and "one gentle mule" was priced at \$50. Los Angeles County, Board of Equalization, *List of County Assessments*, 1865, n. p.
80. *Annual Report*, Los Angeles Pioneers, *op. cit.*, 92.
81. Los Angeles *Star*, May 17, 1862.
82. *Annual Report*, Los Angeles Pioneers, *op. cit.*, 93.
83. Los Angeles County, *Book of Deeds 20*, pp. 68-69.
84. Los Angeles *Weekly Mirror*, October 25, 1873.
85. Los Angeles *Star*, October 30, 1873.
86. Los Angeles *Daily News*, June 11, 1870.
87. Los Angeles *Daily Star*, July 19, 1873.
88. Los Angeles *Evening Express*, July 8, 1874, Los Angeles *Herald*, July 8, and 9, 1874, and Los Angeles *Weekly Mirror*, July 11, 1874.
89. Los Angeles *Evening Express*, July 8, 1874.
90. Los Angeles *Republican*, February 22, 1876.



Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

By Maymie R. Krythe

Part I: SPORTS AND OTHER PASTIMES

*T*he native Californians loved amusements of all kinds. They delighted in races, bull or cock fights, picnics, *fiestas*, *fandangos*, the celebration of national and religious holidays—all of which gave them the opportunity of enjoying themselves with their friends. When the Gringos arrived, and the American regime began, they, in turn, introduced their own pastimes; therefore, there was an abundance of varied entertainment in the *Sleepy Pueblo* during its transition period.

Sunday, was naturally, the day when many came into town to see their friends and take part in various sports. Of course some of the Angelenos attended Mass at Our Lady Queen of the Angels, at the west side of the Plaza. But according to Judge Ben Hayes, who arrived here in 1851, few men went to church; the congregation consisted mostly of women, "many of them richly dressed, graceful, and handsome."

An interesting description of Sunday around the Plaza is given in a diary kept by the Reverend James Woods, who arrived in the *pueblo*, via the Horn, in October, 1854. There was much revelry around his small shack near the Plaza—men racing past on horseback, dogfights, crying children, and much loud cursing on the part of drunks. The noisy, jabbering crowd stayed close to the minister's home to see the horse racing and the almost unbearable bedlam continued for hours.

The Reverend Mr. Woods started church services at the Court House, with a few women and children in attendance, but became quite discouraged and, as he was in ill health, had to give up his attempt. However, he stayed until he had secured a successor.

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

Some years later, the *Star*, January 15, 1871, spoke of the way Sunday was kept in the *pueblo*:

Today is Sunday, and those of our people who do not prefer horse-racing, chicken-fighting, hunting and shooting, will probably celebrate the day by going to church, or by remaining peacefully in their several places of abode.

During the 'fifties there was much gambling in notorious Nigger Alley, that began at the southeast corner of the Plaza. The gambling dens in this narrow street were frequented by the varied population of the period—Mexicans from Sonora, Americans, and foreigners. The proprietors of the gaming tables were well supplied with weapons and never hesitated to settle gambling quarrels with pistols. If anyone lost his money and started to argue about it, he was beaten or shot, and his body thrown out into Nigger Alley.

Inside the hot, dusty, low-ceilinged adobes, gold slugs, guarded by armed men, were piled up on the tables, where faro or monte games were going on. The most infamous of the gambling dens was the Golden Eagle, where criminals, prostitutes, and murderers mingled in their mad efforts "to beat the game."

North of the Plaza was a collection of adobes, known as Sonora Town—a section untouched by American influence. Here the lowest class of native Californians lived. The district was as truly Mexican as if it had been brought from Old Mexico itself. This kind of life continued until into the 'seventies. There were numerous saloons and many "fair, frail ladies" lived here. There was continual drinking, smoking, dancing, fighting, and quarreling. On Sunday there was always much excitement; sometimes drunken Indians got into fights with Mexicans. Women, too, took part in such combats as described in the *News*, March 26, 1872:

Last Sunday a couple of squaws, mad with the poison they had imbibed, were tearing away at each other's hair, until they had to desist from sheer exhaustion.

Cock-fighting was a popular sport in Sonora and owners walked around with fighting cocks under each arm. Some Mexicans made their living dealing in these birds. When a cockfight was going on there was "a mystic circle" around the contestants.

Once, according to the *Star* (January 25, 1871), four birds of almost equal size were pitted against each other. First, the preliminaries and bets were arranged. In this fight, "the red was the quickest bird and like an arrow from a Piute bow, sprang at his antagonist, who dodged, escaping with the loss of a few feathers, and in his turn, made a pass at the head of his enemy." Then the cock buried his weapon in the shoulder of his enemy and cut a gash "large enough to let out the light of his soul. He expired in the arms of his friends, who mourned for their loss, and would not be comforted—for had they not bet on the losing fowl?"

In 1872 a reporter wandered through Sonora and wrote a detailed picture of what the section was like in the early seventies:

THE KENO GAME

Main Street, the principal avenue, passing through it, is lined on each side by a series of brothels, gambling dens, and miserable billiard and dancing hells. As passing by an open doorway, the voice of one calling out at regular intervals, and a deeply interested crowd standing or sitting in the interior, pronounce it to be a gambling house. We step inside. The game is called "Keno." The caller stands at a small table, facing the open doorway, and has in his hand a tin cylinder containing the dice. These dice bear figures representing various animals and vegetables, counterparts of which are supposed to be on the cards in the hands of the players. A few vigorous shakes of the cylinder, and the game and the singsong call commence. So intent are the players in listening to the words falling from the caller's lips, and to the cards lying before them, that the entrance of a stranger into the room is unnoticed, and consequently attracts no attention. A girl of 15 or 16 years of age utters an exclamation in Spanish, and after comparing the dice with her card, is pronounced the winner of the "pot."

After the reporter left the gambling den, he saw a group of drunken Indian women, singing a native song. In front of the crumbling adobes were game cocks soon to be pitted against each other; and the *News* man prophesied that a hand-to-hand "fight with knives will close the day's orgies."

The Spanish sport—bull fighting—was popular for many years in Los Angeles, and was enjoyed both by the Gringos and the natives. It was not so cruel here as in Spain, for a bull was

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

seldom killed. The main part of the sport consisted of shaking *serapes* before the bull to anger him. Then men tried to seize the animal by his tail, and throw him to the ground. There was much rough riding; and when the horsemen collided, sometimes both the riders and horses were hurt.

These bull fights took place on Sundays or holidays, and were often held in conjunction with rodeos. Sometimes the contests lasted three days and were sponsored by prominent citizens. Each fight was advertised by placards which lauded the skill of the *toreador* and magnified the bull's ferocity:

GRAN FUNCION DE TOROS

EL DOMINGO PROXIMA LASTRES A LA TRADE

At first, these bull fights were held at the Plaza near the church, Our Lady Queen of the Angels. But, since they caused much noise and commotion, church officials asked that they be removed to a distance. Then such contests took place in the *Calle de Toros*, which ended in a natural canyon, where the animals could be kept safely.

The area was surrounded by a fence of green willow posts, lashed together by rawhide thongs and fastened to stout poles, forming a forty-foot circle. Some Angelenos paid admission to the elevated seats, arranged on one side, but the rest of the populace peeped through the fence. On a platform a Mexican string band played "brave, solemn airs." Although the *toreador* was advertised as directly from Mexico City, he was usually a cowhand from a nearby rancho.

A herald announced the entry of the *lazadores*, *picadores*, *banderilleros*, and lastly, the *matador*, all dressed in bright costumes. With a great flourish and gay music, the brave *toreador* entered the ring; the ladies then threw flowers in his direction. He immediately made a speech, declaring he was the bravest man in the world, and the bull, the fiercest one in all California. However, the bull usually proved to be so tame that the spectators would hiss at him, run into the arena, twist his tail, and drive him ignominiously from the scene.

If a horse was killed, there was much excitement. One paper

reports that at a bullfight in 1860, a child lost its life. The *Star*, July 5, 1851, told of one such contest:

This afforded amusement to many. The fight was simply a race with some capital feats of horsemanship. The bull was driven into a large corral where a dozen or more Californians provoked the animal by shaking their blankets in his face. The sport consisted of seeing the daring riding.

Twenty years after this fight, the *News* gave the following account of a bull fight in the Mexican section of town:

A REAL BULLFIGHT IN SONORA

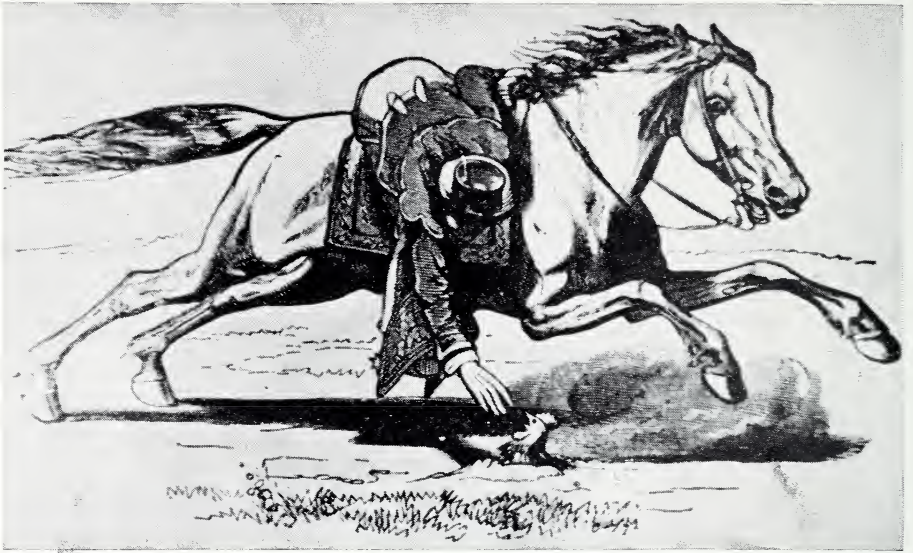
At the hour of commencement, three individuals dressed as clowns stepped into the pit, each bearing in his hand a red flag attached to a small stick; these were the *picadores*. One of them was well advanced in years and shortly after the first animal had been turned into the arena and had become sufficiently enraged to make it somewhat warm for his tormentors, the old fellow, not having the elasticity of youth, was impaled by the infuriated brute against the fence and finally tossed over it. Besides being badly gored, it transpired afterwards that some of his ribs were broken . . . the other two continued to worry the poor bull and succeeded for some time to avoid all his plunges. Finally one of them taking the wrong direction, was slightly elevated on the horns of the bull, the points of which had been sawed off. Nothing daunted, he continued to torment the beast with increased ardor. Several brads to which were affixed various appendages in the way of ribbons, leaves of colored paper, etc. were then passed to the *matadores*. With a brad in one hand, and a banner in the other, they awaited the onset of the bull, and as he came within reach, prodded him in the neck, and at the same time, darted aside. The poor bull tore the ground with rage, the brad meanwhile sticking in his neck, and a dozen various colored ribbons streaming in the wind, as he rushed blindly, foaming at the mouth, at the agile *picadores*, who would then stand aside to receive the plaudits of the fair *senoritas* that were in attendance. The bull was then taken out, and the band struck up a lively air. The clown who had hitherto kept at a safe and respectful distance from the bull, being perched on the fence, then danced a polka and sang, a song full of Mexico and "*Libertad*." Another bull was then driven into the ring and the same performance passed through.

As before, the bull in the present case . . . tossing the *picadores* several times. What was considered the best sport of all was the "Grand Ride," performed by the second bull. The animal being lassoed and



--From the collection of Ana Begue de Packman

BEAR AND BULL FIGHT



—From the collection of Ana Begue de Packman

THE RACE AND SNATCHING THE ROOSTER.

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

thrown to the ground, a *riata* was tied around his body. To this the *picador*, who was to ride the bull, was to hold. A novel crown, ornamented with firecrackers and immense back gear made of wires covered with firecrackers was then placed on the bull, being joined together by means of a fuse. The *picadores* then asked the crowd to contribute their mites as it would probably be their last ride. Mounting and grasping the *riata*, the animal was relieved of its bonds and the fireworks attached to its tail ignited. Plunging round the ring at breakneck speed, both bull and rider seemed enveloped in flame and smoke, which continued until the poor creature fell from sheer exhaustion. The enthusiastic delight of the spectators beggars description. Cries were then raised for a third animal, which being fresh and more furious than the others, soon compelled the weary *picadores* to abandon the field. The clown then extended an invitation to anyone from among the crowd to take their places, but no one felt disposed to do so. And the performance was declared at an end.

—*News*, October 27, 1872

There was a fight between a bull and a bear in the *pueblo* in 1854, the young bear weighing about 600 pounds. This fight took place within a strong wooden fence and a short distance away, a platform was built for the women and children. Men on horseback held their loaded guns ready in case the bear should jump over the enclosure.

In the contest, sometimes the bull and bear were joined together; the crowd taunted and goaded the animals on to fight, even if they didn't want to do so. Sometimes, in such fights, the bear won, and sometimes, the bull. These spectacles are said to have been very popular with the "ladies." At such contests, shrill feminine screams could be heard. However, this was not considered a very desirable type of entertainment. Bull fights were continued through the first quarter of a century under American rule in Los Angeles. The *Herald*, September 18, 1879, reported the details of a bull fight held on the Mexican Independence Day.

Before the coming of the Americans, the native Californians were passionately fond of the turf. All the important *rancheros* had their own racing horses, and bet large sums of money, hundreds of cattle, sheep, and horses on this pastime. On Sundays, on Upper Main Street, north of the Plaza, there would be arranged

impromptu races, with people coming from long distances to take part, or to see the contests. In the 'fifties, (before the droughts had caused the death of so many thousands of cattle) many Angelenos still had plenty of money and didn't hesitate to spend it on the "sport of kings."

On August 16, 1851, Don Pio Pico and Teodosio Yorba sent a printed challenge to the North, saying, "The glove is thrown down; let him who will, take it up." They wanted to run a nine-mile race, or a four-and-a-half one, and return. The stakes consisted of one thousand head of cattle, worth \$20 apiece, and two thousand dollars in cash. The backers asked for two additional races, one of two leagues and back, the other of 500 varas. The sum of two thousand dollars and two hundred head of cattle made up the prizes of each of these contests.

From earliest times there had been a decided rivalry between Don José Sepulveda and ex-Governor Pio Pico. Although the former had many fine horses, both blacks and palominos, his horses were usually beaten by Pico's *Sarco*. Sepulveda became frantic over these defeats; so at great expense, he imported *Black Swan* from Australia. He himself went up to San Francisco to meet the horse on its arrival. His trainer, Bill Brady, brought the imported animal down to Los Angeles.

The race between *Black Swan* and *Sarco*, March 21, 1852, was so well advertised that many people came down from San Francisco, others from San Diego, and from intervening points. It was the largest crowd that had ever gathered in the *pueblo*. The course began on San Pedro Street, near the edge of town, ran south for a league and a half, then back, so that the excited spectators could see the finish of the nine-mile race.

On the day set for the race, Senora Sepulveda rode out to the starting point. She carried a box full of fifty-dollar gold slugs, in case her husband wanted to add to his bets. She also gave some of these gold pieces to friends and servants to place on *Black Swan*.

Finally everything was ready. The race was started with the usual signal, "Santiago"—the battle cry of Old Spain. The Negro who rode *Black Swan*, and the young Mexican on *Sarco*,

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

had been told to hold their horses in, but were unable to do this. At the turning post, the two horses were neck and neck. But *Black Swan* didn't want to make the turn; so *Sarco* ran far ahead of her. However, on the return, *Black Swan* caught up; and to the chagrin of the *Sarco* backers and the delight of the Sepulvedas, *Black Swan* finished as the winner. She made the nine miles in 19 minutes and 20 seconds, winning by 75 yards. Blood was streaming from her nostrils when Don José Sepulveda threw a gold cloth over her and told his *vaqueros* to take her to his *rancho* at Ventura. There she could live happily the rest of her life, for he would never race her again after this victory.

Betting was vigorous at the time of this outstanding race; it is said that not less than \$50,000, 500 sheep, 500 horses, and 500 calves were won and lost. This race was a hard blow for Pio Pico to take, and showed "another example of the way his enormous wealth was thrown to the winds."

After this epoch-making contest, horse-racing continued to enthrall both the Californians and the Gringos. That same year—1852—Don Andres Pico and Don José Sepulveda put on two other races, one with stakes of \$1,000, the other for \$1,600 and 300 head of cattle. On October 20, 1852, the last named race took place, with *Canelo*, backed by Pico, and *Alison* (a horse from Santa Barbara), the favorite of Sepulveda. *Canelo* was declared the winner by half a length; but this contest finally ended up in the courts. Don Manuel Rojo, holder of the stakes, refused to turn over the \$50 slugs to either of the rivals, as he was not satisfied that *Canelo* had won the race.

In March, 1853, Moore and Brady's horse, *John Smith*, beat Powell's *Sarah Jane*, by one length, with the stakes valued at \$2,100. Later a Sepulveda horse, named *Muchado*, was pitted against a mule belonging to Moore for \$550, and the horse won the race. There was another meeting in February, 1857, between the Picos and Sepulvedas, when the latter's *Pinto* easily won the purse of \$3,000 from Pico's *Don Johnson*.

There was also much rivalry between the Picos and Avilas, which came to a climax in February, 1860. Then all the race-loving Angelenos rode down to San Juan Capistrano to see the

contest between Juan Avila's *Coyote*, and Pio Pico's *Azueljo*. The latter won \$3,000 for his owner in the 300-yard race; and one backer is said to have carried winnings of \$8,000 away with him that day.

The formation in March, 1871, of the Southern California Agricultural Society, by such leaders as L. J. Rose, Colonel J. J. Warner, Judge Henry O'Melveny, John G. Downey, Harris Newmark, and others, promoted the breeding of fine horses in this region. Each year the society sponsored a week of trotting races at Agricultural Park—now the site of Exposition Park—and so promoted the sport so loved by the Early Californians.

Another favorite pastime of the twenty-five year period (1850-1875) was dancing; and before the coming of the Americans, balls were attended by old and young, many coming long distances to enjoy such affairs. The musicians were harp, violin, or guitar players, assisted by singers. A master of ceremonies was in charge of dancing, which usually continued all night; at wedding *fiestas* the gaiety often was kept for several days and nights.

At first they danced folk dances, but later the waltz, mazurka, polka, and other European "round dances" came into fashion. The waltz was frowned upon by the clergy, but Juan Bandini introduced it into California in 1830. Richard Henry Dana describes a *fandango*, which he saw in 1836 at Santa Barbara, and spoke of the grace and agility of the dancers, especially the skill of Juan Bandini, who was highly applauded by the spectators.

In 1838, the *Ayuntamiento* apparently found it necessary to curb the Angelenos in their dancing, for they passed this ordinance:

Every individual giving a dance at his house, without first having obtained permission from the *Alcalde*, will be fined \$5 for the first offense, and the second and third punished according to law.

After dances it was the custom for young men to go around to serenade the ladies; this must have caused some disturbance as the Council also passed this rule:

All individuals serenading promiscuously around the streets of the city at night, without having first obtained permission from the *Alcalde*, will be fined \$1.50 for the first offense, \$3 for the second, and the third punished according to law.

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

Bailes, or formal dances, were given in the large halls, or *salas*, of the better homes, and were attended by both sexes. However, at public *fandangos*, usually only the men of the aristocracy attended, and danced with ladies not quite so high in the social scale. The room was usually crowded to suffocation. There was an abundance of food and drink at such large parties, and *cascarones*—egg shells filled with bits of colored paper, or perfume—were broken over the heads of favored guests.

One of the first balls, in which many Californians and Americans took part together, occurred on July 4, 1847. That morning a celebration was held at Fort Moore; and in the evening an elaborate dance was given at Lieutenant Davidson's headquarters for the officers and aristocratic Spanish Californians and their wives. Meantime, the enlisted men were also enjoying a dance at their quarters. Another "brilliant" Fourth of July ball took place in 1851 at *El Palacio*, the home of Abel Stearns. A military dance, enjoyed by many, occurred on Independence Day, 1857, when soldiers from Fort Tejon arrived with their band to help the Angelenos in their celebration.

During the 'fifties the young men about town, headed by Dr. J. B. Winston (who had married a daughter of Juan Bandini) used to organize dances for their friends. These were usually held at Widow Blair's home, on Main, across from the Bella Union Hotel. It contained one of the largest rooms in town, 18 by 30 feet, and was popular for private dances. The young men would collect money for candles, refreshments (usually cake and lemonade), and the musicians, each of whom received a dollar or more for his services. The ladies were escorted, on foot, to the dance, through the muddy or dusty streets, of course properly chaperoned by "female relatives."

By 1860 public dances were largely attended at *Tivoli Gardens*, on Wolfskill Road, conducted by Charles Kaiser. Each Sunday from 2 P.M. on, dancing was enjoyed. *Sycamore Grove*, too, furnished facilities for this pastime; every two hours on Sundays and holidays an omnibus carried Angelenos to this resort. In addition, other dancers congregated at Lehman's *Garden of Paradise*, and later, at *Washington Gardens*.

In 1861 the City Council declared that the sum of \$10 must be paid for a permit, per evening, for any dance held within the city limits. Music for these affairs was usually furnished by a German barber, Fred Dohs, who also directed a string band.

When the first railroad in Southern California—from Wilmington to Los Angeles—was opened in 1869, the celebration closed that night with a ball at the new depot, gaily decorated for the occasion.

Balls also were given at the *Bella Union Hotel*, the *Temple Theatre*, the *Merced*, or the *Turnverein*. Frequently they were sponsored by such fraternal groups as the Masons, Ancient Order of Hibernians (who of course always had a "Grand Ball" on St. Patrick's Day), the Order of Red Men, and the Odd Fellows. Some were put on to raise funds for charitable organizations.

Several private social clubs were formed, the most important being the Los Angeles Social Club, organized by leading business and professional men as charter members. This group frequently gave balls attended by the "socially elite."

Dancing became more popular than ever with the opening, in 1871, of a dancing academy in *Stearns Hall*, by the "pioneer dancing master of California," S. J. Millington. He conducted morning classes for children and evening sessions for adults. Costume dances were popular with his students; "elaborate toilettes and variety of dress marked an advance in these harmless diversions."

During the first quarter of a century of California's statehood, dancing was always a popular diversion in Los Angeles. One of the finest balls ever given in the *pueblo* occurred on September 6, 1876, when the Angelenos entertained their distinguished guests from San Francisco on the day the Southern Pacific Railroad completed its tracks to Los Angeles. This elaborate banquet and ball at Union Hall (on Spring Street, opposite the old Court House) ended the period in a genuine "blaze of glory."

Angelenos patronized all types of entertainment that came to the *pueblo*. From the 'fifties on, a circus would arrive, from time to time, and perform to appreciative audiences. At first these companies came from Mexico; but later Californians formed their own

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

circuses. The *Star*, October, 1859, told of the arrival, for several performances of the *Washington Circus*, under the direction of T. W. Tanner. The most popular troupe was the *Lee Circus and Hippodrome*, that first appeared here in 1859. They advertised that they would have a "grand change of program, Saturday and Sunday nights, with brilliant equestrian scenes and gymnastics extraordinary." They included, too, "a grand cotillion," and "Mas-caroni, the Italian banditti." Patrons paid \$1 for cushioned seats in the Circle, while those in the Pit cost only 50 cents. This circus showed originally in a small tent, at the present site of the Los Angeles *Times* building.

By 1867, when the show again was seen in Los Angeles, Lee had joined with a partner in the *Lee and Ryland Circus*. They had "a splendid band," which took part in a long parade on Main Street, while they displayed American, French, and Spanish flags in the procession.

The performers "elicited general applause"; but Lee's two daughters, Polly and Ellen, seemed to be special favorites. With her father as Dick Turpin, and mounted on Black Bess, Polly "electrified the town" as she was carried away by him to the free-booters' den. New feats in "classical positions and gymnastics" were offered; but one of the best was the riding and dancing act of William Franklin, as an American sailor. There had been heavy rains during this January; but in spite of muddy streets, "elegantly dressed ladies" went with their families to be thrilled by the performes of the incomparable *Lee and Ryland Circus*.



A Brief Survey of Early Los Angeles Banks and Banking

By Helen Tyler

(See Illustration on Cover)



HERE WAS NO BANK IN LOS ANGELES prior to 1868, and in a land infested with bandits a man's life was endangered if he carried large sums on his person. Governor John G. Downey claimed that during 1851-52-53 he kept as much as \$200,000 in his safe. The depositors put their buckskin sacks or bags filled with \$50 octagonal slugs or gold-dust, in the repository and never thought to ask for a receipt. I. W. Hellman had a safe in the rear of his store at Commercial and Main where he permitted friends to store their money. S. Lazard and Co. allowed Mateo Sabichi to deposit \$30,000 with them. He left it untouched for so many years that they believed he would not return to claim the money. When he eventually presented a certificate of deposit to withdraw, the transaction bore no interest. Maurice Kremer, county treasurer in 1860, kept the county funds of from \$40,000 to \$50,000 in a money chest in the same office with Harris Newmark, who assumed responsibility when Kremer was away. Wells-Fargo & Co. rates for transporting money to the north were so high that people left their funds with friends in whom they had confidence.

In February of 1868, John G. Downey and James Alvinza Hayward of San Francisco, entered into partnership in the banking business with a capital of \$100,000 and called the firm "Hayward & Co." This same year (September, 1868), "Hellman-Temple & Co." banking house was organized with a capital of \$125,000. Hellman bought out the Temple interests which consisted of F. P. F.

A Brief Survey of Early Los Angeles Banks and Banking

Temple, James R. Toberman and William Workman, father-in-law of Temple.

In 1871 these two pioneer firms united to form the "Farmers' & Merchants Bank" (which today as "Farmers' & Merchants' National Bank" is Los Angeles' oldest banking institution). It was proposed to start with a capital of \$500,000 and about \$380,000 was soon subscribed. John G. Downey was president and Isaias W. Hellman cashier when the institution opened April 10, 1871. Hellman offered to pay interest on time deposits, bringing many clients who formerly banked in San Francisco. The trustees chosen on July 10, 1871, were: J. G. Downey, Charles Ducommun, Ozro W. Childs, I. M. Hellman, George Hansen, Andrew Glassel, John S. Griffin, José Mascarel and I. W. Hellman, and before long the bank offered \$100,000 to lend on good security. I. W. Hellman became president July 19, 1876, and continued as such until his death, April 9, 1920. In the year 1954, Oscar T. Lawler is president and Sam Camphouse is senior vice-president.

The Farmers' & Merchants' Bank prospered from its inception and was a factor in the ambitions of F. P. F. Temple to re-enter the field. Hellman had had the practical knowledge of the business during their former partnership, and without his ability and experience in finance or commerce, the new venture was almost doomed before it began. William Workman was an old man and left the management to his son-in-law, Temple, so that when the Temple-Workman Bank opened its doors on November 23, 1871, it was soon common knowledge that money could be easily borrowed without proper security. Temple and Workman could not say no to a friend and were known to be kind-hearted men, so that many unscrupulous people took advantage of the firm.

California entered one of her oft repeated depressions when on August 26, 1875, the Bank of California, considered one of the most substantial institutions in the state, closed its doors. Frenzy and panic gripped the state and depositors demanded their money in such a run on the banks that they were all forced to close their doors. I. W. Hellman was en-route to Europe and Downey and Temple were at a loss for advice in such a crisis, so they decided

to close the doors of their respective banks and apprise Hellman by telegraph. The two banks in Los Angeles had such a monopoly on every transaction that business was temporarily paralyzed.

Hellman returned to Los Angeles immediately and opened his bank continuing business as usual, while Temple hastened north to borrow money on his own and his father-in-law's personal properties to weather the storm. E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin agreed to advance Temple \$210,000 at 1% per month interest, security for the loan being a blanket mortgage on the Temple and Workman properties together with that of Juan M. Sanchez, a close personal friend of the two men. The Temple-Workman bank opened briefly before its final tragedy, for \$210,000 scurried as a snow-flake in a blizzard. Baldwin's foreclosure took the broad acres of *Puente* that belonged to Workman, the *Merced* of Temple and 2,200 acres of the finest land around the old mission San Gabriel belonging to Sanchez. As a result Sanchez died a poor man, Temple died in April of 1877 a ruined man and Workman committed suicide May 17, 1876, ending in tragedy and sorrow the careers of three of Los Angeles' most esteemed citizens.

The Commercial Bank opened in January, 1875. M. S. Patrick of Chicago was president and Edward F. Spence cashier. Among the incorporators were Captain Henry Wilcox and several men from San Diego, and from Los Angeles were S. H. Mott, R. M. Town, Edward Bouton and L. J. Rose. July 31, 1880, the Commercial Bank became the First National Bank of Los Angeles and J. E. Hollenbeck its first president. E. F. Spence succeeded Hollenbeck as president and continued as such until his death, September 19, 1892. In 1909 the bank obtained control of the Los Angeles Trust Company, later the Pacific-Southwest Trust & Savings Bank, and these two banking houses operated under identical ownership and management.

The Clearing House Association of Los Angeles was organized on September 11, 1887. Prior to this the local banks sent messengers to clear items upon each other. Payment was received in coin for the checks and drafts these messengers presented. The first officers of the Clearing House were: president, I. W. Hellman (Farmers' & Merchants' Bank), vice-president, George H. Bone-

A Brief Survey of Early Los Angeles Banks and Banking

brake (Los Angeles National Bank), and secretary-manager, J. M. Elliott (First National Bank of Los Angeles).

At this time there were eleven banks in the city, one private bank, two savings, three national and five commercial with state charters: *Childress Safe Deposit Bank, Los Angeles Savings Bank, Savings Bank of Southern California, First National Bank, Los Angeles National Bank, Southern California National Bank, Farmers' and Merchants Bank, Los Angeles County Bank, University Bank, East side bank, and California Bank.*

At the close of the first year of operation, clearings amounted to \$36,050,980.94. July of 1888 the county outside the city had eight state banks, five national banks and two private banks with an aggregate capital of \$3,114,092. For July, 1888, the city's eleven banks' aggregate capital stock was \$14,294,440.

May 25, 1883, Joseph F. Sartori and a few associates opened the Los Angeles Loan & Trust Company. Their office lent money and negotiated loans but did not accept deposits. Within a few months deposits were accepted in the form of savings accounts. As the business broadened, original articles of incorporation were filed January 11, 1889, under the name of Security Savings Bank & Trust Company, with a capital stock of \$200,000, one-seventh of which was paid up. The bank opened February 11, 1889 with F. N. Myers as president, S. A. Fleming, vice-president, and J. F. Sartori as cashier. January 14, 1896, under the presidency of Sartori, the name was changed to the Security Savings Bank, under which title it continued for the next sixteen years. It was again changed to the Security Trust & Savings Bank on January 13, 1912. Today it is known as the Security First National Bank with James E. Shelton president and Chester A. Rude as first vice-president.

The members of the Los Angeles Clearing House held a three day meeting to organize a State Bankers' Association beginning on March 11, 1891. When the convention assembled in Los Angeles there were present two bank commissioners, one former bank commissioner, one national bank examiner and ninety-four delegates from seventy-seven banks located throughout the State. George H. Stewart called the convention to order and introduced E. F. Spence, president of the Los Angeles Clearing House, who

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

presided at the meeting. As a result the California Bankers' Association was organized with the following officers: president, Thomas Brown (Bank of California, San Francisco); first vice-president, Isaias W. Hellman (Nevada Bank, San Francisco); secretary, George H. Stewart (Los Angeles County Bank, Los Angeles); treasurer, G. W. Kline (First National Bank, San Francisco); chairman—executive committee, A. D. Childress (City Bank, Los Angeles).

The first safe deposit institution in the city was opened for business by A. D. Childress and known as the Childress Safe Deposit Bank. Located at No. 37 South Spring Street, the opening date was July 7, 1886. Childress was the first president and J. S. Park the first cashier. On July 18, 1889, it was incorporated as the City Bank, but it failed in the panic of 1893.

A charter was granted to the Citizens Bank, October 6, 1890, and the first president was T. S. C. Lowe with T. W. Brotherton first cashier. July 31, 1901, it became the Citizens National Bank, R. G. Waters president and A. J. Waters cashier. It operated with its affiliate institution the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank. Today it is known as the Citizens National Trust and Savings Bank, president Roy A. Britt and executive vice-president K. B. Wilson.

The Home Savings Bank was incorporated March 15, 1904, with R. J. Waters first president and O. J. Wigdal first cashier. The Hibernian Bank was incorporated December 6, 1909, with R. G. Hill first president and A. J. Howard first cashier. On June 28, 1920, the Home Savings and Hibernian Banks merged, changing the title to the California Bank on November 12, 1920. Today the president is Frank L. King and C. C. De Pledge is senior vice-president.

The Kaspare Cohn Commercial & Savings Bank of Los Angeles was incorporated to take over the banking interests of Kaspare Cohn & Company. Two of Mr. Cohn's sons-in-law, Ben R. Meyer and Milton G. Getz, were first president and vice-president respectively. The name has since been changed to the Union Bank and Trust Co. of Los Angeles and Herman Hahn is president.

The Bank of America was incorporated in Los Angeles January 25, 1923, with Ora E. Monnette first president and A. W.

A Brief Survey of Early Los Angeles Banks and Banking

Frye first cashier. The following year it became affiliated in ownership with the Commercial National Trust & Savings Bank and the Liberty Bank of San Francisco, controlled by the American Commercial Corporation which in turn was controlled by the Bancitaly Corporation of San Francisco. On January 27, 1927, the Bank of America, Commercial National Trust and Savings Bank, Southern Trust & Commerce Bank of San Diego and the Liberty Bank were merged as the Liberty Bank of America. This latter was merged into and with the Bank of Italy on February 19, 1927. November 3, 1930, the Bank of Italy's title was changed to the Bank of America. The current president is Carl F. Wentz and chairman of the board is A. J. Gock.

As of July, 1953, Los Angeles banks and branches show deposits to the amount of \$3,558,726,839.72; capital \$55,920,810; surplus \$141,537,726.35 Bank clearing show the following contrast:

1890	\$36,019,721	1953	\$34,013,056,351.05
------------	--------------	------------	---------------------



The Life of Jonathan (John) Temple

By Marco R. Newmark

*I*n Reading, Massachusetts, on August 14, 1796, a son was born to Captain Jonathan Temple and his wife Lydia (*nee* Pratt), and was named for his father. Little is known about his early education but the records reveal that in 1825 he was in the Sandwich Islands, commanding his own sailing vessel and trading with the natives, in 1877 he sailed for California and landed in San Diego in July of that year.

On July 30, 1827, at the Presidio Chapel, he was baptized a Catholic and his name was changed to Juan. He was addressed by his contemporaries as *Don Juan* but in history he is referred to by the English equivalent, John. Still in the same year he found his way to Los Angeles and opened its first merchandise store. It was in this store that the first local vigilance committee was organized.

At Mission Santa Barbara, on September 17, 1830, John Temple married Raphaela Cota. In 1843 he bought Los Cerritos Rancho, on part of which the city of Long Beach, including the Signal Hill district, was later built. His title to the vast property was legally confirmed on December 16, 1843. On the rancho Temple pastured fifteen thousand cattle, seven thousand sheep, and three thousand horses. On it he erected an adobe house, one of the largest ranch houses then in California. This adobe still stands, after an extensive restoration made some years ago. It is located near the Virginia Country Club grounds. Temple retained title to the rancho almost to the end of his life. The severe droughts of 1863 and 1864 destroyed thousands of his herds and he was compelled to dispose of the property. The buyers were Benjamin and Thomas Flint and Llewellyn Bixby.

The Life of Jonathan (John) Temple

The rancho, however, was only one of Temple's many enterprises. In the mid-forties he went to Mexico where he invested in large tracts of land on the west coast and he also had a major interest in several ships that plied between Acapulco and San Francisco. A further evidence of his initiative and enterprise is the fact that at one time he had a lease on the mint in Mexico City and coined money, a venture that netted him a large fortune.

An ordinance of the *Ayuntamiento* of May 21, 1849, refers to an important service Temple performed for the *pueblo* that year. The ordinance is prefaced by a statement to the effect that the lands sold at public auction had produced only \$2400 toward paying of the sum of \$3000 advanced by Juan Temple to pay the surveyor who prepared the first map of the city, Lieutenant Edward O. C. Ord. Since Temple had petitioned for payment of the balance of the loan, the *Ayuntamiento* now ordained that the proceeds of the first lots sold in the future be used for that purpose.

In 1858 Temple erected a small structure which was known as Temple's Building. It was located a short distance east from the site now occupied by the Federal Building. It was later enlarged and remodeled, and in keeping with its new dignity it was renamed Temple Block, sometimes called Lawyers' Block because its upper floors were largely occupied by members of that profession. One of these was Will D. Gould who had his office there for a record-breaking fifty-two years. In 1926 this old landmark succumbed to the march of progress when it was razed to make room for a part of the Civic Center.

On October 29, 1859, the City Council, successor to the *Ayuntamiento*, passed another ordinance having reference to the Temple:

The brick building lately erected by John Temple between Main and Spring Streets for the use of the City of Los Angeles shall be, and the same is hereby declared to be the City Market and the City Hall of said city for the purpose of a public market and shall be known as the City Market and City Hall of said city.

Provision for a Market Master was made and it was determined that the Common Council fix a minimum rate for the

leasing of stalls and rooms and that they then be offered for lease at public auction. It was further provided that the Market Master set aside \$40 per month to pay the rent for the building to John Temple.

On the cupola-like structure that topped the south side of the building was a clock with four faces. The City Council provided funds for the employment of a "competent person" to wind, clean, and otherwise service this useful timepiece.

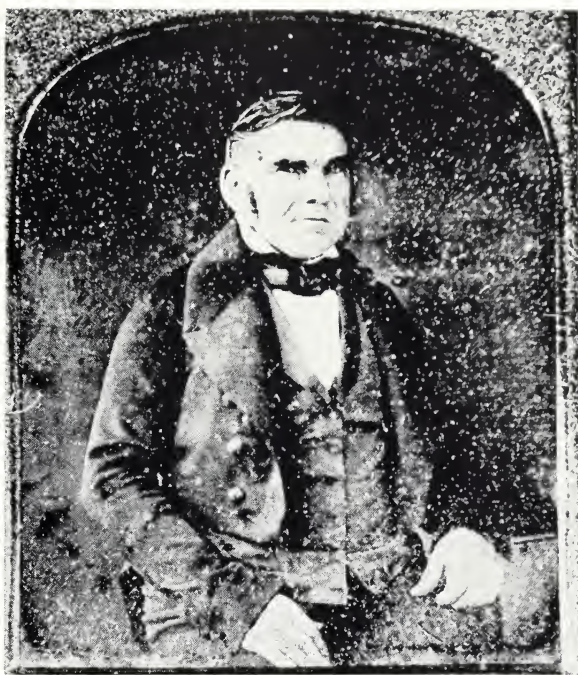
The courthouse portion of the building occupied part of the upper floor. The rest of that floor Temple fitted up as a theater, the first in Los Angeles. From San Francisco he imported a painter to paint the scenery, which the Los Angeles *Star* reported to be magnificent, "surpassing anything ever before seen in this city."

The district judges presided in the courthouse until the second state constitutional convention in 1879 abolished the district courts and instituted the county courts. Thereafter the superior court judges held court in the old building until the completion of the courthouse at the southeast corner of Temple Street and Broadway in 1891.

In 1859 Temple and others organized a library association and established the city's first library. However, the city was not quite ready for so cultural an undertaking; the library was not well patronized and the project was abandoned. By 1872 the situation had changed and another library was started. It was conducted on the basis of voluntary contributions until 1878, when it was made a department of the municipal government.

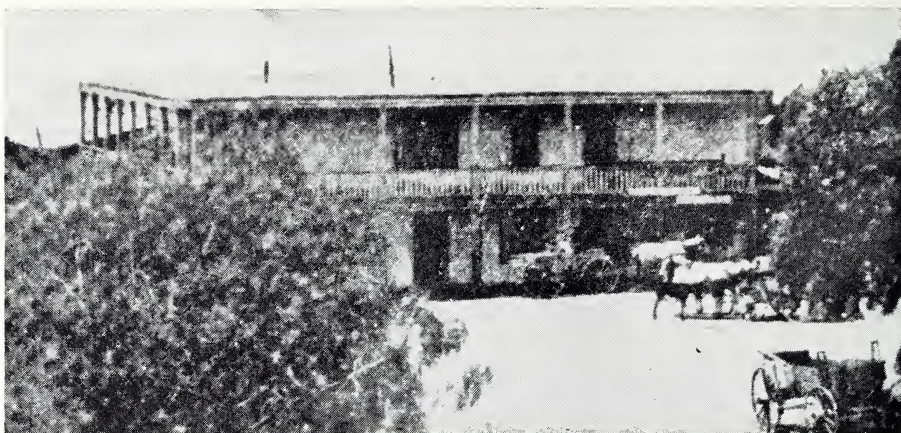
Temple was distinguished not only for his material successes and for his contributions to the progress of the city, but as well for his spirit of humanitarianism. His purse was always open to friends and acquaintances who fell upon evil days, and it is reported that during the smallpox epidemic of 1863 he employed a carpenter to make coffins for victims whose families were destitute.

John Temple, doer of good deeds, staunch friend of mankind and one of Los Angeles' most constructive pioneers, spent his last days in San Francisco, where he had moved in 1864 after selling his Rancho Los Cerritos. He died there on May 31, 1866.



—Photo courtesy Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles.

DON JUAN TEMPLE



—From the collection of Ana Begue de Packman

THE JUAN TEMPLE ADOBE



—From the collection of Ana Begue de Packman

LOS ANGELES FIRST COURT HOUSE

built in 1859 by Juan Temple. The site was on North Main Street near Temple Street and Commercial Street. The architecture is a replica of Faniel Hall.

The History of Camp Cady

By Leonard Waitman

The Early History of a Desert Water Hole



ANY YEARS BEFORE THE FORTY-NINERS began traversing the trails leading to California, hunters, trappers, and Franciscan Fathers had been well aware of them. In most instances, however, their knowledge was limited to what are now considered branches of main routes. Nevertheless, these regions were opened long before the gold-seekers sought overland trails to the gold fields of California.

In the desert and mountain areas, early trail-blazers found it vitally necessary to become well acquainted with the locations of the all-too-few water-holes. Especially was this true of travellers crossing the Mojave Desert routes. In addition, it was advantageous for them to cultivate the friendship of the desert Indians, thus insuring their own survival across the barren wastes.

One of the most important water-holes was situated outside the present city of Yermo and north of the town of Newberry on what is known as Smith's Ranch. This particular camping site was strategically placed because it was centrally located with reference to the other water-holes dotting the desert. Here, before continuing into the desert wastelands, the early travellers could water their stock, feed them on the near-by grass, and rest in the shade of the many willows and cottonwoods.

The topography of the Yermo area is typical of that existing throughout the Great Mojave Basin. The region is marked by broad level stretches of sand and gravel from which irregular barren ridges and hills rise abruptly. On the whole, it receives scant rainfall; the sparse vegetation consists of cactus, yucca, and bunch grass.

As a camping site it owes its existence to the fact that it lies in that part of the Mojave river-bed where the water seeps up through the low sandy terrain.

Long before the coming of the white man, this camp site with its water-hole was used by roving desert Indians. Here they rested, feasted, and often remained for several days before moving on. The Indians frequenting the site were commonly Piutes from Arizona and Mojaves from the Colorado region. Petroglyphs and pictographs throughout the desert area are mute testimony to the long occupation of this area by Indians. Afton Canyon, a few miles east of Yermo, contains a wealth of these interesting pictures.

The first white man known to have entered this region was the Franciscan Fray Francisco Garcés, who came to America from Spain in 1768 and spent the rest of his life in the attempt to convert to Christianity the Indians of the southwest.

After having spent some time among the Indians on the lower Colorado and Gila Rivers, Garcés journeyed northward from Yuma to visit the "Yamajabs," known as the Mohave Indians.¹

On March 1, 1776, accompanied by several Mohaves and one of his interpreters, Garcés set out from the Mohave villages westward across the desert to go to the San Gabriel Mission, near the present city of Los Angeles. By following the landmarks mentioned in his diary, it seems probably that he went by way of Piute Spring. . . . He continued westward, probably across the south end of Soda Lake, until he reached "an arroyo of saltish water" which he called "Arroyo de los Martires." This was the lower end of the Mohave River, which was then seen for the first time by a white man. He continued up the river nearly to its head and crossed the San Bernardino mountains on March 22.²

Although approximately forty-three years elapsed between the visit of Garcés and the next recorded use of the site by a white man, it appears likely that in the interim many a traveler camped near this water-hole, which may be conveniently called the Yermo water-hole.

About 1800 the Indians of the desert area, for some unknown reason, became very hostile toward the Mexicans in the Mojave territory. In 1819 the Mexican governor in California dispatched an expedition under the leadership of Gabriel Moragá, one of

The History of Camp Cady

the many famous, early California explorers, to quell the uprisings.³

While in the process of quelling the Mojave Indian revolt, Moragá used as his base of operations the waterhole and camp grounds in question. During his stay at the springs his chaplain, Father Nuez, named it *San Joaquín y Sta. Ana de Angayaba*.⁴

In 1826 the first known American to cross the Mojave Desert, using substantially the same routes as those taken previously by Father Garcés, was Jedediah S. Smith.

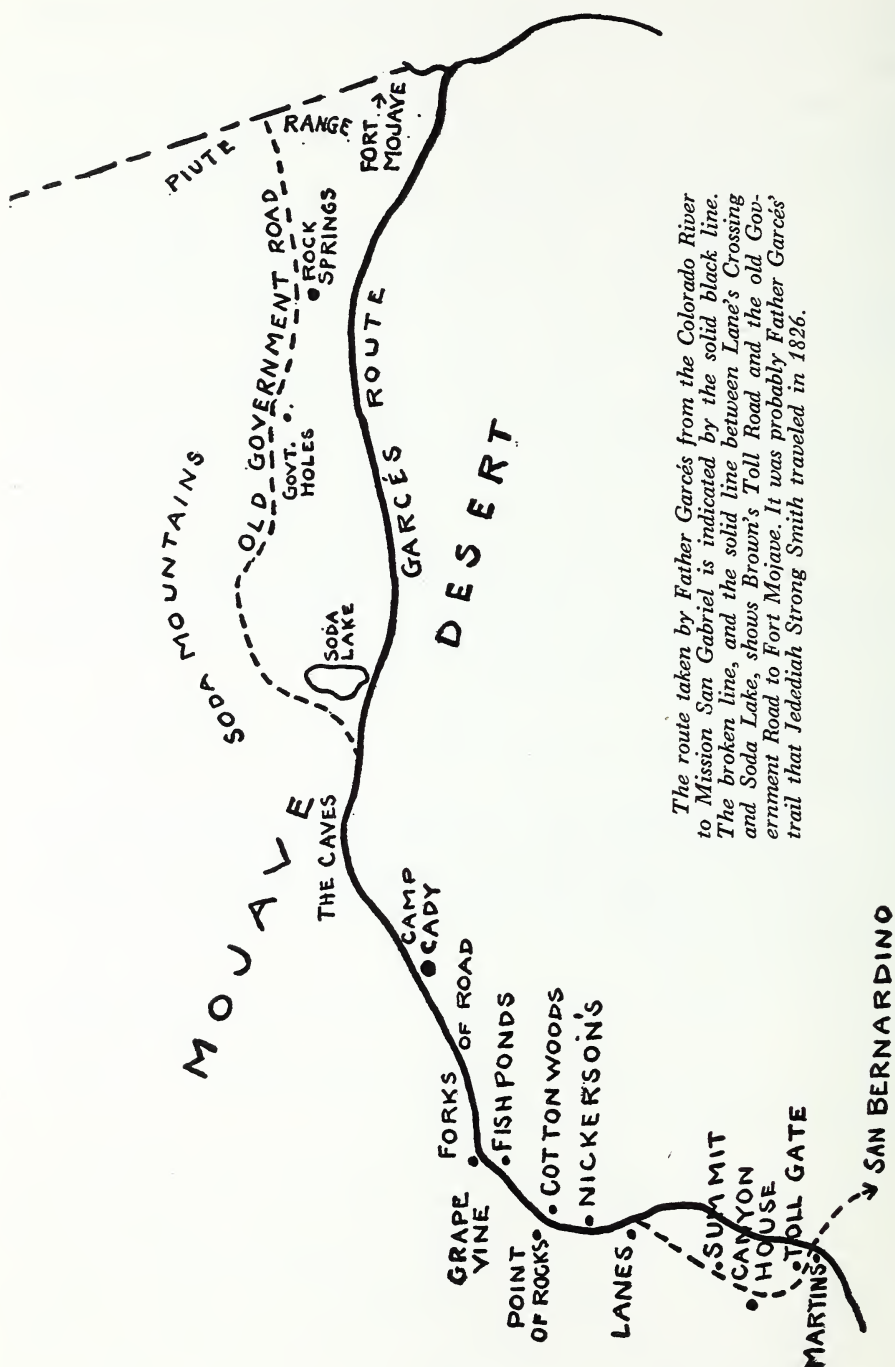
Smith, with a party of 15 men, left Great Salt Lake on August 22, 1826, to explore the country southwest of the place, probably to determine the feasibility of extending the fur trade of his company into that region. He traveled almost due south but a little to the west, until he reached Virgin River, which he followed to the Colorado River. He proceeded down the Colorado to the villages of the Mohave Indians, who, he states, called themselves "Ammuchabas." After obtaining supplies and the services of Indian guides he traveled for 15 days across the desert to the coast. He probably followed the same route that Garcés had taken to the San Gabriel Mission.⁵

Jedediah Smith was soon followed by another American group of trappers.

In 1829 another party of trappers, headed by Capt. Erving Young and including Kit Carson, who later crossed the desert with Fremont, traveled from Santa Fe, N. Mex., to the Colorado River near the Mohave villages and thence to San Gabriel Mission, probably by way of the Mohave River.⁶

From 1829 to 1844, at which time the well-known Captain Frémont crossed the desert, there were probably many explorers and trappers traveling this route.⁷ Frémont speaks of an annual caravan to Santa Fé passing this way.

Fremont's party had spent a year in exploration in Oregon and northern California and on their homeward journey had traveled from the vicinity of the present city of Sacramento southward in San Joaquin Valley. On April 14, 1844, the party crossed the mountains into the desert, probably at Tehachapi Pass or through Cottonwood Canyon. They moved southward along the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains until they struck a road a few miles north of Cajon Pass, which was known as the Spanish Trail.⁸



The route taken by Father Garcés from the Colorado River to Mission San Gabriel is indicated by the solid black line. The broken line, and the solid line between Lane's Crossing and Soda Lake, shows Brown's Toll Road and the old Government Road to Fort Mojave. It was probably Father Garcés' trail that Jedediah Strong Smith traveled in 1826.

The History of Camp Cady

Upon reaching the trail, Frémont moved northwest on it, taking advantage of the well-known camping sites.

We had struck the great object of our search—the Spanish Trail. . . . We were now careful to take the old camping places of the annual Santa Fe caravans, which luckily for us, had not made their yearly passage. A drove of several thousand horses and mules would entirely have swept away the scant grass at the watering places.¹¹

On April 23 Frémont recorded:

The trail followed still along the river, which in the course of the morning entirely disappeared. We continued along the dry bed [from] which, after an interval of about 16 miles, the water reappeared in some low places, well timbered, with cottonwood and willow where was another of the customary camping grounds.¹⁰

This was approximately sixteen miles east of the present Barstow in the vicinity of Yermo and the famed water-hole.¹¹

A few years after Frémont, came the men for whom the trail was named—the Mormons.

In 1846 a troop of these men enlisted to aid the United States against Mexico, forming what was known as the Mormon battalion, marched from Santa Fe to California by way of Yuma. When this battalion was disbanded in 1847, about 25 members of it proceeded from southern California to Salt Lake City across the Mohave Desert. . . .¹²

This hardy band of ex-servicemen was under the leadership of Captain Jefferson Hunt, who, one year later, was chosen as the wagon leader for the first large immigrant party to pass over this same road and again use the same camping sites and water-holes.

In 1849 he [Captain Hunt] led the wiser members of the great immigrant party into the safety of the San Bernardino Valley via this camp site and the Cajon Pass; whereas the dissenting members, who thought they could pick a better and shorter route on their own hook, became involved in tragic difficulties in the Death Valley Area. These groups provided us with the thrilling stories of the Jay Hawkers and Bennett Arcane parties whose hardship gave the valley its sinister name.¹³

The discovery of gold in California greatly increased the use of the desert trails across the Mojave and at the same time caused the Indians great concern. Increasingly, the records tell of Indian

raiding parties in the sections surrounding the main watering holes and especially near the camp site located near Yermo.

In 1851 another party of Mormons traveling from Salt Lake across the Mojave desert founded a colony at San Bernardino. Thereafter, travel along the Salt Lake trail became more frequent. Mail was carried between Salt Lake City and southern California at regular intervals—weather and Indians permitting.

In view of the central location and strategic importance of the watering place near what later became Yermo, the Mormons began to use it extensively as a point of departure in their mail-carrying activities which, inaugurated by Captain Jefferson Hunt in 1851, continued for three years.

In the early 1850's the people of California were demanding a railroad. To pacify the inhabitants, the federal government sent Lieutenant R. S. Williamson, under orders of the War Department, to study the possibility of constructing a southern railroad route connecting the Mississippi River with the Pacific Ocean. After exploring several passes between San Joaquin Valley and the desert, Williamson then skirted the northern slope of the San Gabriel Range to the Mojave River. A part of the expedition then proceeded down the river to Soda Lake and northward to the Salt Lake road about five miles north of Silver Lake.¹⁴

Although Williamson's report to the senate was for the most part favorable, the government was not moved to any direct action.¹⁵

In the spring of the following year [1854] another party in charge of Lieut. A. W. Whipple passed through the region from Colorado River near Needles to San Bernardino. This expedition also was sent out by the War Department to locate a route for a railroad from [the] Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. The route followed was practically that of Garces in 1776, which crossed the Providence-New York range in the vicinity of the Mid Hills, thence descended to Soda Lake, and followed [the] Mohave River to Cajon Pass.¹⁶

Frequent expeditions scouted these and other trails in the Mojave region for possible railroad routes to Southern California, but no actual construction was forthcoming at this time. In view of this, many private companies and individuals took it upon themselves to attempt to expedite transportation.

The History of Camp Cady

In the early sixties a number of stock ranchers settled along the Mohave River. In 1861 a ferry was established across the Colorado River at Fort Mohave, Ariz. (now Mohave City, about 15 miles north of Needles), which had been established between southern California and Arizona, which carried much freight to mines in Arizona. There was doubtless some mining in the Mohave Desert in the early sixties, but there is practically no record of it.¹⁷

All of these activities stirred the Indians to action. During the late fifties and sixties, the Indians of the desert became more aggressive and many renegade groups began attacking the overland caravans carrying freight and settlers into Southern California. Although this did not stop surveying expeditions or commerce between California, Utah, and Arizona, it did cause great concern. To satisfy the inhabitants of California, the United States Government ordered the establishment of a fort or redoubt at the camp site near Yermo, as well as at other camping sites along the main trails crossing the desert.

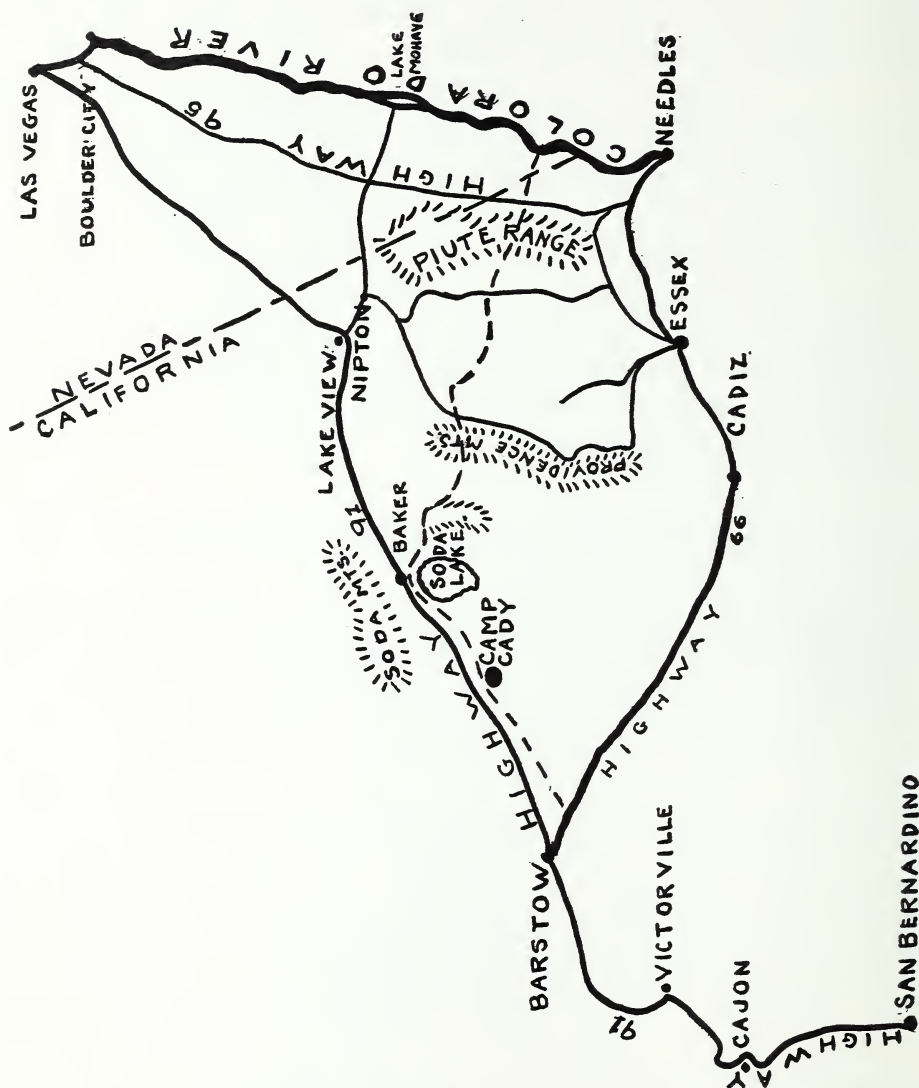
The Establishment of Old Camp Cady



DURING THE LATE 1850's AND THE EARLY 1860's the Indians of the Mojave region not only attacked immigrants and their wagons, but disrupted the mail route, which was vital to soldier and civilian alike in Southern California and Northern Arizona. These depredations in the desert area brought forth cries for troops, redoubts, and forts to protect the overland travellers. Those objecting to such outrages were principally merchants and traders in Los Angeles who had built up a lucrative trade with the people of Southern Utah and Arizona. To keep the road clear of marauding Indians was of utmost importance.

In answer to the insistent demands of these business groups, General Clarke, Commander of the Pacific Military Division, ordered a series of redoubts and forts built in the desert.

To implement these orders, Major Carleton with eighty men from 'Company K of the First Dragoons was dispatched from Fort Tejon in the spring of 1860 to establish a fort near "Forks of the Road." In honor of Colonel Albermarle Cady, who com-



The History of Camp Cady

manded the district of Oregon in 1861 and 1862, the stronghold was named Camp Cady. This camp was manned for three months.

Major Carleton also built redoubts at Soda Springs and at Bitter Springs, the former known as Hancock Redoubt.

The latter two redoubts were set up merely as overnight camps. Camp Cady was founded as a temporary fort, to be used until the Indians had been quieted. Very little information on the first post is available.

A member of the U. S. Boundary Commission in a letter dated from a camp two miles below Fort Mohave, appearing in the *Daily Alta California*, Mar. 4, 1861, said: "There is a small fort at the sink of the Mohave and another thirty five miles above known as Camp Cady, neither of them are garrisoned. They are both constructed of mud and willow brush and a half dozen resolute men could hold them against all of the Indians combined inhabiting the Great American Desert. I am told they were built to afford shelter to small parties of whites travelling through the country who were apprehensive of Indian hostilities, but it would seem to me that a party of Indians meditating an attack would have the sagacity to occupy the fort in advance."¹⁹

The first post at Cady was not very imposing. The quarters then occupied were miserable adobe huts, half underground and detached, being very disagreeable, each mess having to draw their rations and cook for themselves. The first main building, presumed to be the basic fort structure, was "a square adobe fort with a ditch around it about 40 feet square."²¹

From here, the troops under Carleton scoured the desert, throwing such fear into the Indians that they were only too glad to sue for peace. Shortly after the defeat of the Indians the post was ordered abandoned and the troops of Company K, 1st Dragoons, set out from Camp Cady, July 3, 1860, for Fort Tejon.

Although regular troops were withdrawn, the camp site was still used by the military as a stopover point when conveying supplies to Fort Mohave; records frequently mention the camp. This was especially noticeable during January and February of 1862, when there were severe floods throughout California. The roads around Cady were in impassable condition. Many who later wrote about this country mention the floods of that year.²²

The abandonment of Camp Cady by Federal troops was

not permanent, for it was a strategic site near the junction of two main routes: one from Arizona, over which the mail passed; and the Salt Lake Road, over which much valuable commerce and freight travelled.

The Mojave Desert, by its very nature, continued to be a dangerous region for travelers. Roving bands of unsubdued natives ranged across its wide fastness, bartering with tribes that lived near the coast, and stealing livestock from wagon trains that fared westward.²³

Once again merchants of Los Angeles became irate and demanded that troops reoccupy the abandoned post on a permanent basis. This situation created new problems to be considered, since the Civil War was just beginning. If it was imperative that Federal troops be withdrawn from the west for service in the east, it was equally as important that other troops be supplied in place of these trained regulars.

The 37th Congress, in view of the situation, passed the Volunteer Employment Act, July 1861. According to this act, the men were not to be in service over three years or less than six months and were to be treated as regulars in the Army of the United States.²⁴

Fort Yuma on the Colorado had been alerted early in April, 1861, and the mail route switched from the southern route to the central route. Men flocked to join the Volunteers and over one-tenth of the eligible men of the state of California enlisted.²⁵ This group, along with those of other western states, became known as the Army of the Pacific.

Because of the drain of the Civil War on the man power stationed in the west, the army found it virtually impossible to comply with the demands by the populace for troops to protect the desert area and reoccupy the abandoned outposts on a permanent basis. In answer to J. G. Downey, the mayor of Los Angeles, who requested aid, the army's reply was a curt, but polite negative.

“Headquarters Department of the Pacific,
San Francisco, Cal., July 28, 1862

Hon. J. G. Downey,
Los Angeles, Cal.:

Dear Sir: Mr. M. Morrison has presented to me the petition signed by Your Excellency and many other residents of the county of Los

The History of Camp Cady

Angeles, asking for the establishment of a military post on the Colorado River at or near Fort Mojave. I need not assure Your Excellency that I feel a deep interest in the prosperity of the hardy pioneers who have done so much to develop the resources of the country, and that it will always afford me pleasure to afford them all the protection in my power. But at this moment I have no troops disposable for the establishment of permanent posts. The various columns I now have in the field, and the Indian wars actually being waged, have left me with few troops to meet any sudden emergency, and prudential considerations demand that what force I have remaining should not be removed far from the coast.

With great respect, your most obedient servant,
G. Wright,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Army, Commanding.”²⁶

Despite the persistent demands of the inhabitants, the army found it could render little aid to quiet the Indians for any length of time, although there were numerous expeditions into the desert region.²⁷

In the meantime, the undercurrents of the Civil War were rippling the political surface of California. The people of the state were not in any general agreement concerning the issues at hand. The people of the Los Angeles area were decidedly for the Blue, whereas settlers in the Mojave region and San Bernardino inclined toward the Gray. The Mormons especially were said to be sympathetic to the South.²⁸

Contemporaneously with the Civil War, the Indians of the desert kept up sporadically their warlike activities, although precautions were taken by the Volunteers and regulars to check them. Camp Cady served intermittently as an important camping place and was garrisoned when outrages occurred in the Mojave region.

In the year 1864 the army found it necessary to send volunteers into this region and Special Orders No. 49 state clearly for what reasons.

1. In order to protect travel, clear the road of thieving, troublesome Indians, and complying with directions of the commanding general, Capt. John C. Cremony's company (B), Second California Cavalry, is hereby detailed to patrol the Fort Mojave road between Camp Cady, on the Mojave River, and Rock Spring.²⁹

In the following spring [1865], Captain E. Bale, company D,

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Native California cavalry patrolled the desert route from Lane's Crossing on the Mojave River (now Oro Grande) to Soda Lake. When Captain Frederick Munday arrived with his company K, fourth infantry, there was a total of one hundred twenty men at this desert post.

William S. Kidder, the "fighting parson" from Company I, seventh infantry, describes the Camp as he saw it en route to Fort Whipple in June, 1865. "The quarters are made entirely of brush and are intended for shelter from the sun only."³⁰

A few months later the Camp Cady site was visited and described by another traveller—Elliot Coues.

November 4, 1865, brought us to Camp Cady, 16 miles from our camp and Caves Canyon (Afton). Half a day's pull through gravelly, sandy washes brought us to this God-forsaken Botany Bay of a place, the meanest I ever saw yet for a military station, where 4 officers and a handful of men manage to exist in some unexplained way in mud and brush hovels. The officers were Capt. West, Lieut. Foster and Davidson, and Dr. Lauber—glad enough to see us—or anybody else.³¹

Despite the lack of proper installations and man power, Camp Cady nevertheless played a very vital role in protecting travellers during this time.

During the year 1865, the troops occupying Camp Cady found themselves in a precarious situation. Not only were the Indians of the desert showing more courage, but evidences of possible Confederate activities were observed throughout the Mojave region as well as in San Bernardino itself. The situation was becoming serious.

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Drum Barracks, Cal., March 2, 1865.

Col. R. C. Drum,

Asst. Adjt. Gen., Hdqrs. Dept. of the Pacific,

San Francisco, Cal.:

Sir: I have the honor to report that on the 17th of February I proceeded to Fort Mojave, Ariz. Ter., with the double purpose of inspecting that post and of obtaining information for the benefit of the major-general commanding the causes and extent of Indian troubles of which the settlers along the Mojave River complain. The report of the inspection at Fort Mojave is transmitted by this opportunity to your headquarters. Upon the route I ascertained from conversation with settlers and travelers that Indians, in bands of a dozen to thirty, on foot and armed

The History of Camp Cady

with fire-arms and bows and arrows, come down from the mountains on either side of the road, steal stock, rob houses, lay forced tribute upon travelers, threaten lives, and in one instance have murdered two men living at the Caves, eighteen miles east of Camp Cady, and burned the house. These bands have been particularly eager to supply themselves with fire-arms and ammunition, and now very many improved rifles and shotguns and pistols are owned by them. On reaching Fort Mojave the officers of the garrison and citizens upon the river confirmed the statement above referred to. The whole extent of the road from the upper crossing of the Mojave River to Rock Springs, which are forty miles west of Fort Mojave, is infested by these thieving Indians, rendering travel insecure and jeopardizing lives of settlers. I found it the unanimous opinion that these former range principally upon the Colorado River, seventy-five miles below Fort Mojave, and have constant communication and friendly relations with the numerous Utes of still farther north. While at Fort Mojave I directed Lieut. De Witt Titus, Fourth California Infantry, with at least twenty-five men, to proceed to Chimehueva Valley, inform the tribe that it would be held responsible for the outrages upon whites; that the murderers of the two white men at the Caves must be surrendered, and that twenty of their principal men be arrested as security for the faithful performance of those conditions. Copy of orders above referred to is herewith inclosed. Captain West's company (C), Fourth California Infantry, is encamped at Camp Cady en route to Fort Mojave, and I directed that scouts should be made whenever signs of Indians could be found. A party of twenty-five men, under Lieutenant Foster, of that company, was on the trail of a band that had stolen a horse from an emigrant the previous night. I have also directed Captain Bale's company (D), Native California Cavalry, to make its headquarters at Camp Cady, and to frequently patrol the road in either direction. Of this latter company thirty men are mounted, the balance on foot. It marched before yesterday from this post. The action of the Chimehuevas is warlike, and appearances indicate the necessity of placing a larger force in the field at an early day to operate against them. A squadron of cavalry will be very serviceable. The settlers along the Mojave are nearly all sympathizers with the rebellion.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

James F. Curtis,
Colonel Fourth California Infantry, Commanding District."³²

“HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Drum Barracks, Cal., April 16, 1865.

Col. R. C. Drum,

Asst. Adjt. Gen., Hdqrs. Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Cal.:

Colonel: To-day I have had the honor of telegraphing you that we should require more troops here, and cavalry immediately. As to the necessity, I respectfully present the following reasons: In addition to service required of cavalry against the bands of hostile Indians roving through the county of San Bernardino, depredating upon the Mojave road and within a few miles of the county seat, information of which has heretofore been communicated to the commanding general, it is probable that the death of the President will hasten the preparations of secessionists within these lower counties, who have been organized for months to oppose the Government of the United States by force. The Union people of San Bernardino are satisfied that an organization of secessionists is preparing for action of some kind, and they demand protection; consequently I to-day dispatched a force of 120 men, under command of Capt. Munday, Fourth California Infantry to silence opposition and protect Unionists. I believe twenty of the numbers above mentioned will be Native Cavalry mounted. Orders from your headquarters have directed that Captain West's company (C), Fourth California Infantry, when relieved at Fort Mojave, should take post at Camp Cady for the present. I have sent out from here thirty day's subsistence for it.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

James F. Curtis,

Colonel Fourth California Infantry Commanding District.”³³

“Drum Barracks, April 17, 1865—9 p.m.

Col. R. C. Drum,

Assistant Adjutant-General:

An organization of rebels exists in this and San Bernardino counties. The Union people of the latter have demanded military protection. The Indian depredations in San Bernardino can be stopped only with cavalry.

James F. Curtis,

Colonel of Volunteers.³⁴

Because of the tension created by the Civil War and the ever-possible threat of Indian uprisings, the army had to send a larger force to occupy Camp Cady. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs had reported that the government stores were burned and three

The History of Camp Cady

soldiers wounded by the Indians in an attack on Camp Cady shortly before.³⁵

Captain West, Company C, Fourth Infantry, assumed command of Camp Cady. He was one of the more energetic souls in the army at this time, for it was he who had his troops build up Camp Cady.

It was reported that he and his volunteers built thirty-five small adobe houses for which he received commendation from General Irvin McDowell in a special order dated Camp Cady, January 11, 1866.³⁶

Unhappily, it was only three months later that the fort was ordered abandoned. Lt. J. J. Marcher withdrew his troops of Company H, First California Cavalry, April 1, 1866, and returned to Drum Barracks, Wilmington, California. Consternation seized Los Angeles. The *Los Angeles Star* for April 13 printed the following editorial comment concerning the army's decision.

"The course pursued by General McDowell in removing troops from Camp Baldy and other points between this city and Fort Mojave has had the effect of injuring business in this section of the State. Just at the time the troops were removed the Indians began to show signs of hostility, and three men were killed by them on the Mojave River. . . . The immense travel on the road from this place to Salt Lake, Montana, and other territories makes it of great importance that the road should be properly protected. More than 2000 wagons have passed over that road in the past year, loaded with every conceivable kind of goods of great value, to say nothing of the thousands of horses, cattle, and sheep that have been driven from this section of the State over the road, making it of first importance. . . . If General McDowell had sought to purposely injure the trade of this section of the State he could not have chosen a more effectual way of doing so than to remove the protection from one of the principal thoroughfares of trade. We hope the matter will be properly brought to the attention of the commanding general, and be promptly remedied."

So vehement were the protests from Los Angeles that Camp Cady was reoccupied. Nor did that action come too soon. Events were moving swiftly toward a crisis which fell with astounding results—Federal troops suffered a severe reverse at the hands of Piute warriors!

On the 29th of July, a party of Indians appeared near the fort and made a hostile demonstration. Lieutenant Hartman with twenty soldiers hastened out to chastise them. The enemy made a quick sortie

into the dense undergrowth near the river, and the soldiers fell into an ambush. Five of them were killed and several wounded.

Intense excitement followed in San Bernardino. A posse of citizens rode post haste to the aid of the soldiers; but the Indians had disappeared, leaving the military in possession of the field.³⁷

During 1867 the Indians of the desert took part in several uprisings and burned and plundered the settlements along the Mojave River.

The news of Indian troubles became so commonplace that hardly an edition came off the press that did not mention the fact. The San Bernardino *Guardian* testifies to the many Indian troubles.

Station burnt by the Indians. . . . We learned the station at the Point of Rocks on the Mojave Stage route, was burned on last Wednesday week. Everything was destroyed. . . . Houses, corral and fences. It had been uninhabited for over a month, and the Indians fired it in mere wantonness. Three days before, the troops en route for Fort Mojave, were encamped there for a day and night.³⁸

More Indian stealing. . . . A horse belonging to Mr. Meacham, living at Fish Pond station on the Mojave, was stolen by Indians last week. They came within 200 yards of the house and two of them were seen by Mr. M. On the following day a party was formed, who followed the trail about 15 miles, when they discovered the trail of about 30 Indians. Finding these too strong for them the little party was compelled to abandon the pursuit.³⁹

Another fight with the Indians. . . . On the 24th ult., the expressman and two soldiers from Camp Cady to Hardyville were on their route to Hardyville. They had a fight with about 20 Indians supposed to be Pah Utes. . . . They had watered their animals at Marl Springs, about 70 miles from Camp Cady, when they had occasion to go to a spring about 100 yards below. . . . Attack by Indians who fired . . . express party killed two Indians. . . .⁴⁰

Still another (Indian Fight). . . . The expressman with one soldier as an escort had another fight between Rock Springs and Pah Ute Springs about 100 miles from Camp Cady, on the 28th ult. (The article continues, saying that it was the same expressman and one of the same soldiers who fought at Marl on the 24th; that because of Indian troubles, they had made a dry camp between Rock Springs and Ute Springs; their animals had been staked out to grass when, after midnight, they were aroused by the snorting of frightened animals; the party reached Camp Cady without further trouble.)⁴¹

The History of Camp Cady

Mails. . . . The mails via Hardyville are again coming and going regularly, despite the serious Indian troubles and the difficulty of securing carriers. There has been little interruption. Mr. Ballard is certainly trying to do well and he assures us that Mr. Hardy has, in his absence, made every exertion to send the mails through promptly.⁴²

More Indian Murders. . . . Death of Dr. M. E. Shaw, U.S.A. . . . Attack by Indians on outgoing stage on 18th, Inst., whereby Dr. M. E. Shaw, U.S.A., lost his life . . . etc.

The stage was traveling between the Caves and Soda Lake when a band of Indians, about 15 in number, jumped out of the brush and began firing. The attack lasted about an hour.

Sam Button, the driver, cut off the baggage to lighten his load and hurried on with his wounded passenger. The animals soon gave out. The Indians followed for eight or ten miles. Dr. Shaw was carried to the station where he wrote a letter. He lived about 12 hours. . . . There was an escort of one man with the wagon. His mule was killed with the first fire and he had to take refuge in the wagon.

The next night the Indians surrounded the station at Marl Springs held by three men; but fortunately some troops came up at day-light and the Indians dispersed.

These Indians must have been the Pah Utes. Dr. Shaw was to have relieved Dr. Patty at Fort Mojave.⁴³

More of the Indians . . . We understand the Indians who killed Dr. Shaw, last week, on the Mojave Road near the Caves, are still prowling along the thoroughfare between the military posts of Camp Cady and Camp Rock Springs. On the return of the mail rider this week, he saw eight Indians before him on the road, whom he watched until they betook themselves into ambush, when he turned and went back to the station at Soda Lake. When night set in he started again and succeeded in making his destination.⁴⁴

In Hardyville, the northwest terminus of the mail route on the Colorado, the situation was desperate. Nevertheless, troops were not forthcoming to the desert region, and it remained for the troops already stationed there to quell the hostile tribes.

While the troops were never really able to subdue the marauding redmen completely, they did manage to keep the tribes quiet for a while.

Such was the situation during the period Camp Cady was being abandoned.

The Building of New Camp Cady



BECAUSE THE ORIGINAL SITE of Camp Cady had inadequate space for drill grounds, General Ord, commanding general of the United States Army, decided in 1868 to abandon it. The site selected by the army for the new location of Cady lay one-half mile to the west of the old camp. "A short item in the tri-weekly *News* (Los Angeles), Oct. 6, 1868, mentions 'NEW MILITARY CAMP'" and the abandonment of the old site.⁴⁵ However, the original camp was not completely abandoned, inasmuch as many of the buildings continued to be occupied and used by the army until both camps were sold in 1871.

The new site was presumably selected in order to provide adequate space for drill grounds, the old location being so situated as to lack enough level space for such an accommodation.

Concerning the site selected, the then acting army surgeon, F. A. Romatka, whose hand, it is to be hoped, wielded the scalpel with greater dexterity than it managed the pen, wrote:

Camp Cady having ordered to be rebuilt and a different location having been found preferable, a spot was selected about half a mile to the west of the place formerly occupied as a post, where a small redoubt was erected some fourteen years ago, as a defence to the then sparsely settled southern counties of California, against the Pi-Utes, Amargosas, and Mojave-Indians, as well as other tribes, ranging between the Colorado and San Bernardino mountains, and since as a protection to the travel from Utah, the route leading to Salt Lake branching off only a few miles west of this.

It lays [sic] in lat. 34°38' north and long. 116°40' west on the road from Wilmington to the northern part of Arizona, being about 150 miles east of the former place and very nearly equi-distant from the town of Hardyville on the Colorado river. The situation of the post is at easterly end of one of the valleys through which runs the Mojave river, in proximity to a small range of low black basaltic hills, at the foot and western side of which is gathered much of the sand driven by the prevailing winds. This valley in common with most of the region lying between the Colorado and coast range of mountains is an elevated plateau, having a general altitude of about 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and is about 60 miles long by 20 wide. This plain varies little in aspect, being almost a barren sandy waste, over which are scattered hills similar to those near the post and in

The History of Camp Cady

some parts the surface is composed of a stiff clay nearly impervious to water, shallow lakes are thus formed during a short time seldom lasting over a few days, leaving behind a hard bed over which the hoof of an animal or even the tire of loaded wagons leaves but a slight impression. Over the low alluvial soil of the Mojave river, is exposed a white glistening efflorescence of soda salts, mostly sulphate and carbonate, very trying to the eye and detrimental to vegetation.

The mirage is often seen assuming such perfect forms and appearances so resembling nature that it requires an effort of reason to dispel the illusion. Strong winds will blow so steadily at times that the air is filled with sand and dust and it is then impossible to see for more than a few yard. Clouds are formed after the manner of water spouts and consist of immense basins of fine sand and dust carried to a great height by a rotary and upward, but at the same time advancing current of air. The only arable land consists of narrow strips in the immediate vicinity of the river, where some grass exists, and cottonwood, mesquites, willows and similar trees grow, the most of them small, mixed with which are varieties of wild vines and current bushes; while on the sandy plain, nothing larger than the wild sage brush is to be found, the soil being too poor and dry to support any better vegetation.

About fifteen miles south, in the valley there is a group of mineral springs in a state of ebullition, which at one time were frequented by the Indians for their supposed medicinal virtues. This region, like that portion of the state situated on the coast, has its dry and wet season, though the latter is scarcely so long or uninterrupted here as there. Light showers, will, however, sometimes fall in summer, accompanied often with thunder and lightning. The amount of rain is generally very small though more abundant some years than others.

There seem to be no peculiar diseases incidental to the climate, which may be considered very healthy, though some light disorders of the digestive organs may prevail at times, owing to the intense heat and the want of proper diet.

F. A. Romatka

A.A. Surgeon U.S.A.

December 31, 1868.⁴⁶

In June, 1868, enlisted men were put to work building the camp. The last of the troops were moved in during the month of November.

In comparison with the "old camp" and its crude dwellings, the "new site" appears to have been a decided improvement.

Nearly all the masonry and roofing was finished in the new structures and a few of the walls even whitewashed. A vast quantity of building material was hauled in by government teams for use in the new buildings.

The camp stood some 300 yards from the northern channel of the Mojave river on a plateau thirty feet above the level of the stream, but lower than the tableland of the valley. When finished, it occupied a space some 300 yards around the parade grounds about which the buildings of the camp formed a parallelogram,

The buildings forming the parallelogram consisted of one officers' building, one barracks, a mess house, a bake oven, a quartermaster and subsistence store, a guardhouse, numerous corals, and a temporary blacksmith shop.

Adobe brick, which was made on the spot, set the architectural pattern of construction. The outside walls were plastered and the interior walls were whitewashed. Most of the woodwork in the officers' quarters was painted.⁴⁷

Some 35,000 adobe bricks were used in building the post as well as 32,000 feet of lumber and 30,000 shakes for roofing. The rock foundations were dug out four miles away and hauled by government teams to the spot where the soldiers built the structures under command of Lt. John Drum.⁴⁸

All the structures were floored and the officers' quarters were ceiled. A double slanting shingle roof capped each building.

The quarters occupied by the commanding officer faced almost directly east, being only 20° west of the meridian. It measured 35 feet by 18 feet with walls 10 feet high. A hall divided the building into two parts. A small additional room 14 by 12 feet was attached to the northwest end of the main structure. The structure was well-lighted by one large window and several small ones.

All the cooking was done in a small house located in the rear of the quarters occupied by the commanding officer.

The barracks at the post, comprising a large building fronting directly north, was 86 by 26 feet with walls 12 feet high. There were four windows in front and four in the rear. Three doors in the front and one in the rear supplied the structure with

The History of Camp Cady

ventilation. The building was used as a barracks by day and as a dormitory by night; each man was figured to receive about 800 cubic feet of air space when in the quarters.

The room was warmed by two heating stoves, one at each end of the building, where the stove pipes had outlets through the chimneys. The room had ample light during the day and at night was lighted by a large kerosene lamp in the center of the building and a candle at each end.

No permanent bunks were erected, since troops at Camp Cady were usually under orders to move out at a moment's notice. About thirty temporary bunks were made by the men themselves for their own accommodations.⁴⁹ In most cases, instead of bunks, each man was supplied with a bedsack filled with hay drawn from the quartermaster department.

There were a few tables and benches in the barracks, but no fixtures. The room was kept clean by men detailed as room orderlies.

The kitchen and the mess room stood almost directly to the rear of the main barracks, slightly to the east. This structure measured 40 x 18 feet with walls 13 feet high. The bake oven, in line with the mess room, had a 100 loaf capacity. The bread was made up in the cook house and then placed in the oven outside. The building afforded accommodations for eighty men during mess.

Close by and on the line opposite the headquarters was the guard-house. It was 28 by 16 feet with walls 13 feet high. A partition divided it about equally. The smaller part of the structure was used for the common cell and the larger for the guard's quarters. A large fireplace in the north end of the structure warmed the whole building. The guard-house had an average occupancy of four men per month.

North of the guard house, a large store house was erected to receive supplies. It was 76 by 24 feet square with walls 14 feet high and partitioned so as to receive subsistence stores on one side and quartermaster supplies on the other. The office was placed in the southwest corner of the store house.

The fuel used at the new post was cottonwood and mesquite,

cut by the troops on the banks of the river and hauled to the camp. The supply was ample, but each month it had to be hauled a greater distance.

The quality of rations issued at the new camp was good, and "fresh meat was on the menu quite frequently and obtained on the hoof from a man by the name of Lane, for whom Lane's Crossing was named."⁵⁰

When needed, extra vegetables were purchased from the company fund and a good supply was usually available. Canned vegetables, pickles, and other condiments were obtained from the subsistency department in lieu of regular articles of ration.

The rations were cooked by men detailed from the post and were inspected by the commanding officer before being served. The cooking was reportedly good with as much variety as circumstances allowed.

The clothing issued was of high quality. The blankets, trousers, and sack-coats were all manufactured in California. The eastern articles were usually of a poorer grade and too heavy for the climate, the lighter clothing of the west being preferred by the men at the post.

Inasmuch as the new post did not have a hospital, one of the buildings at the older site, one-half mile away, was used for this purpose. This building was inadequate. It was warmed by a cook stove belonging to the medical department and used for cooking as well as heating. Candles were the only form of illumination and ventilation was rather imperfect due to the construction of the building. The hospital ward consisted of one room, 12 by 20 feet and only 6 feet high—hardly sufficient for the requirements of the patients. There were only four beds in the ward.

The cooking and washing were done in the ward for the hospitalized soldiers by the matron. There was no mess hall, the shade outside being used in the summer and the ward inside during the winter.

A hospital tent, floored, was used as a dispensary, office, and store-room. The shelves were made of boxes and scrap pieces of wood. The hospital had neither a store-room nor postmortem room, nor was there a lavatory for the patients in the building. The bath

The History of Camp Cady

tub was located in a pyramidal tent outside. All the policing was done by the attendant in charge.

The diet of the patients was somewhat the same as that of the regulars; however, potatoes were purchased and brought in from San Bernardino, one hundred miles distant, at \$1.30 per month per company. A good supply of vegetables was kept in order to prevent the occurrence of scurvy and incipient diseases of the digestive organs.

The hospital supplies were shipped from San Francisco and usually reached the post in good condition. Often the supplies were trans-shipped from San Francisco to Wilmington and then to Camp Cady by way of the Cajón Pass.

The hospital was not the only building being used at the old site. One adobe house was occupied by a soldier and his wife, since no provision was made for the construction of married couples' quarters at the new camp during the first year of its occupation.

The treatment of minor ailments was cared for at the new camp. During 1868 medical records reveal fewer than 104 instances of sickness. Of these, 21 were from malaria fever which had been contracted prior to being stationed at Camp Cady; other reports reveal that there were 24 cases of diarrhea and dysentery, one of tonsilitis, four of venereal diseases, four of scurvy, three of rheumatism, and twelve catarrhal infections. No deaths were reported at Camp Cady in 1868.

The new location was not without its drawbacks in other ways besides inadequate facilities. Water at the new location was attainable by merely digging five or six feet into the sandy soil; however, it was of such a salinous nature that it was unfit for drinking. Approximately six wells were sunk in the new site, but the medical officer reported that the water was too salty. To remedy the situation, it was deemed wise to haul water from the old camp for culinary purposes.

Cleanliness was a requisite at the new post and the troops were warned against sloppiness and lack of respect. The acting medical officer, F. A. Romatka, saw to it that the sanitation problems were few and far between. Lavatories and sinks were placed a good

distance from the camp, where drainage was ample and the run-off went in the opposite direction from the camp.⁵¹

The corrals were close to the river. Here the post kept the teams, cattle, sheep, and hay. The sheep and cattle were usually placed in the corrals as the available source of fresh meat for the soldiers; however, no milch cows were kept by the garrison.

The blacksmith shop, for the most part, was under a shed-like affair, partially walled and open to the weather. A small forge, located approximately in the center of the smith shop, was worked by hand. Wagons were kept close by for convenience.

Trees spotted the general area of the camp site, except for the parade grounds. One tree, a large cottonwood, was located close to the guardhouse and was nicknamed "Hangman's tree." However, army records make no mention of its having been used while the camp was in operation.

During the latter part of 1867 and the early part of 1868, freighting was exceptionally heavy in the Mojave region, and the troops at the new camp were kept busy with escort and patrol duties. With all this activity, it was somewhat of a blow to the people of San Bernardino and vicinity to learn that the garrison at Cady had been ordered reduced. As the editorial in the San Bernardino *Guardian* so adeptly remarked after having been informed of another Indian attack and other impending threats:

A train of wagons conveying supplies to Camp Cady was intercepted by Indians on the Mojave River. The train was, however, at length suffered to continue its course, the marauders having taken alarm at the movements of the teamsters, and abandoned their intention of plundering the wagons. . . . On arrival of the train at Camp Cady a detachment of troops was sent in pursuit of the Indians, with what results we have not been able to learn. We are advised that the garrison at Cady is about to be reduced to the small number of 20 men and the troops taken away and stationed at Fort Mojave. We trust that the military authorities may exert great circumspection in reducing our garrison in infected districts, as they are too small already.⁵²

As if cognizant of the plan to abandon Camp Cady, the Indians of the desert region began a series of raids in which they killed, burned, and plundered throughout the unprotected sec-

The History of Camp Cady

tions of the Mojave. All the remount stations between Cady and Hardyville were attacked, and in most cases burned. In Hardyville the situation was desperate. The stage lines had been halted and the mail route cut. So serious was the predicament that many feared the tide of war was turning in favor of the Indians. All the men in town were put on a twenty-four hour alert. Their situation is described in a letter by Messrs. Wolff and Folkes to the *Guardian*.

From Hardyville—More Killing.

Through Messrs. Wolff & Folkes, we have received a copy of a letter, containing later intelligence from this portion of Arizona. The advices continue unfavorable. Another man was killed by the Indians last week at the Willows station, and the Indians made another dash upon the property at Hardyville. A guard of citizens has to be on duty all the time, as the people do not know what moment the Indians may come upon them and wipe them out. Everything is, of course, in a depressed condition, as indeed how can it be otherwise, with people surrounded by a wary, watchful, treacherous enemy, thirsting for their blood? Unless prompt military aid can be rendered to the people, they will be compelled to get up and leave the country. We would like to know how long this state of affairs will be permitted to continue?

The reduction of troops at Cady caused great concern at Hardyville, since it cut off any hopes the residents might have had for re-enforcements. The situation remained serious for some months. Raids against the town itself were infrequent, but the surrounding vicinity was constantly terrorized. An interesting account of one of these skirmishes and the seriousness of the fighting is reflected in the following article:

Hardyville, March 24, 1868.

The mail carrier from Beale Springs arrived last evening and reports that the mail-rider, Chas. Spencer, with an escort of two soldiers left Camp Willow Grove on Saturday at six a.m.; but when they had travelled about two and a half miles, they were attacked by a band of Indians. At the first fire both soldiers and their horses fell, mortally wounded. Spencer's mule was also shot dead from him. Spencer started to run, but after running a short distance, he looked back and saw the Indians gather around the dying soldiers and with their knives commenced torturing and cutting them. This was more than he could stand, so he turned around and commenced firing away with his carbine, killing two Indians, who fell by the side of the soldiers.

The Indians, seeing the mail rider shooting at them, made after him. Charley then ran for life going towards a rocky point nearby; before reaching it, however, he was fired on by some twenty Indians, a ball striking him in the right thigh. He succeeded, however, in getting in between a couple of boulders, and gathered up some loose rock and hastily fortified himself, still retaining his carbine and about 100 cartridges. Now and then the redskins would give a war whoop and try to rush in on him; but he would take deliberate aim and count his Indians each time, showing he is one of the coolest and most daring frontiersmen that live in Arizona. The soldiers at Camp Willow Grove heard the firing and reported it to Cap. Vernon. Men were sent out; but, not hearing more firing, returned. Towards evening reports of rifles were heard, and a detachment of eight men were sent out, who came to one of the dead soldiers, and then returned to camp (as per orders) in double quick time. A lieutenant with 20 men was at once dispatched and reached the scene at dark. They had gathered up what remained of the dead and put them in the wagon, when they heard Spencer hallo and fire off his gun. They soon found him and bore him to the wagon and camp. Spencer had only three cartridges left. Two, he said, for the Indians and one for himself, for he was determined not to fall into their hands to be tortured to death. Spencer gives a detailed account of the affair; says there were about 75 Indians, all well-armed, some forty having rifles and the balance having bow and arrows. One-half of the Indians were Hualapais, and the others were Yavapais (Apache Mojaves). The Yavapais were well dressed, had on hats, boasted they had just left the reservation at La Paz and that they would kill Americans whenever they could. Hualapai Charley being in command, Spencer talked with him in English, and with the Yavapais in Spanish. It had been reported that Serum was wounded in the fight that Capt. Young had with him. This accounts for Hualapai Charley being head chief, as he is Serum's brother, and a meaner Indian never lived. . . . It is an easy matter to make a treaty with any of these bands of wild Apaches in winter; but it is useless to fight them in summer. If Col. Price had had plenty of supplies during the winter, the Indians would have been thoroughly whipped; but now they will be allowed to run and murder, for the troops can do little during warm weather. The people around this place and around Prescott are very much alarmed by their present condition. It being generally believed that the Indians will be worse this summer than ever before; and many predict that all settlers will have to leave the country, and the Apaches will again reign supreme.

William H. Hardy⁵⁴

The History of Camp Cady

The situation was not much better at Cady; nevertheless, the army did not think the gravity of the events warranted a full complement of men and in 1869 the fort personnel was reduced to what was considered a token force. Evidently the army had anticipated the turn of events, for shortly before abandonment of the camp on October 19, 1870,⁵⁵ General Price of Fort Mojave had a meeting with all the various chiefs there and they arrived at a peaceful settlement. The Indians by this settlement were confined to reservations and it was hoped that the day of dodging arrows had passed.

In the Mojave Region, for the most part, it was past. However, the Indians of southern Arizona and Utah continued to cause trouble intermittently for about the next six years before the olive branch was fully accepted.

During March, 1871, the camp was totally abandoned and turned over to Mr. Cantwell and Mr. Winters, stockmen of the Mojave River. Second Lieutenant James Halloran of the 12th Infantry supervised the sale of the property.⁵⁶

Thus a chapter closed on an era of frontier history. Taps were no longer blown at Camp Cady, citadel of the wastelands. Freight wagons with their heavy loads and sweating teams and drivers, bound for mining camps in Arizona, San Bernardino, and Los Angeles, could roll over the desert without fear of Indians attack.

For many years the camp withstood the weather, slowly disintegrating, until all that remained by 1933 was a portion of the barracks. In March, 1938, this last vestige of the camp was washed away by a flood.

All that remains of Cady today is a large vacant pasture land, where cattle graze peacefully. Neither the county nor any historical society has seen fit to mark the spot with a plaque or some other memorial. However, one tree, standing defiantly against the ravages of nature, marks the camp site. The famous "hangman's tree" is all that remains of a once staunch little fort—Camp Cady.

Army Life at Camp Cady



ARMY LIFE AT CAMP CADY was similar to that of desert outposts of that era, the duties ranging from dull, boresome routine to exciting patrol and escort activities. When in camp and not on assignment, the average enlisted man found life rather monotonous. Duties were assigned most men while in camp, but often the tasks proved to be menial chores, such as cleaning the corrals or currying the horses.

Reveille at the fort was usually sounded at five in the morning—or what was termed sunrise—at which time the men arose and readied themselves for breakfast, which was served at 5:30. Drill call was set for six o'clock, and all except those who were sick were required to learn the use of firearms and the regular manual of arms. This included the camp musicians also, a practice which evidently was not usual at most camps.

Men who were sick or hurt were reported for sick call at 6:30. After the building of the new camp, it was still necessary to send these men to the old site for treatment at the dispensary.

In the meantime, those who were not sick reported for fatigue call at seven o'clock. This consisted of policing the area and cleaning the barracks for some, while for others it meant cutting and hauling wood for the camp, or feeding the horses and mules. In addition to these tasks, some enlisted men were usually assigned to guard duty, mess duty in the kitchen, and various other odd chores around the camp. During the summer the desert heat was all but unbearable and the men were usually recalled from fatigue duty at 10:30 and allowed free time until twelve noon, when dinner was served.

After the noon meal, the men were again on their own free time until two o'clock, when fatigue duties were resumed until 6:30, at which time recall was blown. Retreat was sounded at sunset and varied from day to day. Tattoo came nine o'clock, followed by taps at 9:30.

As no entertainment of any type was permitted after nine o'clock, guards were assigned to see that all lights were out by that time. The corporal or non-commissioned officer in charge of the guard had to make the rounds of Camp Cady twice between nine

The History of Camp Cady

o'clock and twelve midnight and thereafter one round between midnight and two o'clock.

When the men were not engaged in routine duties at the camp, they usually spent their leisure time reading or hunting. They had very few other recreational opportunities. No towns of any size were within one hundred miles, except San Bernardino, where many of the men spent their leaves, which were few and far between. The bearing of the soldiers and their personal habits were officially reported as good. However, records prove them to have been anything but that. Most of them became tired of the monotony of camp life and disgusted with the heat of the desert, which often hit as high as 116°. Desertions were frequent and plagued the post at some of the most inopportune times.⁵⁷

Officers and men alike were frequently warned against excessive drinking and the penalties for desertion. Such was the case involving Lieutenant Eyre on May 18, 1869. Eyre had been commanding officer in charge of Old Camp Cady until relieved by Lieutenant Drum. Lieutenant Eyre was held responsible for the actions of his men in the burning of a store owned by P. N. Dean on August 8, 1867. Eyre had written the commanding general concerning Dean, who had been selling cheap whiskey to enlisted men prior to this action. Nevertheless, Eyre was still held responsible for the actions of his troopers. Eyre issued orders to the effect that "no man henceforth will receive more than one glass of wine or half bottle of ale in the same afternoon." These were not to be taken from the store and had to be drunk then and there.

Desertions proved to be frequent at Cady, especially during the latter part of the occupation of the new camp. The main reasons seem to have stemmed from boredom and isolation. The heat and the fact that they were isolated a hundred miles from the nearest town of any size—and that town unfriendly to Union soldiers⁵⁸—did not seem to appeal to most young men even though they had volunteered for such duty.

In the hopes of discouraging desertion, the army paid sizeable rewards for the return of any such men. One man, Private Western, prior to desertion, had engaged in repelling three Indian attacks within a period of three weeks. In all encounters he proved

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

a most capable man; but even the strong could not stand the strain, for Western absconded for parts unknown along with another soldier of his company. The details involving the search are as follows:

"\$60 reward in green backs

2 U. S. soldiers

viz. John Western

gray eyes, light hair, 5' 9" high, slouchy walk, about 20 years old.

Lee Ray Hill

hazel eyes, black hair, 5' 7" high, 21 years old.

These men left Camp Cady, Calif., night of July 25. They were with 3 brothers named Higgins, who have a wagon and are going to Oregon. They will pass through El Monte. They will, of course, get out of the wagon whenever they approach a station. The wagon will most probably travel as follows.

Leave	Fish Ponds	Morning of July 27, 1867
"	Cottonwoods	" " " 28, "
"	crossing Mojave	" " " 29, "
"	upper tollgate	" " " 30, "
"	Martin's Ranch	" " " 31, "
"	Cocomongo [sic]	" " Aug. 1, "

Or they may go through San Bernardino. The reward will be paid for their apprehension. If they are lodged in San Bernardino or Los Angeles jail, I will send for them.

By sec. 24, Act of Congress, approved March 3, 1863, these men *Higgins* are liable to trial by civil court and, if convicted, to be fined any sum not exceeding \$500 and to be imprisoned, not to exceed 2 years or less than six months."⁵⁹

Time and again such notices were sent out for deserters, but few were caught. Those who were apprehended were sent to Wilmington, where they faced courtmartial charges, or kept in confinement until a general or officer with courtmartialing authority could try them. If a prisoner was kept at Cady, he was subjected to hard labor from sun-up to sun-down and allowed only 25 minutes per meal. In no cases were prisoners allowed to accept articles from other soldiers and all their meals were eaten in the guard house and handed in by the guard in charge.

Not all the trouble at Cady, of course, was confined to drunkenness and desertions. Conflicts within the camp itself often ended

The History of Camp Cady

in disaster. Such was the case of Albert DeGrief, who, while in a fight, stabbed a fellow soldier to death. As army records reveal, a transfer of the case was sought. Lieutenant Eyre asked permission to send to Wilmington Private William Farley and Private Albert DeGrief, Company K, 14th Infantry, the former awaiting trial for desertion and the latter for assault with intent to kill, perhaps guilty also of murder, as his victim was near the point of death. The witnesses in the first case were in Wilmington and there was not a sufficiently secure guardhouse for the second criminal.

A follow-up letter was sent within a few days stating that the victim had died and asking the commander at Wilmington to take charge, since he, Eyre, the officer in command at Camp Cady, believed chances for conviction would be better there than at San Bernardino, where inhabitants would probably applaud the killing of a Union soldier.

Other sore points at camp included the selling of government-issued supplies by the men to anyone who might risk buying them. In many instances, army reports complain of requisitions being short or not having arrived at all. Constant haggling resulted between the headquarters at Drum and those at Cady, both of whom claimed the discrepancies were not the result of their command, but of the other. This problem proved serious in many situations, for it was at Camp Cady where supplies were often stored for troops passing through to Fort Mojave and Arizona. Not having enough supplies often proved embarrassing.

Supplies were usually in fair condition upon arrival from Drum or San Francisco, and very few complaints were lodged against supplies that did arrive. However, headquarters at Drum and those at Cady did have a misunderstanding over the supplying of beef to the desert outpost. The animals were usually bought upon requisition in San Bernardino or Wilmington and driven over the Cajón Pass to Cady, where they were kept in corrals until needed. The major complaint against this procedure, according to the commander at Cady, was that the cattle lost too much weight while being herded over the desert from the two aforementioned places and upon arrival were not worth the price that had been paid.⁶⁰

Furthermore it was asked that the headquarters in Wilming-

ton not buy full-grown cattle, since only about 150 pounds of meat from a 400 pound animal could be consumed in three days. The rest spoiled. In line with this, the command at Cady asked permission to jerk the rest.

Aside from these problems within the camp, escort and patrol duties offered a welcome break to camp life. Although these two relieved the monotony of garrison life, they both proved hard and wearisome.

In line with these activities, the troops stationed at Camp Cady were assigned to patrol and protect all the freight wagons moving over the desert, as well as acting as escort for the mail and bullion being shipped by way of Hardyville.⁶¹ These duties were onerous and extremely trying on men and animals alike.

The number of men assigned to an escort detail varied. However, on the whole, only as many were sent as could be spared—usually three or four.

The men carried their own rations, seldom over seven days supply, their guns—usually muzzle loaders—and a bag of forage for each animal. Before leaving for escort, the horses were inspected by the officer or non-commissioned officer in charge, and on their return they were inspected again. Each man was forced to pay for any damage to his horse caused by his carelessness. Horses usually lasted about six months.

The men were seldom given over fifteen rounds of ammunition, and these were taken up on arrival at the next post by the non-commissioned officer in charge.

Many drawbacks and complaints are to be found in army records concerning escort duty.⁶² The horses were often in poor condition at the end of a tour due to a combination of unskilled horsemanship, poor roads, heat, and scarcity of water. Because of these conditions and the length of the escort detail, the army was in constant need of horses and mules, both of which were used.

The toll on horses and mules was tremendous. Mules for the most part seem to have stood up against the grind much better than horses.

Another problem was that while on escort duty the constant rubbing on the stock of the musket wore it out more quickly than

The History of Camp Cady

many months' use in camp. The muskets themselves were criticized, since the men had to dismount to load them before fighting. During a fight, one of the three or four sent for escort duty usually had to hold the horses to keep them from running off while the others fought. This situation, of course, caused great concern, and the records reveal a series of letters protesting and demanding a supply of the then new Spencer rifles or breech loaders.

June 27, 1867. I have the honor to report that the express mail rider who left here Saturday, the 22nd of June and Pvt. Donovan and Western, Company K, 14th Infantry, escort to the same, were fired upon at Marl Springs by a party of some 20 Indians armed only with bows and arrows. The men charged upon them, using their revolvers. One Indian who was believed to be the Chief "Hualapais Charley" and a squaw were shot. The rest fled. The mail rider, I am informed, scalped both. I am inclined to believe that if the men had stopped to dismount and used their muskets, they would have lost the horses and most probably their lives. I find that one trip of escort duty rubs and wears the stock of a musket and injures it far more than several months use even at the risk of being deemed importunately troublesome, again to request that from 10 to 20 carbines or Spencer rifles may be sent me.

Lieut. Eyre⁶³

Various other reports testify to the fact that rifles of the breech-loading type would be highly desirable. Men on patrol duty, on the other hand, had little to say about rifles—rather their complaints concerned the length of patrols and the condition of the horses upon arriving at the end of their patrol. To improve this situation, small redoubts, or stop-overs, were built at Marl Springs and Piute Springs, where fresh teams could be exchanged and worn teams rested. Escorts travelling these routes also took advantage of the stop-overs. These redoubts strengthened considerably the chain of desert military installations by giving them a greater range in patrol.

Much of the turmoil that has been described as existing within the camp came about as a direct result of the enlistment of the California Volunteers for duty.⁶⁴ Most of these men, while being sincere in their motives, were green recruits with little army "know-how." Aside from those who were anxious to help, the Volunteer Army was full of drifters who, after the gold boom had

died down, found themselves unemployed. As an easy way out, many joined the California Volunteers.

As a volunteer army, the California troops found they were the step-child of the regulars and were supplied with the "hand-me-downs" of their big brothers in the service. Few new arms were available to these troops—rather, the old type muskets were used in most instances and these were issued sparingly.⁶⁵

If the men were green, the officers were even greener. Few of them were qualified to hold their commands and those who had had previous experience had been away from the service so long they had forgotten much of the army routine or were too old to do an adequate job. To train an army of men such as these into anything resembling a smooth running military machine, was far from easy. Days of drilling were necessary, equipment needed, and discipline and indoctrination had to be taught.

Yet, despite the many handicaps facing the Volunteers, they did what they had been called to do—quell the Indians during the time regulars were needed in the East.

* * *

Camp Cady, which had developed from an obscure desert water-hole, was especially important to travellers of the desert in the 1860's, when during a single year more than 2,000 wagons crossed the Mojave wastelands. The camp afforded the only haven of any importance between the Colorado River and San Bernardino, a considerable distance in those days.

Besides being the only major redoubt in the central desert area, Camp Cady was located near the hub of the major trails of the desert. Because of the advantageous position of the camp, it was possible to patrol the roads in all directions and to supply escorts for those wagons moving over these trails in time of danger.

In a very real sense Camp Cady became the "Gibraltar of the Desert." It was to the traveller of the desert what the lighthouse was to the seafarer—a guidepost to safety. Besides affording protection for the travellers, freighters, and herders, the camp was a major link of the mail route running between Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and Prescott, Arizona.

The History of Camp Cady

During the Civil War the fort was garrisoned by the California Volunteers, who carried on the duties of the regulars, besides checking subversive elements in the desert area.

The duties of the men, such as patrolling the roads, providing escort, and aiding travellers, proved extremely valuable, not only to the traveller, but also to the growth of Southern California. It is deplorable that this famous site, where such men as Garces, Jedediah Smith, and many other well-known frontier personalities camped, has been allowed to go unnoticed.

Historians have surely overlooked a period of local desert history worthy of their attention.

A CAMP CADY CHRONOLOGY⁶⁶

- 1776 — March. Father Garcés set out from Mohave villages westward across the desert to go to san Gabriel Mission. He followed the Mohave River route, passing through what years later became Camp Cady.
- 1819 — Gabriel Moraga sent into the desert area to quell Indian uprisings. He used site of the future Camp Cady for his camping grounds.
- 1826 — Jedediah S. Smith passed through the desert area using the same trail as that used by Garcés.
- 1829 — Erving Young accompanied by Kit Carson traveled this same route and, using the same camping sites as those used by Garcés, Moraga, and Smith.
- 1844 — Fremont's party passed this way using much of the same route.
- 1849 — Captain Jefferson Hunt led some of the Mormon Battalion over this trail to Salt Lake City.
- 1851 — Hunt used this same route to bring the first Mormon immigrant train through to San Bernardino. Hunt also established a mail carrying service here using the future army site as his base of operations. This he carried on for three years.
- 1850-4 — Various surveying expeditions used this same camping ground during their treks into the desert. (Williamson, Whipple, Ives)
- 1857 — The site was mentioned by Edward Fitzgerald Beale on his wagon road survey of this year. There were no soldiers here at this time, nor was there any particular need of them at this time.
- 1858 — In January Edward F. Beale, accompanied by J. F. Mercer with 45 men of Company F of the First Dragoons, marched to the Colorado. This was Beale's return trip.
- 1859 — January 9. Company B and K of the First Dragoons were sent out on an expedition from Fort Tejon to hunt for renegade Indians along the Mojave River.
- March 4. S. A. Bishop left the city of Los Angeles to go to Beale's Crossing of the Colorado to cooperate with Beale on the Central Wagon Road.
- September 29 (the week of). A detachment of First Dragoons under Lieut. Davis accompanied by Lieut. Napier (on service at Fort Mojave) returned to headquarters at Fort Tejon.
- October 21. Captain Winfield Scott Hancock sent a wagon train of quartermaster supplies and equipment for the first time over the Central Wagon Road to Fort Mojave. J. Winston had charge of the train.
- October 29. J. Winston with the train arrived at what he called Lt. Davis' Depot on the Mojave. This depot was on the site of Camp Cady.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

- 1860 — February 11. Lt. Colonel B. L. Beall sent 25 men from Tejon (of the First Dragoons) to the Mojave in search of Indians.
 March 31. An extra of the Los Angeles *Star* for Monday morning tells of a murder on the Mojave and the need of a military post in that area.
 April 11. General Newman S. Clarke was petitioned to send soldiers to protect the wagon road along the Mojave River.
 April 14. General N. S. Clarke ordered Major Carleton with Company K of the First Dragoons, with 80 men to establish a fort near the Forks of the Road. They called it Camp Cady (after Colonel Albermarle Cady). The dragoons were there for three months. They erected temporary shelters of brush and mud. Some were even dug-outs similar to those used later by miners in that region.
 April 23. A letter was sent from Dr. Johnathan Letterman, who was stationed at Camp Cady with Major Carleton, to General Hancock in Los Angeles. He tells where the different patrols are off to.
 May 2. Lieut. Carr led a party in search of Indians and killed three of them near Soda Lake.
 May 28. A patrol was sent out to build Hancock Redoubt at Soda Springs and Bitter Springs Redoubt some fifty miles from Camp Cady. These were to be set up as overnight camps only. The patrol consisted of Lieut. Carr and 25 men.
 May 29. An express rider arrived in Los Angeles and brought the news of the camp.
 June 30. Major James Henry Carleton was ordered back to Fort Tejon.
 July 3. Major Carleton finally left Camp Cady and was due back at Tejon on July 10th.
 October 17. General Newman S. Clarke dies here in California and Lt. Col. B. L. Beall takes over.
- 1861 — January 29. A train of supplies was sent to Fort Mojave by way of Camp Cady, under J. Winston of the quartermaster corps.
 March 4. A member of the U. S. Boundary Commission gives a description of Camp Cady.
- 1862 — January-February. Beginning early in January there were floods in California. The roads around Camp Cady were in bad condition. It seems that many who later wrote about this country mention the floods of that year.
 April 14. 2nd Lieut. Nathaniel P. Pierce of Company G of the 2nd California Cavalry Volunteers with a non-commissioned officer and nine privates arrived at Camp Cady and remained there until April 24, when they left to return to Camp Latham.
 June 17 and July 7. John Brown mentions being at or near Camp Cady on these days.
- 1863 — The camp does not seem to have been regularly garrisoned at this time, but was occasionally visited by Federal troops.
- 1864 — July. Captain John C. Cremony was ordered to Camp Cady with Company B of the 2nd California Cavalry. They remained there until September. The Captain had just returned from the march of the California Column to New Mexico. He was to patrol the wagon road from Cady to Rock Springs.
 From May to August 30. Company M of the 2nd California Cavalry was on an expedition covering the Salt Lake-Fort Mojave Wagon Road. Captain George F. Price and Lieut. George D. Conrad commanded the expedition.
- 1865 — Company I of the 4th Regiment of California Infantry was stationed here at the first part of the year.
 March 3. Company D, first Battalion of the Native California Cavalry, was ordered to Camp Cady under Captain Edward Bale. This company seems to have returned to Drum Barracks early in May, for on May 20 Captain Bale resigned from the army.
 April 23. The official date of the establishment of the camp.
 May 2. Captain Walter S. Cooledge of Company C, 7th Regiment of Infantry, arrived at Fort Mojave and relieved Captain Benjamin West, who went to Camp Cady.
 June 30. Captain Benjamin R. West and Company C of the 4th Infantry were still at Camp Cady when Private Kedder of Company I of the 7th Infantry passed by here on his way to Fort Mojave and Fort Whipple. Kedder told

The History of Camp Cady

- of the death by accidental shooting of Pvt. Somerindyke, who died at Cady. There was evidently no doctor there at that time.
- July-August. Sometime between July and August Captain Patrick Munday stopped at Camp Cady with his company K of the 4th Infantry. He reported 120 men at that time.
- November 4. Elliot Coues visited Camp Cady. He stated that there were four officers and a handful of men there.
- December 21. Three privates—Rogers, Saunders, and Tierney—were discharged at Camp Cady for disabilities.
- 1866 — January 11. General Irvin McDowell issued a special order dated Camp Cady, Jan. 11, 1866, commending Captain West for work and the work of the volunteers in putting up houses at Camp Cady.
- February 19. Capt. West and his regiment were mustered out at Drum Barracks on this date.
- April 21, 22. James F. Rusling made a survey of the military stations and was at Camp Cady on the two days mentioned.
- July 29. Detachment D of the 9th Infantry engaged in a skirmish with the Indians. This detachment was supposedly under the command of a Lieut. Hartmen. One account says that five soldiers were killed and one badly wounded.
- 1867 — February. Major Porter of the 14th Infantry with Mr. Hoffman and six soldiers who were on their way to report to General Meade in Philadelphia passed here and reported 43 teams on the road toward the Colorado River.
- March 30. The cavalry stationed at Camp Cady have been removed to Fort Whipple. There are 15 men at Cady under Lieut. John Drum.
- June 1. Lieut. Eyre of the 14th Infantry had just arrived at Drum Barracks with recruits for the desert posts.
- June. Lieut. Manuel Eyre Jr. replaced Lt. Drum at Camp Cady. Lieut. Drum goes to Rock Springs.
- June 24. Two soldiers and an expressman from Camp Cady engaged in a fight with Indians at Marl Springs about 70 miles from Camp Cady.
- July 6. Another Indian fight between Rock Springs and Pah Ute Springs.
- August 3. Teaming on the Mojave continues brisk. Mr. Matthews is the contractor at Camp Cady.
- August 8. A store belonging to P. N. Dean was burned by soldiers stationed at Cady under the command of Lieut. Eyre.
- August 31. Lieut. Manuel Eyre offers 200 sheep for sale at Camp Cady.
- November 2. The Indians who killed Dr. Shaw near the caves are prowling near Camp Cady and Rock Springs.
- December 14. The teams coming from Camp Cady had trouble getting to San Bernardino because of the mud on the mountain roads.
- 1868 — June. Mr. Dean sued Eyre for the loss of his property and his business.
- October 6. Old Site abandoned. New Site selected one-half mile west of Old Camp.
- Fall. Permanent buildings were erected at Cady under Lieut. John Drum.
- December. Another wagon train left from Los Angeles for Camp Cady.
- 1869 — May 18. Lieut. Manuel Eyre was dismissed from the army.
- 1870 — October 19. General Stoneman in General Orders No. 19 officially declared Camp Cady a Military Reservation.
- 1871 — March. The camp was abandoned and was turned over to Mr. Cantwell and Mr. Winters, stockmen on the Mojave River. 2nd Lieut. James Halloran of the 12th Infantry supervised the sale of the property.
- 1883 — August 21. 19,000 pounds of machinery arrived at Camp Cady to be set up as the Alvord Mill.
- 1884 — In General Orders No. 30, as of July 5, 1884, President Arthur declares the Camp useless for Military purposes and orders it disposed of.
- 1938 — March. The last vestiges of Camp Cady washed away by a flood.

NOTES

1. H. H. Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco: Bancroft and Company, 1884), I, p. 275.
2. David G. Thompson, *The Mojave Desert Region, California* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1929), p. 10. Dix Van Dyke in his article in the book,

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

- History of the Old Government Road Across the Mojave Desert to the Colorado River*, California State Emergency Relief Administration (San Bernardino, 1939), p. 34, states that it was on March 11 that Father Garcés camped at the Yermo site, later designated as Camp Cady.
3. William Beattie, *Heritage of the Valley* (California: San Pasqual Press, 1939), p. 359. This is the only recorded skirmish of any consequence until the 1830's, when the white men of the plains began moving more frequently over the desert trails.
 4. *Ibid.*
 5. Thompson, *op. cit.*, p. 11.
 6. Edwin Legrand Sabin, *Kit Carson Days* (A. C. McClurg & Co., 1914), p. 52.
 7. T. J. Farnham, *Life and Adventures in California* (New York: W. H. Graham, 1846), pp. 312-318. Farnham records the overland journey of a Doctor Lyman in 1841 from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to California by way of the Colorado River, Las Vegas, and the Mohave River.
 8. Thompson, *op. cit.*, p. 12.
 9. J. C. Frémont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains and to Oregon and California* (1st ed., Washington, 1845), pp. 257-265.
 10. *Los Angeles Times*, January 8, 1939, Part V., p. 1.
 11. *Ibid.*
 12. Thompson, *op. cit.*, p. 13.
 13. *Los Angeles Times*, *op. cit.*, p. 1. A letter dated November 2, 1951, from A. W. Lund, Assistant Church Historian, Salt Lake City, Utah, verifies this.
 14. Thompson, *op. cit.*, p. 16.
 15. Allen Marshall Kline, "The Attitude of Congress toward the Pacific Railway, 1856-1862," *Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the Year 1910* (Washington, 1912), pp. 191-198. The government during this period was in a dilemma. All the members of Congress agreed that a railroad connecting the east and the west was desirable, but disagreed as to the financing of its construction. Some of the senators wished to see the project turned over to private enterprise, whereas others wished the government to share in the program. Hence, the whole arrangement remained in a state of confusion for several more years.
 16. Thompson, *op. cit.*, p. 17.
 17. *Ibid.*, pp. 18-19. The ferry was located at Hardyville about four miles upstream and not at Fort Mohave.
 18. *History of the Old Government Road . . .*, *op. cit.*, p. 19.
 19. Letter from Arthur Woodward, Chief Curator of History, Los Angeles County Museum, February 1, 1952.
 20. *Ibid.*
 21. Letter from Dix Van Dyke, former Justice of Peace, Daggett, California, December 29, 1951.
 22. Letter from Ellen Barrett, Librarian, Los Angeles City Library, February 19, 1950.
 23. Philip Johnston, "Gibraltar of the Old Frontier," *Westways Magazine*, XXVI (May, 1934), p. 20.
 24. Aurora Hunt, *The Army of the Pacific* (Glendale, California: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1951), p. 24.
 25. *Ibid.* The United States census of 1860 credits California with a population of 379,994 and of that number 169,975 or 44.46% were of military age. One-tenth of this group enlisted.
 26. *War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*. Series I, Vol. L, Part II, Correspondence, etc., Operations on—The Pacific Coast, July 1, 1862—June 30, 1865 (Serial No. 106, Wash. Govt. Press, 1897), pp. 41-42.
 27. Letter from Ellen Barrett, February 3, 1951.
 28. Microfilm, *History of Camp Cady, 1865-1871* (Washington, D. C.: National Archives, n.d.), no pagination, hereinafter cited Microfilm. See also *War of the Rebellion*, *op. cit.*, pp. 1150-1152.
 29. *War of the Rebellion*, *op. cit.*, p. 920.
 30. Hunt, *op. cit.*, p. 263.
 31. Elliot Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer* (2 vols.; New York: Harper Co., 1900), I, p. 242.
 32. *War of the Rebellion*, *op. cit.*, pp. 1150-1151.
 33. *Ibid.*, p. 1153.
 34. *Ibid.*, p. 1153.
 35. A Camp Cady Chronology from Ellen Barrett, February 3, 1951, p. 4.

The History of Camp Cady

36. Hunt, *op. cit.*, p. 263.
37. Johnston, *op. cit.*, p. 35.
38. San Bernardino *Guardian*, March 16, 1867, p. 2, col. 4.
39. *Ibid.*, April 6, 1867, p. 3, col. 1.
40. *Ibid.*, July 6, 1867, p. 3, col. 1.
41. *History of the Old Government Road, op. cit.*
42. San Bernardino *Guardian*, July 27, 1867, p. 2, col. 5.
43. *Ibid.*, October 26, 1867, p. 2, col. 4.
44. *Ibid.*, November 2, 1867, p. 3, col. 1.
45. Letter from Arthur Woodward, Chief Curator of History, Los Angeles County Museum, March 12, 1951.
46. Microfilm.
47. *Ibid.*
48. L. Burr Belden, "Camp Cady, Army Post on Mojave, Guards Southland," San Bernardino *Sun-Telegram*, December 23, 1951, p. 30.
49. An interesting sidelight on the bunks situation is the sketch drawn by Mr. Woodward, the curator of the Los Angeles Museum. Mr. Woodward states: "My understanding of the type bunk used in army barracks at the period mentioned is shown in the attached sketch. Upon the board slats was laid a canvas bed sack filled with hay or straw. I suspect these sacks were the same as those which the army continued to use until fairly recently. These were made of light canvas or plain unbleached ticking having a slit in one side into which the straw or hay was stuffed. In a comparatively short time this stuffing became broken and fine and the soldier found himself gradually lowered through the chaff onto the hard boards beneath. I remember well marching to the stables to fill bed-sacks and later at inspection a first looie asked one of the boys, 'Don't you need a pair of spurs?' 'Sir?' 'Spurs to stay on top of your bed,' was the response. The john had rounded his bunk out like an overstuffed balloon."
50. L. Burr Belden, "Indian Attacks Beset Mailmen, Mojave Stages," San Bernardino *Sun Telegram*, January 20, 1952, p. 34.
51. Microfilm.
52. San Bernardino *Guardian*, December 19, 1868.
53. San Bernardino *Guardian*, August 17, 1868.
54. San Bernardino *Guardian*, March 24, 1868.
55. Letter from Ellen Barrett, February 3, 1951.
56. *Ibid.* It was not until July 5, 1884, however, that President Arthur in General Orders No. 30 declared the camp useless for military purposes and ordered it disposed of for good.
57. Evidently desertions were not limited to the men stationed at Camp Cady. It seems to have been an accepted fact that men would desert. In line with this thought, the San Bernardino *Guardian*, October 19, 1867, wrote the following: "A body of 600 troops intended for service in Arizona passed through the southern portion of our county on their way to Fort Yuma, in the early part of the week. They were said to be composed of recruits for the 32nd and 14th U. S. Infantry. Whatever their designation, they fully sustained the reputation of all the recruits who have proceeded them. Forty-six were absent from roll-call at San Jose, having deserted during the night. They were amply provided for a sojourn in the mountains."
58. The people of San Bernardino were notoriously anti-Unionist and would have welcomed any misfortunes that might have befallen the Union Army. The soldiers themselves were extremely unpopular because of a series of outrages committed by them in town. Drunkenness, brawling, and a variety of other crimes and misdemeanors had caused the townspeople to dislike having the troops in blue in the city. The San Bernardino *Guardian*, 1867-69, in several instances accuses the army men of deliberate misconduct, and petitioned their superiors to stop such actions. In most cases the *Guardian* explains that the officers overlooked the reports of bad conduct.
59. Microfilm.
60. It is interesting to note that an advertisement for bids for beef inserted in the San Bernardino *Guardian* and the *Wilmington Journal* was not answered by even one bid, thus leaving the impression that perhaps the army did not pay too much in the first place and hence received what was paid for.
61. The Moss Lode was a mine located just outside Hardyville. It was operated for a short time very successfully. Then the vein worked out. The bullion was usually

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

- sent via the Cajon Pass and transferred to San Francisco.
62. The major complaint of the commander in charge of the California Volunteers was that few men were able to handle their horses well. The horses usually threw their green riders and returned to the stables alone. Horses of gentler nature were sought by the officer in charge at Cady.
63. Microfilm.
64. As has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, the California Volunteer Army was formed as a result of the Volunteer Employment Act by the Thirty-Seventh Congress in 1861.
65. The Camp Cady microfilm gives the following information: At one time during the occupation of the new camp by the Volunteers, 16 muskets constituted the number of weapons available for protection of the fort. In order to do the manual of arms during drill, the men found it necessary to trade with those who had no arms so that they too could train.
66. Based on a partially completed chronology received from Ellen Barrett, librarian, Los Angeles City Library, February 19, 1950.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of California, 1855-1860*. Vol. VI. San Francisco: The History Company Publisher, 1886.
- Although printed some time ago, Bancroft's works need no introduction to the historian, since they are one of the prime historical sources. This volume contains an intimate account of California during the period 1855-1860.
- Beattie, George William and Helen Pruitt. *Heritage of the Valley, San Bernardino's First Century*. Pasadena, California: San Pasqual Press, 1939.
- One of the best authoritative accounts of the valley's early history. The Spanish period receives special treatment by the authors and proves to be informative although very short.
- Bell, Major Horace. *Reminiscences of a Ranger, or Early Times in Southern California*. Santa Barbara, California: 1927.
- Filled with anecdotes and interesting background color.
- Bonner, Geraldine. *The Emigrant Trail*. New York: Duffield and Company, 1920.
- This book is vivid in its description of the way in which the emigrants traveled, but for the most part was useless to the writer.
- Brown, John Jr., and Boyd, James. *History of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties*. 2 vols. Chicago: Western Historical Association, 1922.
- Very interesting, but not of much use to the writer for the present work.
- Bryant, Edwin. *What I Saw in California*. New York: Appleton and Company, 1948.
- A journal of a tour by the emigrants using the Southern Pass. It is much too sketchy.
- Cleland, Robert Glass. *The Cattle on a Thousand Hills, Southern California, 1859-1870*. San Marino, California: 1941.
- A useful book in general background material. It pertains to the period of the large *ranchos* and the early development of cattle raising in California.
- This Reckless Breed of Men, The Trappers and Fur Traders of the Southwest*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1950.
- An excellent book, well-documented. Cleland gives a vivid treatment to the exploits of the "Mountain men."
- Collel, Fra Juan Caballeria y. *History of San Bernardino Valley*. Redlands, California: 1906.
- This book contains a great many anecdotes but was of little use for this particular paper.
- Coues, Elliot. *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*. 2 vols. New York: Harper Company, 1900.
- An outstanding book. Both volumes follow the trail traveled by Father Garcés as interpreted by Coues. The map on page 52 traces the course followed by Garcés.
- Crafts, Mrs. Eliza P. R. *Pioneer Days in the San Bernardino Valley*. Redlands, California: 1906.
- Contains many anecdotes but was of little use for this particular paper.
- Derby, E. H. *The Overland Route to the Pacific*. Boston: 1869.
- Derby traces the trails leading to California much the same as Chessman and others have done. Very little in the way of new information is offered in the volume.

The History of Camp Cady

Farnham, T. J. *Life and Adventure in California*. New York: W. H. Graham, 1846.

A worth-while account of travel and adventure in early California. It is easy reading and adds color to California's history.

Fremont, John Charles. *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains and to Oregon and California*. Washington: 1845.

A good travel log, but it is entirely too involved and detailed.

Gregg, Josiah. *Commerce of the Prairies, The Journal of a Santa Fe Trader*. Reprint edition, first published in 1844. Dallas, Texas: Southwest Press, 1933.

Gregg's account needs little praise. It is undoubtedly one of the most outstanding journals on the trail's history.

Hafen, LeRoy R. *The Overland Mail, 1849-1869, Promoter of Settlement, Precursor of Railroads*. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1926.

Hafen's work is one of the few books dedicated to tracing the history of the overland mails. The author follows each trail used by the early mail and discusses both their weak and strong points. It is indeed a worthy contribution to the field.

Hunt, Aurora. *The Army of the Pacific*. Glendale, California: Arthur Clark Company, 1951.

One of the most helpful works of the entire bibliography. The book contains a wealth of interesting information about the Mojave desert outposts. Hunt skillfully brings together the material covered.

Hunt, Rockwell. *Oxcart to Airplane*. Los Angeles: Powell Publishing Company, 1929.

A readable history, tracing the development of transportation in California from the early Spanish-type oxcart to the modern airplane.

Ingersoll, Luther A. *Ingersoll's Century Annals of San Bernardino County 1769 to 1904*. Los Angeles: 1904.

An excellent register of information on life in San Bernardino Valley. It presents a link to the history of the area under study. Ingersoll gives the reader some facts about rainfall, climate, and agriculture in the valley during the early years.

Inman, Henry and Cody, William F. *The Great Salt Lake Trail*. Topeka, Kansas: Crane Company, 1910.

Inman and Cody give a detailed picture of travel along the Salt Lake Road. Mollhausen, Balduin. *Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific, with a United States Government Expedition*. 2 vols. London: 1858.

Mollhausen's diary contains somewhat the same information as the itinerary of Whipple since they made the journey together. Mollhausen, however, seems to give a little better picture of the life of the Indians along the way.

Newmark, Harris. *Sixty Years in Southern California, 1855-1913*. New York: The Knickerbocker Press, 1913.

An excellent source containing a vast store of personal observations, and invaluable material pertaining to personalities and life during the period mentioned in the title.

Sabin, Edwin Legrand. *Kit Carson Days*. New York: McClurg Company, 1914.

Sabin's book would make a western thriller seem mild. According to the author, the west was a place for real men. The writer is inclined to agree with the author on this point after reading his book.

Thompson, David G. *The Mojave Desert Region, California*. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1929.

Thompson gives the reader a concise history of travel in the desert prior to the founding of Camp Cady and shortly after the fort's establishment. The book is a valuable source of information and is highly recommended.

Whipple, Amiel Weeks. *A Pathfinder in the Southwest; The Itinerary of Lieutenant A. W. Whipple during His Explorations for a Railway Route from Fort Smith to Los Angeles in the Years 1853 and 1854*. Edited and annotated by Grant Foreman. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1941.

An interesting account of Whipple's exploit, followed by the author closely in writing chapter one of this thesis.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

History of the Old Government Road, the Mojave Desert to the Colorado River. San Bernardino: State Emergency Relief Administration, 1939.

This writers' project pertains mainly to local history and is a useful work to anyone interested in the background of San Bernardino County.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Microfilm: *History of Camp Cady, 1865-1871*. National Archives, Washington, D. C.

These records are primary source material and proved to be most helpful to the writer. The 395 pages contain letters to and from Camp Cady that are of interest to anyone searching for background history concerning the desert region during the 1860's and 1870's.

Senate Report. *Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean 1583-4*. Vol. III. Washington: Beverley Tucker, Printer, 1856.

This particular report deals with the explorations made during the Whipple tour. It is both descriptive and interesting. It contains good coverage of the Colorado-Mojave River section of the trip.

United States War Department. *Reports of Explorations and Surveys, to Ascertain the Most Practicable and Economical Route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean*. 12 vols. Washington: 1855-60.

This report deals with the results of the surveys being made in mid-century. It covers those being made at the 38th and 39th parallels as well as the central route at the 35th parallel. Each route is treated separately and its advantages and disadvantages discussed.

War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Series 1, Vol. L, Part II, Correspondence, etc., Operations on—the Pacific Coast, July 1, 1862-June 31, 1865 (Serial No. 106), Washington: Government Press, 1897.

These records proved to be a good source of information; however, they are not in logical order and the table of contents leaves much to be desired. Much time was wasted by the writer ploughing through meaningless material in order to obtain the needed data.

ARTICLES

Barrows, H. D. "Reminiscences of Los Angeles in the Fifties and Early Sixties," *Annual Publications Historical Society of Southern California*. Vol. III, 1893-96.

Mr. Barrows certainly led an interesting life and lived during an era of great happenings. Too much of the material, however, did not concern the problem at hand.

Bidwell, John. "The First Organized Emigrant Train to California," *Century Magazine*. Vol. LVI, 1903.

An article well-worth reading. It describes the preparation involved in getting ready for such a journey and the actual trip and its dangers.

Cheesman, David W. "By Ox Team from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, 1850," (edited by Mary E. Foy) *Annual Publications Historical Society of Southern California*. Vol. 14, 1928-30.

An interesting account of immigrant travels along the trail from Salt Lake to Los Angeles.

Cleland, Robert Glass. "Transportation in California before the Railroads," *Annual Publications Historical Society of Southern California*. Vol. XI, part I, 1918.

Cleland's article is one of the best accounts concerning transportation. It is both informative and interesting.

Edgar, William F., M.D. "Historical Notes of Old Land Marks in California," *Annual Publications Historical Society of Southern California*. Vol. 3, 1893-96.

A book describing place names in California.

Heckman, Richard Owen. "An Overland Journey to California in 1852," *The California Historical Quarterly*, 1929.

The stereotype "overland journey" type article that adds little to the general knowledge of the reader.

Hill, Joseph J. "The Old Spanish Trail," *Hispanic American Historical Review*. Vol. IV, August 3, 1921.

The author does a very fine piece of work in his article in pointing out the misnomer attached to the so-called Spanish Trail. For further information the writer suggests that the reader refer to the article.

Johnston, Philip. "Gibraltar of the Old Frontier," *Westways*. California: Automobile Club of California, May, 1934.

Johnston's article relating to Camp Cady was very useful in its coverage of material pertaining to the fort's early abandonment and its subsequent reestablishment.

Kline, Allen Marshall. "The Attitude of Congress toward the Pacific Railway, 1856-62," *Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the Year 1910*.

The History of Camp Cady

Kline's article gives the reader a valuable insight into the feelings of the men in Congress concerning the building of the Pacific Railway in the 1850's and 60's.

Moore, Helen L. "California in Communication with the rest of the continent, with reference chiefly to the period before the railroads," *Annual Publications Historical Society of Southern California*. Vol. XIII, Part I, 1924.

Like Cleland, Miss Moore refers to California prior to the building of railroads. She, however, takes in the use of ships and other means of transportation and communication as well. A scholarly job and very interesting.

Van Dyke, Walter. "Overland to Los Angeles by the Salt Lake Route in 1849," *Annual Publications Historical Society of Southern California*. Vol. III, 1894.

Mr. Van Dyke knows of what he writes since he was on the trip. His background is well above average and his ability to trace and follow trails beyond reproach.

Works, Lewis R. "Fremont's California, tracing the route of the pathfinder through the Golden state on his second exploring expedition in the Far West, 1843-1844," *Touring Topics*. Vol. 22, September, 1930.

This article traces the travels of Fremont in close detail and was useful to the writer in the section relating Fremont's encampments to the desert area. It disproves the theory that Fremont turned north at the Forks of the Road, a common fallacy, and shows him following the Mojave River bed to its sink.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

Belden, L. Burr. "Camp Cady, Army Post on Mojave, Guards Southland," *San Bernardino Sun-Telegram*. December 23, 1951.

———. "Indian Attacks Beset Mailmen, Mojave Stages," *San Bernardino Sun-Telegram*. January 20, 1952.

Los Angeles *Times*. January 8, 1939. Part V.

San Bernardino *Guardian*. 1867-1869.

LETTERS

Barrett, Ellen. Librarian, Los Angeles City Library, Letter, February 19, 1950.

Miss Barrett contributed a partially completed chronology on Camp Cady which has proved very helpful.

Lund, A. W. Assistant Church Historian, Salt Lake City, Utah, November 2, 1951.

This letter was primarily concerned with information about Captain Jefferson Hunt and the opening of the Mormon Road.

Woodward, Arthur. Chief Curator of History, Los Angeles County Museum, February 1, 1952, and March 10, 1952.

Mr. Woodward's letter of February 1, 1952, aided the writer greatly in obtaining information on the Old Camp. His letter of March 10, 1952, helped to straighten out the compiler on several of his pages in this thesis. It also gave the writer a great deal of encouragement, which he needed at that time.

Van Dyke, Dix. Long-time resident of Daggett and former Justice of the Peace. Letter, December 29, 1951.

Mr. Van Dyke gave me all his information pertaining to Circular 4, another letter written by Dr. Romatka during his stay at Camp Cady, and a badly needed source of information. He also gave the writer a large map and several pictures.

UNPUBLISHED MATERIALS

Beattie, Helen Pruitt. "An Historical Study of the Social and Political Conditions in the San Bernardino Valley and Vicinity during the Civil War Period." Unpublished Master's thesis, University of Redlands, 1936.

A good study. Much of this thesis pertains to the material at hand.

"Mojave Saga," *San Bernardino County Guide*... Writers Project 12090. May 7, 1942.

An important unpublished work. It deals with the early historical aspects of the Mojave region and its first white travelers.

OTHER PROBABLE SOURCES

Huntington Library. San Marino, California.

State Archives. Sacramento, California.

Book Reviews

By the Staff

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES IN CALIFORNIA OF DON AGUSTIN JANSSENS (1834-1856). Edited by William H. Ellison, Frances Price. The Huntington Library, San Marino, California. 1953 *ills.* Pp. 165; bibliography, index. \$4.00.

Here is the story of a Belgian-French youth who came into California with the Hajar-Padres party of three hundred colonists, arriving under the Mexican Government's sponsorship. At seventeen, he played an important part in the overland trek from Mexico City to San Blas, thence by ship to San Diego and northward by land again. His early years seemed not to bar his responsibilities. Having immigrated to Mexico at the age of eight and having been left fatherless that first year, his training began sooner than most as his mother with great understanding sent him to study under the Carmelite fathers. Later he served as an apprentice in business with friends of his father, then joined for personal guard duty to Santa Ana.

The Adventures is edited from the manuscript set down by Thomas Savage as told to him by Janssens for Bancroft. The original is at the Huntington Library and French and Spanish are mingled so that the whole is difficult to translate. Relayed as it is from Janssens, it gives a true word picture of his era. After serving under the Mexican Government to which he was loyal, and having met Fremont as an enemy to his government, he later became a citizen of the United States and as such an outstanding and honored citizen of Santa Barbara where he lived and died. This book is of importance historically, and is as readable as fiction. — A.L.C.F.

CALIFORNIA ALMANAC AND STATE FACT BOOK. 1953-1954. Edward V. Salitore, publisher. California Almanac Company, Maywood, California. Illustrated, pp. 545. \$1.50.

Mr. Salitore, the publisher, has gathered facts and information about our State, from the North to the Mexican Border, from the Sierras to the Pacific. Beginning with a section on Recreation, he

Book Reviews

covers each Mission, then goes into vacation land with fish, game, and sports. From there he goes into forest resources, geology, minerals, climate and topography. Newspapers are listed with pertinent facts about each. So, too, are the cities and counties listed with short items. Agriculture, population and government conclude this book of facts. A section under California Material Progress sets forth historical data from the settling of the Spanish here to the present. This is a book to have at hand on your desk. — P.C., S.J.

THE BOOKS OF THE COLORADO RIVER. THE GRAND CANYON. A Selective Bibliography compiled by Francis P. Farquhar. Glen Dawson, Los Angeles. 1953. Frontispiece, index. Pp. 75. \$5.00.

The compiler has gathered together 125 books on the Colorado River and selected each item with its importance toward the history of this great river that has shaped not only the land through which it passes, but alike the men who chose to live from its bounty. He has purposely omitted magazine and periodical articles from this list except when he deemed the specific item necessary to round out the picture he depicts. For the same reason he has included works concerning the principle tributaries, the San Juan, the Little Colorado, the Virgin, and the Gila. The bibliography itself is designed for students and writers as well as for librarians and historians, and for those who love the River and are interested in following its story. — A.B.P.

A VOYAGE ON THE COLORADO—1878. By Francis Berton. Translated by Charles N. Rudkin. Glen Dawson, Los Angeles. 1953. Illustrated. Pp. 104. \$7.50.

This little volume, originally written in French by Berton and translated by Mr. Rudkin, a French scholar and member of our Historical Society, presents a diary of passage on the River long before the Hoover Dam. Francis Berton, after reading over the notes he had taken for use of the Geographical Society at Geneva, decided to publish "about fifty copies." From this, Rudkin gives us in English an account of this historical voyage "On this River one cannot count on anything. It is entirely useless to make plans, for even if you know when you will start, you never know when you will arrive." Mr. C. D. whom Berton refers to in the first pages of his book, is identified by Rudkin in the "Notes" as Charles Louis Ducommun, a compatriot. — A.B.P.

Activities of the Society

MEETING OF JANUARY 26, 1954

The first meeting of the year was held in the Society's headquarters with President John C. Austin presiding. The speaker of the evening was Mr. F. B. Putnam, Assistant Cashier of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, presenting the story of Isaias W. Hellman's old Los Angeles. This was illustrated by colored slides of the old buildings of that period as they stand today. He was aided in the presentation by Messrs. C. L. Hogen and Randle McCrae. This story emphasized to our audience that there is much of history in our goings and comings of everyday life.

Mrs. John Wolfskill and Mrs. George Varnum afterwards poured coffee for members and their friends at the festive board. Spring flowers decorated the table from the gardens of member Mr. Clement J. Gagliano.

MEETING OF FEBRUARY 23, 1954

"Lincoln and Human Progress" was the subject chosen by Mr. M. Philip Davis, former member of the California Legislature, for an evening talk on this annual Lincoln Night. The Lincoln he presented was one of outstanding characteristics in a human way, bringing fruit to the seed that Washington had planted.

An exhibit of Lincolnia was through the courtesy of Mr. Edward A. Dickson whose collection is renowned.

Members and guests gathered at the refreshment table as Mmes. Edmond Ducommun and B. Sabichi Mitchell served at the urns.

MEETING OF MARCH 30, 1954

The meeting was called to order by Vice-President Gustave O. Arlt in the absence of President John C. Austin. Mr. C. D. Clearwater, publisher of the *Palisadian*, spoke on the "Port of Los Angeles," better known today as Santa Monica. Photographs on the walls stressed the highlights of his talk.

Hostesses of the evening Mmes. B. Sabichi Mitchell and Edmond Ducommun dispensed hospitality after the meeting was adjourned.

Gifts to the Society

In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.

The Society is making a special effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.

Every member of the Society has some historic article that would be welcomed, and THE QUARTERLY sincerely hopes that the names of all our members will be recorded from time to time in the gift column.

MARCO R. NEWMARK,
Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests

* * *

MR. EDMOND DUCOMMUN: Framed certificate (No. 3) of the Los Angeles Oil Company, each share valued at \$300.00. This unique gift harks back to 1865. Officers Phineas Banning, President; John G. Downey, Secretary; Charles L. Ducommun, Treasurer.

MISS MARIE ALDEN HOPKINS: Two volumes of Gold Rush Journal "J. Goldsborough Bruff's Journals, Diaries, drawings and other papers." These are boxed and in excellent condition.

MR. DONALD PRICE GERMAIN: Booklet, "A SHIP'S LOG AROUND THE HORN IN 1853," as set down in a day-to-day account by 12 year old Meyer J. Newmark. It is published in a limited edition after 100 years by Mr. Germain in memory of his grandmother Matilda Newmark, a passenger on the "Carrington." The wording of the Log by this young author is accurate, charming and delightful. Good reading.

MRS. HELEN S. GRIFFEN: Annual report of the Society of California Pioneers. This volume contains a roster of the Society's Presidents since its organization in 1850 to the present day. It also contains a very enlightening diary of a trip overland from Columbus, Ohio, to California.

MISS FLORA BELLE HOUSTON: A collection of booklets Santa Barbara Tierra Adorada. Eight issues of the California History Nugget. The Story of Pershing Square in booklet form. Los Angeles Scrapbook of newspaper clippings gathered together by the donor. Two issues of the Pony Express Courier, 1936.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

- MRS. SAMUEL L. KREIDER: Given in memory of her late husband. Three boxes of historical manuscript material which will be listed further when catalogued. Photographs of the Los Angeles Aqueduct development; Los Angeles High School Blue and White, Winter '99; publication dated July 1899, The Free Harbor Contest, an account of the long fight waged by the people of Southern California to secure a Harbor located at a point open to competition.
- MR. GUY E. MARION: Framed autographed photograph of the well known citizen Robert J. Burdette.
- LT. COMDR. CARROL PARRISH: One set of three volumes of History and Reminiscences of Los Angeles City and County by W. A. Spalding. This is a welcome gift to the Society's Californiana.
- MR. ELMER R. PASCOE, M. D.: Set of historical original photographs of Los Angeles, Hollywood Cahuenga Pass.
- MR. CHARLES PUCK: One old iron bell, worn by lead-goat of a sheep herd, which was found on the grounds of the San Miguel Mission.
- MR. F. B. PUTNAM: The donor, of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, presents a rare volume of "From East Prussia to the Golden Gate," by the pioneer Frank Lacouvreur. Also a bound manuscript "Isaias W. Hellman and Old Los Angeles." Souvenir program of opening of the Los Angeles Opera House, with the noted Mlle. Rhea supported by Mr. Arthur Elliot in the celebrated play "A School for Scandal." This was when Los Angeles proudly boasted a population of twenty thousand (1884). Another publication listing the endowed scholarships of the University of California.
- MR. AND MRS. FREDERIC C. RIPLEY: Two issues of the California Oil Well in which is given an account of Mr. Ripley being made Honorary President of the Pioneer Petroleum Society. Mr. Ripley was the former manager and director of the CCMO. Mrs. Ripley is a contributor to the magazine and the editor has to say that "the lady knows more about the background of California oil than anyone we have met up to the moment." Also one photograph is given by them of a bronze plaque marking the first gusher in Midway Field Well No. 2-6. This well was located as a wildcat June 1, 1909, by Frederic C. Ripley, then Assistant Manager of Oil Properties of the Santa Fe Railways Coast Lines.
- SECURITY FIRST NATIONAL BANK: Through Mr. Allan Herrick gave the Society four historic photographs showing Los Angeles huddled around our now Civic Center. The horsecar is shown as the mode of transportation, then the cable car. Another shows the residence of Isaias W. Hellman, corner main and 4th Streets.
- MRS. MARSHALL STIMSOM: In memory of our late Director and Past President, the donor gave "The Burrell Letters" edited by Reginald R. Stuart.
- MR. LAWRENCE I. WEIL: Donor sent the oil core from "the deepest well in the world"—the Ohio Oil Company well in Kern County, taken from 19,974 feet below the surface of the earth, September, 1953.

Publications
of the
Historical Society of
Southern California

2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California

DUckirk 2-5582



1892 — Annual Containing the Sutro
 Documents with translations . . . each \$3.00

1931 — One Hundred Fiftieth Anni-
 versary Special Publication
 (Annual for 1931) each \$5.00

All other numbers of Annual
 Publications each \$2.50

A limited number of sets of Annuals
 (1892 - 1934, inclusive) are
 available per set \$50.00

These sets do not include An-
 nuals for 1895, 1924 or 1933,
 which are out of print.

THE QUARTERLY — One full year to
 members per run \$8.00

Individual single numbers to
 members each \$2.00

Individual double numbers to
 members each \$3.00

THE QUARTERLY — One full year to
 non-members per run \$10.00

Individual single numbers to
 non-members each \$3.00

Individual double numbers to
 non-members each \$4.00



June, 1954

Vol. XXXVI — No. 2

The

Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

California Lady of Literature



—Reproduced from the Original in Huntington Library

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

See CALIFORNIA'S LITERARY WOMEN, page 99



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

* * * * *

Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the *QUARTERLY*, and general Society correspondence to:

THE SECRETARY,
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY



HOME OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

VOLUME XXXVI

JUNE, 1954

NUMBER 2

CONTENTS:

CALIFORNIA'S LITERARY WOMEN - - - - -	99
<i>By Gustave O. Arlt</i>	
DAILY LIFE IN EARLY LOS ANGELES - - - - -	115
<i>By Maymie R. Krythe</i>	
THE REDONDO RAILROAD - - - - -	130
<i>By Franklyn Hoyt</i>	
OZRO WILLIAM CHILDS - - - - -	138
<i>By Hortense Childs Reynolds</i>	
CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS - - - - -	146
<i>By A. Hunt</i>	
RANCHO BOCA DE SANTA MONICA - - - - -	155
<i>By Mary Boyce Kennedy</i>	
ANTONIO FRANCO CORONEL - - - - -	161
<i>By Marco R. Newmark</i>	
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -	163
ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY - - - - -	169
GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY - - - - -	172

The HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY, official publication of the Historical Society of Southern California, 2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California, is issued four times each year during the months of March, June, September and December. Annual membership \$10.00. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California.

The Historical Society of Southern California

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

1954

OFFICERS:

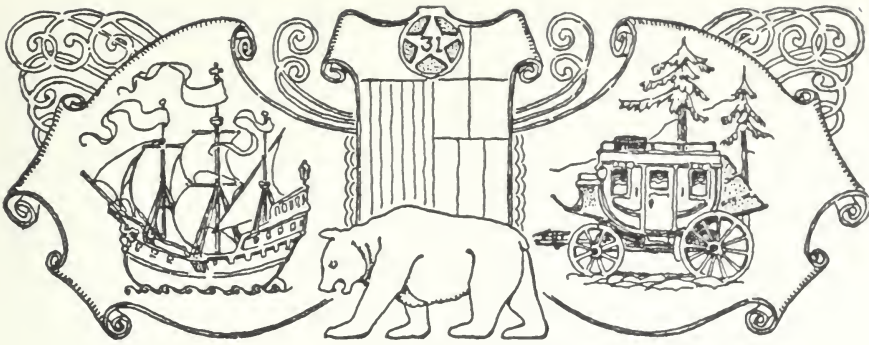
JOHN C. AUSTIN, *President*
GUSTAVE O. ARLT, *First Vice-President*
FREDERICK F. HOUSER, *Second Vice-President*
EDWARD A. DICKSON, *Treasurer*
ANA BEGUE DE PACKMAN, *Secretary*
MARCO R. NEWMARK, *Curator*

DIRECTORS:

GUSTAVE O. ARLT	FREDERICK F. HOUSER
JOHN C. AUSTIN	OSCAR LAWLER
HOMER D. CROTTY	MARCO R. NEWMARK
EDWARD A. DICKSON	ANA BEGUE DE PACKMAN
EDMUND F. DUCOMMUN	MRS. FREDERIC C. RIPLEY
JOHN E. FISHBURN, JR.	W. W. ROBINSON
JOHN ANSON FORD	ROGER STERRETT
PHIL TOWNSEND HANNA	MRS. MARSHALL STIMSON

STANDING COMMITTEES:

- Publication Committee:* EDWARD A. DICKSON, *Chairman*; Dr. Robert G. Cleland, Phil Townsend Hanna, Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley, W. W. Robinson, Roger Sterrett, Dr. Henry Wagner.
- Finance Committee:* OSCAR LAWLER, *Chairman*; Edward A. Dickson, John E. Fishburn, Frederick F. Houser, Maynard McFie.
- Program Committee:* FREDERICK F. HOUSER, *Chairman*; John B. T. Campbell, Rev. Msgr. James E. Dolan, John E. Fishburn, Jr., Sam Green, Neil Petree, Reese H. Taylor, George Healey Tondel.
- Membership Committee:* MRS. FREDERIC C. RIPLEY, *Chairman*; Charles G. Adams, Eugene W. Biscailuz, Dr. Robert L. Borland, Miss Clementina de Forest Griffen, D. S. Hammack, William Robert Kilgore, Frederic C. Ripley, Mrs. Marshall Stimson.
- Landmarks Committee:* EDMUND F. DUCOMMUN, *Chairman*; Homer D. Crotty, Phil Townsend Hanna, Frederick F. Houser, Marco R. Newmark, Frederic C. Ripley, Mrs. Florence Dodson Shoneman, Roger J. Sterrett, Miss Grace Stoermer.
- Gifts Committee:* MARCO R. NEWMARK, *Chairman*; Mrs. Frederick Kingston, Mrs. Oscar Lawler, Mrs. Lucy Gage Rand, Mrs. Marshall Stimson, Mrs. John C. Wolfskill.
- Executive Committee:* JOHN C. AUSTIN, *Chairman*; Gustave O. Arlt, Edward A. Dickson, John Anson Ford, Oscar Lawler, Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley, W. W. Robinson.



GUSTAVE O. ARLT, *Editor*

The Historical Society of Southern California QUARTERLY for June, 1954

California's Literary Women

By Gustave O. Arlt



WHEN WE THINK OF OUR CALIFORNIA of the Gold Rush days and of the critical decades between the first and second constitutional conventions, we are likely to conjure up in our minds the picture of an almost strictly masculine world. We see the muddy streets of San Francisco lined on both sides with saloons, gambling houses, assayers' offices, interspersed with an occasional ships' chandler or a hardware store purveying mining equipment and firearms. In our imagination we people these streets with bearded, grimy miners, reeling sailors of all nations, soft-spoken and hard-eyed gamblers, shiftily shills and gravel-throated evangelists, with perhaps a disinterested, cynical, cigar-chewing newspaperman strolling aloofly through the throng. If a feminine note is heard in this baritone cacophony at all, it comes in the form of an occasional shriek of shrill laughter from the swinging doors of a dance hall or a surreptitious squeal from behind the curtain that hides the mysteries of the backroom of a dingy

saloon. When we think of the Pueblo of Our Lady of the Angels, we picture sun-baked streets, ankle deep in choking dust, and the only humans that venture out under the burning sun are leather-skinned cowboys on tired buckskin ponies, ragged sheep-herders, wary-eyed outlaws, brown Californios and Mexicanos dozing in the shade of their broad sombreros. Again the feminine voice is heard only from behind the grilled windows of adobe walls or the latticed enclosure of outdoor kitchens. San Francisco or Los Angeles, Placerville, Angels' Camp, Monterey or Santa Barbara — the scene is essentially the same, that of a world populated largely by males, with only a rare hint of the feminine influence, and that generally of a character better imagined than described.

If that is our picture of early California—and it probably is—we are undoubtedly quite wrong. And if we think that the beginnings of our California literature were entirely in male hands, that the brilliant young vagrants from the gold and silver mines, Bret Harte and Sam Clemens, Charley Stoddard and Hiner Miller, were the sole dictators of the literary styles of the old journals and newspapers of the fifties and sixties and seventies, we are in for quite a surprise. The lists of contributors to the *Golden Era*, the *Pioneer*, the *Californian*, and the *Overland Monthly*, to be sure, all begin with the same great names that have never lost their lustre, but they are liberally inter-sprinkled with a large number of feminine names, some still familiar, many quite forgotten. On the roster of the old *Golden Era*, for example, founded in December 1852, a bare two years after California attained statehood, we find the names of Ada Clare, Eliza Pittsinger, Minnie Myrtle Miller, Adah Isaacs Menken, Sallie Goodrich, Ina Donna Coolbrith, Anna Morrison, Lulu Littleton, and several dozen more.

They were not all geniuses, these ambitious young ladies who wrote on the staff of the *Golden Era*, in fact, the geniuses among them can be enumerated on the fingers of one hand and four fingers would still be left over. For Ina Donna Coolbrith is the only one among them all who deserves that proud epithet. When J. Macdonough Foard, the founder of the *Golden Era*, was interviewed

California's Literary Women

forty years later by Ella Sterling Mighels, who was then writing a history of early California journals, he said:

"Oh yes, the *Golden Era* was a great paper and, if the same policy had been continued, it would be a great paper today (1892). But I will tell you where we made the mistake, and that was when we let the women write for it. Yes, they killed it—literally killed it, with their namby-pamby school-girl trash. But the first five or six years it was grand."

There is probably a grain of truth in old Mr. Foard's wistful and perhaps slightly bitter reminiscence. But he had forgotten that more than one of his female contributors really added to the glory of his fine old journal. There was Eliza Pittsinger, who came to California in 1860 and wrote a good deal of passionate, humanitarian verse. There was Minnie Myrtle Dyer, long before she became the unfortunate Mrs. Joaquin Miller, who showed brilliant talent until poverty, disappointment, and grief destroyed it and her. There was Janette H. Phelps, who wrote stirring, pacifistic verse and prose under the fitting pen-name of "Hagar," and who was one of the earliest fighters for woman's suffrage in our state. There was Anna M. Fitch who was editor of the *Hesperian* while in her early twenties, and who wrote the first novel published by a California woman. And there was Carrie Carlton, the author of several books and of a great deal of bright, cheerful verse in the *Golden Era* while, at the same time, she conducted a sort of gossip column in the *Sunday Mercury* under the pen-name of Topsy Turvy. She is said to have been the first woman in California who tried to live by journalistic work exclusively. That she did not succeed is attested by the fact that she died in 1868, at the age of 32, of malnutrition and privation.

The only really great figure among the women of the *Golden Era* and later of the *Overland Monthly* was the incomparable Ina Donna Coolbrith. She was born in Illinois in 1842 as the third daughter of Agnes Coolbrith and Don Carlos Smith, the younger brother of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith, and she was christened Josephine Donna Smith. After the tragic Mormon massacre and the death of Joseph Smith, her mother moved to St. Louis,

where she married William Pickett and came to California with him. Most of Ina's youth was spent in Los Angeles, and it was here that she adopted her mother's name, rather than her father's or step-father's and shortened her first name from Josephine to Ina. Her early marriage brought her little but unhappiness and she never married again.

Ina Coolbrith's first verses appeared in C. H. Webb's *Californian*, later in the *Golden Era*, the *Overland Monthly*, then *Scribner's*, *Harper's* and *Century*. In 1881 she published her first volume of verse, *A Perfect Day and Other Poems*, which moved the reviewer in the *London Times* to remark that a great lyric poet had been born in America. Long before that, in 1869 and 1870, she had been Bret Harte's assistant when he was editor of the *Overland Monthly*. In this capacity she left her kindly mark upon the lives and careers of a great many of our best writers—Charles Warren, Edward Sill, Joaquin Miller, even the great Bret Harte himself. A quarter of a century later, when Harte had been living in England for a long, long time, he sent a brief message to California by a friend who was going there: "Tell Ina Coolbrith I have not forgotten." As early as 1869, when she was only 27, she was so highly regarded by her fellow-citizens that her beautiful poem "California" was chosen to be read at the founding ceremonies of the University of California.

In the 1880's circumstances forced Ina Coolbrith to enter a professional career and she became librarian of the Oakland Free Library. For most of the remainder of her active life she devoted herself to her arduous duties and her literary output suffered correspondingly. Nevertheless she found time occasionally to take up the pen again, and late in life she published her last volume of verse, *Songs of the Golden Gate*. After her death in 1928 a great many unpublished poems were found in her belongings, among them such remarkably fine ones as "Beside the Sea" and, probably her last one "Caravan." She has the double distinction of being California's first poet laureate and the only woman ever to be elected to membership in the Bohemian Club. But her third and

California's Literary Women

greatest distinction is that she lives in the hearts of Californians as one of the most beloved of the literary figures of our state.

Quite different in almost every respect from most of her contemporaries, is the life of Jessie Benton Fremont, whose splendid book of reminiscences of early California was reissued in 1949. The brilliant and pampered daughter of a prominent family, she enjoyed every educational and social advantage and then eloped with the soldier, pioneer, and statesman, John Charles Fremont. She came to California in 1849 and returned to the East in the following year when her husband went to Washington as one of the first two senators from California. As the wife of the leading citizen of her state she was overshadowed by her great husband's fame, and it was not until his financial ruin in the late 1880s that she discovered her literary talent. Then her articles in various magazines and particularly her charming volume of reminiscences, *Souvenirs of My Time*, brought her both fame and a comfortable income. After her husband's death in 1890, Jessie Fremont moved to Los Angeles and settled in a lovely little cottage, "far out in the suburbs," at 28th and Hoover Streets, where she lived until her own death in 1902.

Of all Californian writers, male or female, probably none has been as widely read as the first literary native daughter, Gertrude Franklin Atherton. And that sweeping statement is made in full recognition of the fact that Mark Twain's works were translated into almost all European languages and that both Jack London and Frank Norris had a tremendous and world-wide following. But in Gertrude Atherton's case we have a combination of international popularity—she was most widely read in England and Germany—and of phenomenal productivity—she wrote between fifty and sixty novels.

Gertrude Franklin was born on Rincon Hill in San Francisco in 1857. She was reared by her grandfather, Stephen Franklin, nephew of the famous Benjamin Franklin, and one of the early editors of the *Golden Era*. Young Gertrude was not only a remarkably beautiful child but a talented one, and at the age of fifteen she wrote a play that was professionally performed in Benicia in

1873. After her return from finishing school in Lexington, Kentucky, she married into the wealthy and prominent Atherton family but she was widowed before she reached her thirtieth year. It was then she embarked upon her literary career and followed it to the very end of her long life.

Gertrude Atherton's first great success came in 1890 with her second novel, *The Doomswoman*. Like most of her best books it deals with life in California "before the Gringo came," which, incidentally, is the title of another of her stories. For a period in her life she spent considerable time in Europe, and during those years she wrote on European themes: *Black Oxen*, *The Conqueror*, *Golden Peacock*, *The Immortal Marriage*. Her own favorite was *The Tower of Ivory*, the scene of which is laid in Germany. But she is undoubtedly at her best in Californian subjects and such books as *The Splendid Idle Forties* and *California—an Intimate History* reveal her native talents.

All through her life she enjoyed the love and respect of her fellow citizens, but particularly in the last few decades of her life she became a sort of literary legend in the flesh to San Franciscans. Honors of all kinds were heaped upon her. No distinguished gathering was complete without her presence. Both Mills College and the University of California conferred honorary doctor's degrees upon her. And when she died on June 17, 1948, San Francisco lost not only a revered and renowned literary personage but also a last survivor of its own turbulent and glorious past. For the ninety-one years of her life encompassed all that San Francisco had ever been and all that it is today. —

Turning now from northern California and from the group of women who helped to make the earliest western journals what they were, we pause to consider the life and work of a woman who came to California as a visitor, remained here only a few weeks, came back to us for three more visits, the longest of which lasted less than two years, and yet gave us the classic novel of the West, the story about California that has been read and loved by more people than any other. Her name is Helen Hunt Jackson and her novel is the ever-beloved *Ramona*. Her name has often been linked



BY
INA COOLBRITH

SAN FRANCISCO
THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA
MDCCCXVIII

—Reproduced from the Original in Huntington Library

TITLE PAGE AND FRONTISPICE (*Author's Portrait*) OF CALIFORNIA

a poem by Ina Coolbrith printed by John Henry Nash, San Francisco, in 1918,
for the Book Club of California

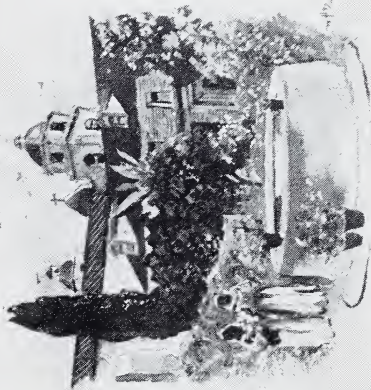
"Then as long as Ramona is here, everything will be just as it always has been?" said Felipe.

The Sefiora smiled sadly. "Dear Felipe, do you think that possible? A girl who has announced her determination to disobey not only you and me, but Father Salvaderra, who is going to bring disgrace both on the Moreno and the Ortega name, — we can't feel exactly the same towards her as we did before, can we?"

Felipe made an impatient gesture. "No, of course not. But I mean, is everything to be just the same, outwardly, as it was before?"

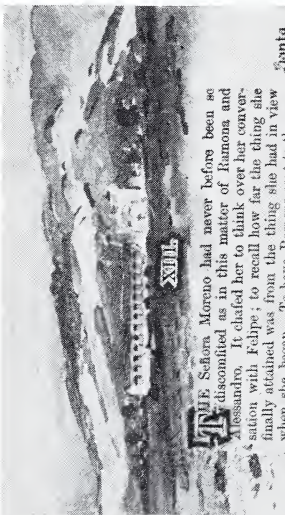
"I supposed so," said the Sefiora. "Was not that your idea? We must try to have it so, I think. Do not you?"

"Yes," groaned Felipe, "if we can!"



The
Inner
Court

Santa
Barbara Mission



XIII

THE Sefiora Moreno had never before been so discomfited as in this matter of Ramona and Alessandro. It chafed her to think over her conversation with Felipe; to recall how far the thing she finally attained was from the thing she had in view when she began. To have Ramona sent to the convent, Alessandro kept as overseer of the place, and the Ortega jewels turned into the treasury of the Church, — this was the plan she had determined on in her own mind. Instead of this, Alessandro was not to be overseer on the place; Ramona would not go to the convent; she would be married to Alessandro, and they would go away together; and the Ortega jewels, — well, that was a thing to be decided in the future; that should be left to Father Salvaderra to decide. Bold as the Sefiora was, she had not quite the courage requisite to take that question wholly into her own hands.

One thing was clear, Felipe must not be consulted in regard to them. He had never known of them, and need not now. Felipe was far too much in sympathy with Ramona to take a just view of the situation. He would be sure to have a quixotic idea of Ramona's right of ownership. It was not impossible that Father Salvaderra might have the same feeling. If so, she must yield; but that would go harder with her than all the rest. Almost the Sefiora would have been ready to keep the whole thing a secret from the Father, if he had not been at the time of the Sefiora Ortega's death fully informed of all the particulars

— Reproduced from the Original in Huntington Library

ILLUSTRATED PAGES FROM RAMONA
from an early edition

California's Literary Women

with that of another great humanitarian woman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did for the Negro what *Ramona* and *A Century of Dishonor* were intended to do for the Indian. The analogy is, however, unfair to both women. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, poor as it is from a literary point of view, nevertheless served as a great piece of propagandistic writing. *Ramona*, on the other hand, scarcely achieved the propaganda effect it was intended to have but is nevertheless a great novel artistically.

Helen Maria Fiske was born at Amherst, Mass., where her father was professor of languages and rhetoric, on October 15, 1830. Somehow the date must have been incorrectly recorded, so that the centenary of her birth was celebrated a year too late in 1931. Her mother died when Helen was fourteen and her father three years later. She was sent to boarding school first at Charleston, later to Ipswich Seminary, and finally to the Abbott Institute in New York. In 1852 she married Lieutenant Edward Bissell Hunt of the U. S. Coast Survey and went to live with him in Washington. Later she returned to New England with him, but when he was transferred as a captain, then a major to Florida, Texas, and finally California, she preferred not to accompany him. As a result the young couple spent less than half of their married life together. Major Hunt died in 1863 as a result of injuries received while experimenting with a torpedo-like missile he had invented.

During the years of her lonely marriage, Helen Hunt had begun to write for her own pleasure, but it was not until 1865 that she began to publish. Her earliest poems appeared in the *New York Evening Post* and in the *Nation*; the first few were signed with the pen-name "Marah," the later ones merely with the initials "H. H." In fact she concealed her identity behind these initials through the major part of her literary career, and it was not until the publication of her *Report on the Conditions and Needs of the Mission Indians* in 1883 that she stepped out from behind the flimsy screen and signed her real name. By that time, however, her initials had become so famous that she could not afford to discard them. The title-page of *Easter Bells* in 1884 bears the initials

"H. H.," followed by Helen Jackson in parentheses, and *Ramona*, which appeared in the same year, merely reverses the order.

Helen Hunt's fame grew with remarkable speed. By 1868 she was included in an article on "Female Poets of America," and in the same year Ralph Waldo Emerson named her as one of the three greatest American writers. When she decided to go to Europe in November 1868, she was therefore well enough known that many of the leading American magazines eagerly accepted her travel accounts. Her fifteen months in England and the Continent were well spent and furnished her with so much material for prose and poetry that the trip not only paid for itself but left her enough to start on another tour that was to be of vastly greater importance to her and her career: In May of 1872 she went to California. It was strictly a sight-seeing tour: San Francisco, where she did all the things that tourists do today—Cliff House, Goat and Angel Island, Chinatown. She was bored with everything except Chinese theater. Then followed an inland trip from Vallejo to the geysers at Calistoga in the Napa Valley. From there south, by way of Santa Clara and San Jose to Yosemite, finally to Lake Tahoe and thence to the eastbound train at Truckee. It was a brief trip and a conventional one, but it had served two purposes—it had awakened Helen Hunt's love for California and her passionate interest in the Indians and their problems.

In the following year, partly for her health, partly for the purpose of further study of the Indian, she went to Colorado. She achieved both purposes and in addition she found her second husband, William S. Jackson, whom she married in 1875. They made their home in Colorado Springs, which Mrs. Jackson regarded as her legal residence from then on, although she actually spent most of her last five years in California. More and more of her time in Colorado between 1875 and 1879 was devoted to her passionate espousal of the cause of the American Indian. Finally in 1881 she published *A Century of Dishonor*, a scathing indictment of the United States Government in its treatment of the Indians. Late that year she made her second trip to California, this time a longer one, arriving in Los Angeles on December 20, 1881. There is a

California's Literary Women

good deal of confusion and misinformation about her various visits in Southern California, but the time of her arrival in Los Angeles is recorded in the *Express* and in San Diego three months later in the *Union*. So there can be no mistake about them.

Mrs. Jackson was more than delighted with Southern California and plunged at once into a detailed study of the land and its people. Through Don Antonio Coronel of Los Angeles she received an introduction to the del Valle family ranch near Piru on the Camino Real. This she visited on her way to Santa Barbara and it is supposed to be the prototype of the Moreno home in *Ramona*. From Santa Barbara she went by ship to San Diego. She must have spent a busy two months, for in them she gathered most of the material for *Ramona* besides that for the various sketches later collected in *Glimpses of Three Coasts*, *Father Junipero and the Mission Indians*, and *Glimpses of California and the Missions*. In those weeks she visited all the missions and Indian villages in San Diego County and after her return to Los Angeles she made the rounds of San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, San Fernando, and other missions. Soon afterwards she received a federal appointment to make an official investigation of conditions on the Indian reservations and to devise means of preventing seizures of Indian lands by real estate promoters. She pushed this work with so much energy that she incurred the enmity of many financial interests in Southern California and was subjected to violent attacks in the *San Diego Union*, the *San Luis Rey Star*, and other papers.

In the fall of 1883 Mrs. Jackson went back to New York and on December 1st she began to write *Ramona*. There are many unsubstantiated legends that she wrote much of the famous novel in California and that there are even some passages written by others. In the absence of definite evidence in favor of these contentions, however, it must be assumed that she wrote the entire novel in New York between December 1, 1883, and April 1884. It was published in serial form in the *Christian Union* beginning on May 15, 1884, and it was an instant and tremendous success.

In the fall of 1884, sick from what she thought was malarial fever but actually dying from tuberculosis, Helen Hunt Jackson

returned to Los Angeles. When her health failed to improve she tried the climate of other locations, Long Beach and finally San Francisco. Here, working hard all the time almost to the end, she succumbed to the white plague on August 12, 1885. Many of her best works, including her charming books for children, were not published until after her death. But her greatest satisfaction lay in the fact that just before her death, President Grover Cleveland took action on her recommendations and promoted legislation in amelioration of the lot of the Indians.

In contrast to Helen Hunt Jackson who came to California as an established writer and spent some of the final years of her life here, we now pass on to Kate Douglas Wiggin, who began her career here and then moved to the East. She is not a native of California but came to San Francisco as a very young child. She was then Kate E. Smith. If she had no other claim to fame, she would still be recorded as the first kindergarten teacher in California, for she was not yet twenty when she was entrusted with the first kindergarten established in San Francisco as an experiment. The success of the kindergarten movement there is in no small measure the result of Kate Smith's patient, sympathetic, and intelligent work with the children of the poor and neglected. Her first literary success grew directly out of her work and its proceeds were put back into it. For she wrote *The Story of Patsy* about one of the pitiful little creatures in her school and the book was sold to raise money for the school. The most famous of her early books, *The Bird's Christmas Carol*, was written and sold for the same purpose.

It was not until after her marriage in 1888 that she began to turn to a literary career in earnest. A New York publisher reissued her first two books, which had originally been privately printed and sold in San Francisco, and they became nationally known and successful. They were soon followed by *A Summer in a Canyon* and *Timothy's Quest*, and a children's book called *The Story Hour*. Her greatest book, of course, is that immortal novel for girls of all ages, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, undeniably the classic of books of its kind. It was written after Mrs. Wiggin had left California to make her later home in New York. From there she travelled

California's Literary Women

widely and spent much time in Europe. An English critic called her "the most successful ambassador between the United States and Great Britain." Although she never returned to California to live, it was her early work as a kindergarten teacher here that awakened her love for children and developed the keen observation, swift insight, and ready sympathy that she needed for her charitable efforts and that were reflected in the deep pathos and delicate humor of her literary work.

The greatest stylist of the West, the incomparable interpreter of the desert and its inhabitants, particularly of the Indians, was Mary Hunter Austin. For a number of years after her arrival in California she taught school and wrote poetry only occasionally. It was the desert of Arizona, New Mexico, and California that captivated her imagination and inspired her to write some of the most vivid poetic descriptions of its austere beauty that we possess. Then came her first novels, *The Lands of the Sun* and *The Land of Little Rain*, the products of her intimate contacts with the Indians, whom she learned to know and to understand as few whites before or since. For these and other novels she was acclaimed as one of the leading novelists of her period. Among the honors that came to her were invitations to lecture at Yale University and before the Fabian Society of London. During her years in Los Angeles she was the neighbor of Dorothea Lummis and her brilliant, eccentric husband, Charles F. Lummis. Her transcriptions of Indian poetry were no doubt to some extent inspired by Lummis's own indefatigable study of the poetry and songs of the Indians and the Spanish-speaking Californians. Toward the end of her life—she died in 1934—she gave the world one last, fascinating book, her unique autobiography, called *Earth Horizons*.

Turning from these stars of the first magnitude whose names shine in the literature of our state and far beyond its borders, we pause to recall and to honor a few women who perhaps did not become world famous but who nevertheless made substantial contributions to California's literature of the last century. Their names are all but forgotten and yet they deserve to be remembered. There was for example, Mrs. Ada Addis Storke, who wrote under her

maiden-name of Yda Addis, and whose work is strikingly original, individual, and forceful. She was born in Leavenworth, Kansas, and came to California as a child in the 1860s. Her earliest writings appeared in the *Argonaut*, then in the *Californian* and the revived *Overland Monthly*. Later she became so well known that eastern newspapers and magazines bought her output, and in the eighties and nineties McClure's Syndicate distributed her short stories and poems. She travelled more widely over all of California and much of Mexico than any other woman of her time, and wherever she went she found plots for stories. She wrote love stories, romances, tales of adventure, mystery stories with a tangy realism reminiscent of Mary Roberts Rinehart at her best. Among the more than a hundred stories that came from her pen, the best loved in their time were "*The Romance of Ramon*" and "*Roger's Luck*." That a writer of her talent and her popularity should be so thoroughly forgotten a bare two score years after her death, seems fantastic. It is therefore all the more fitting we should honor her memory and perhaps to encourage a few readers to seek out her works in the libraries and to convince themselves of her worth.

Then there was Emma Frances Dawson who, even during her lifetime was called by a San Francisco critic "the woman whom everyone knows and whom no one knows." She too came to California in the sixties and began to write for *The Argonaut* at the time of its founding in 1877. Few woman writers had so strong a hold upon the public as she. Edwin Markham said of her that "her name might have gone around the world," had she lived longer. She was a strange, cloistered person, almost a recluse. Every literary personage who came to San Francisco in the eighties and nineties wanted to meet this woman whose poems and stories were known all over America and Europe. Very, very few ever succeeded in making her acquaintance. When Ella Sterling Mighels published Miss Dawson's picture in her fine book *The Story of the Files* in 1893 she had to assure her readers that it was truly a picture of Miss Dawson and that it resembled her. Mrs. Mighels tells us further that Emma Frances Dawson was a talented musician, a fine pianist, and that she had become a recluse because she

California's Literary Women

had devoted her life to her invalid mother. Little if anything else is known of the life story of this remarkable California writer.

Emma Frances Dawson wrote poetry and prose. In the former she achieves fine rhythmic and melodic effects, aided by alliteration and other devices. She first gained national fame with her "Chant Royal: Old Glory," with which she won first prize in a national contest for the best patriotic poem. Another of her poems that attracted nationwide attention was a weird, almost gruesome composition entitled "Decoration Day," published in *The Argonaut* in 1881. It is not surprising that this poem should have been especially praised by Ambrose Bierce, for it has a strange kinship to his Civil War fantasy "Chickamauga." Perhaps her best poem, however, is the colorful "Driftwood Fire." Her short stories, which appeared in *The Overland*, *News Letter*, and *Wasp* before they came out in book form, are remarkably masculine in character. Among them are some wonderfully baffling mystery stories, such as "*The Dramatic in my Destiny*," "*A Sworn Statement*," and "*Shadowed*." The best of them are to be found collected in a volume, named after its first story *An Itinerant House*.

The great critic Ambrose Bierce, who rarely praised anyone or anything, once wrote: "In all the essential attributes of literary competence Miss Dawson is head and shoulders above any writer on this coast with whose works I have acquaintance. And on this judgment I gladly hazard my small possession and large hope of reputation for literary sagacity." This is high praise from any critic; from Ambrose Bierce it is incredible eulogy. And again we must say, how can such a writer have been forgotten? It is not high time that we blow the dust from her books and give them another reading?

We could go on and on and tell the stories of Emilie Parkhurst and Virna Woods, Lillian Shuey, Mary Halleck Foote, Mrs. Fremont Older, Laura Lyons White, and scores of others. We could name the lists of the famous in the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, organized in the early eighties, whose membership over the years included most of the successful woman writers of California. But we could not name them all, and it would be

unjust to choose some and omit others of them. We will content ourselves, therefore, to look closely at only one more of the women of California's century of golden letters, one who certainly does not rank with the greatest but who is in many regards typical of the average woman writer of our first century and who, besides, made a most notable contribution to our knowledge of the beginnings of our literary history. Her name is Ella Sterling Mighels.

Ella Sterling was a native daughter, and a very early native daughter, born in Sacramento County in 1853. It is said that the only cradle available to her mother for the new baby was a miner's gold rocker and that little Ella's first months were spent in this crude vehicle. Her father had the prospecting fever in his blood and when the Comstock lode in Nevada Territory was discovered he moved there. Ella took her first steps in Esmeralda, Nevada, the boom-town of the Comstock lode. She received her earliest instruction from her mother, a woman of literary tastes, and then attended the Sacramento Public Schools.

From the age of fifteen on Ella Sterling contributed prose and verse to various newspapers on the west coast, her first writings probably appearing in *The Wasp*. Even at this early stage in her career she was already using the slightly pompous pen-name Aurora Esmeralda by which she was known to the end of her life. In her early twenties she married Adley H. Cummins, a curious person who combined the qualities of a hard-headed lawyer and businessman with those of a brilliant research scholar. He came from Pennsylvania in 1869 and established a law practice in San Francisco. At the same time he continued his studies as a philologist and is said to have mastered sixty languages by the time he was forty. Undoubtedly his young wife profited a great deal from his wide learning. In 1880 she published her first novel, *Little Mountain Princess*. It was not much of a novel, for Mrs. Cummins's strength lay rather in verse and essay than in fiction. But it added to her local reputation, and Mrs. Cummins had a wide circle of prominent literary friends in San Francisco and throughout the state.

It was at this time that she undertook the unique piece of work

California's Literary Women

that served as a far greater contribution to the literature of her state than if she had written twenty more mediocre novels. She began to write the history of California literature as revealed through the newspapers, magazines, and journals. She embarked upon this work at a most auspicious time in the 1880s, for while many of the old journals and papers were already extinct, their files were still available and many people who had been connected with them were still living. She had, therefore, a tremendous advantage over the scholar of today.

In 1889 Adley Cummins died and Mrs. Cummins continued her work with more vigor than ever. In 1893 it was published under the prosaic title *The Story of the Files*. It is a concise, fairly reliable compendium of California writers and journals, and it is still the cornerstone of our literary history today. Edwin Markham is quite right when he writes as recently as 1931: "No one can now review the intellectual history of California without consulting this painstaking, long-reaching classification covering writers and periodicals of nearly a half century of early California." He himself acknowledges his great indebtedness to her in the compilation of his excellent, though not entirely reliable anthology, *Songs and Stories of California*. We too must express our gratitude to Mrs. Cummins, or rather as she was known in later years after her second marriage, Ella Sterling Mighels, for providing a useful basis for the work of the California Literary Centennial staff. Much of the research connected with these commemorative celebrations was simplified by her solid and meticulous spadework.

For the rest of her long life Ella Sterling Mighels devoted herself largely to the collection and preservation of much California literature that would certainly have been lost without her loving ministration. In 1918 she published an anthology of California prose and poetry which she called *Literary California* at Edwin Markham's insistence. It is a fine selection of representative short pieces by early California writers and contains as a supplement a very complete list of about fourteen hundred Californians engaged in various literary endeavors between 1848 and 1918. It is the most complete list of its kind ever compiled and is used constantly

for reference by all interested in our literary history. Not long before her death in 1934 Mrs. Mighels brought out her most interesting book, her autobiography, *The Story of a Forty-Niner's Daughter*. — —

So we close the book of memory upon this glimpse of a few of the fine women who contributed to the literary greatness of our state. Among them are a few whose names and works will live for centuries in the annals of world literature. Among them are many who gave pleasure and spiritual recreation to thousands while they lived and wrote, though their names and works may not individually be remembered today. But whether they number among the true immortals or whether their art flourished but a brief day before it died, they are all forever enshrined in the hearts of the men and women of the Golden State:

*The wreath we bring and lay with loyal hand
Upon the altar of the State where you
In long-dead years have wandered, here to stand
Where we, who honor you, are gathered too.*

*This wreath will fade ere scarce a day has fled,
But round your brows are bound the living leaves
That seat the Poet with the deathless dead - -
The few whose laurels Fame not often weaves.*

*Your lips are mute; but each melodious strain
Your fancy conjured from the vibrant chords,
Lives in our love, there ever to remain
Among the dearest treasures memory hoards.*

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

By Maymie R. Krythe

Part II— HOLIDAY CELEBRATIONS

EVEN IN THE EARLY 'FIFTIES, when Los Angeles was still a small *pueblo*, the coming of a new year was widely celebrated. Some of the Angelenos attended midnight Mass, saw the old year properly ushered out, and the new in. But many others showed their joy by shooting guns or pistols, and by getting hilariously drunk. Then on New Year's Day itself, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, and many other good things were served at dinners where friends gathered together. The custom of holding open house and serving egg nog became popular and it took much fortitude to get through such an eating and drinking marathon.

Details about how this holiday was celebrated were given by the *Star*, January 4, 1855:

Christmas and New Year's festivities are passing away with the usual accompaniments, namely bullfights, firing of crackers, *fiestas*, and *fan-dangoes*. In the city, cascarones commanded a premium, and many were complimented with them as the finishing touch to their headdress.

A large number of callers — according to the *Express*, January 3, 1872 — were entertained at the residence of Mrs. White and her son, Jeff White, on Aliso Street. Her daughter, the wife of a well known local lawyer and orator, Colonel E. J. C. Kewen, assisted in dispensing gracious hospitality. After singing and piano playing by talented young ladies, everyone danced for the rest of the evening. "A bountiful sideboard was spread with good things for the delectation of the palate, and charm flowed freely."

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

As years went by, clubs began to celebrate New Year's Eve with formal balls. For example, in 1872, the Los Angeles Social Club gave an enjoyable masked ball, with a good orchestra. Everyone was in costume and supper was served at midnight. The German Society, *Germania*, in 1873 at their ball had a large Christmas tree with wax candles. There was a grand march around it; their chorus gave musical selections and gifts were presented to all the guests. After a bounteous supper had been served, the gay dance kept up into morning.

New Year's Day passed off very quietly and pleasantly yesterday. The weather was superb, and nearly all the carriages and stable vehicles were engaged by parties making excursions into the country, or paying the customary New Year's calls in the city. A great many of our families kept open house, and the callers were more numerous than on previous years. — *Express*, January 2, 1875.

Two years later, in 1877, church services were held on the day, and later many prominent citizens entertained. "The ladies wore their prettiest smiles, and dispensed the customary refreshments in the most graceful and hospitable manner." Many calls were made, and one lady had more than "thirty gentlemen in her parlor" at one time. Several private parties took place that evening, with the outstanding event a formal ball at Union Hall.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

After the American conquest of California, the Americans always celebrated George Washington's birthday. One of the first of these festivities (and one which had dire results) took place in 1853, at *El Palacio*, the mansion built by Abel Stearns, at the corner of Main and Arcadia Streets. Here many visitors had been entertained during their stay in Southern California and they were charmed by the gracious hospitality of Don Abel's wife, Donna Arcadia. This ball, a patriotic one, but very exclusive, was resented by the rough element in the *pueblo*, who believed that all should celebrate the birthday of the Father of his Country together. About two hundred of the "rough and ready" Angelenos decided to break up the affair.

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

They dragged the old cannon from the Plaza and placed it directly in front of the house.

When the dancing was at its height, about midnight, some one fired the gun, but because of poor aim, the shot missed. At once some of the intruders took a large piece of lumber up to the heavy front door; used it as a battering ram, and forced an opening. When the men started to enter, a guest, heavily armed, shot one of the assailants. A general fight followed in which others were killed, and several wounded. For some time after the holiday, the affair caused much bad feeling in town but gradually things cooled down.

The City Guards, in 1855, had charge of a general celebration of Washington's birthday. Their captain, W. W. Twist (a grocer and commission merchant on Aliso Street) was chairman of the ceremonies. Another memorable observance of this day took place in 1860 when John Temple opened his new theatre in the Temple Market, later the Courthouse.

The *Daily News*, of February 23, 1870, gave a good description of the way this holiday was remembered that year:

The anniversary of the great, the immortal Virginian, whose name and fame has penetrated to every civilized land, was ushered in here in Los Angeles by the booming of cannon, and ringing of bells, and other joyous demonstrations. The college band, during the morning, from the Plaza and other points through the city, played various national and other airs. The doors of the courts and public offices, as well as the Express and telegraph offices were closed, and the transaction of business suspended.

During the 'seventies, most business houses closed on Washington's Birthday, and "loungers were numerous at every street corner." Many flocked to the skating rink to enjoy themselves and to see the wonderful feats of Callie C. Curtis, who performed there on roller skates.

In 1875 Washington's Birthday was properly celebrated with a parade by two militray companies. They made a fine appearance with streaming banners and spirited martial music. The sidewalks were thronged with Angelenos and the many persons from out of town who had come in to help in the celebration.

In the procession, too, was Shominac, the Tribe of the Improved Order of Red Men, one hundred strong. They marched, in single file, in Indian fashion. "The Sachems were distinguished from the rank and file by handsome headpieces garnished with feathers. They carried bows, war clubs, calumets . . ." This order held open air exercises that day, with music, readings from *Hiawatha*, and a speech given by W. D. Gould on the subject of the Indians. That evening, the members of the order and their guests enjoyed a military ball, concluding a different kind of celebration of Washington's Birthday.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Since people of various nationalities had settled in the *pueblo* in its first decades, several such groups formed societies, which included the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society. The order, in 1870, for example, had a special celebration on their patron saint's day, March 17. At nine o'clock that morning, after a parade with music and banners through the principal streets, the members and their friends formed at St. Vincent's College and then proceeded in carriages to High Mass. Later they had a "collation" at Teutonia Hall and "a magnificent dinner" was served to a group of 150 by the caterers, "Mine Hosts" of the United States Hotel. Father O'Leary was the orator of the day; afterwards many toasts were drunk to Old Ireland and humorous stories told about it.

Again in 1871 the society celebrated by carrying Irish flags, while their band played "The Wearing of the Green." The "Hymn to St. Patrick" was sung by pupils of the Sisters of Charity School. After the parade the men assembled at Wilson's Hall. That evening at the final gathering of the celebration, John King, the genial proprietor of the Bella Union Hotel, gave an oration. Under the direction of Professor Knell, there was a concert; gay Irish songs were enjoyed, such as "The Wearing of the Green," "Through Erin's Isle," and "The Twig of Shannon."

When St. Patrick's Benevolent Society observed the day in 1875, there was a fine oration given by Stephen M. White, who later fought so hard in the Senate for a free harbor for Los Angeles.

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

RELIGIOUS HOLIDAYS

Since many Angelenos were members of the Roman Catholic Church, their ceremonies on religious feast days were colorful events. On Good Friday there was the punishment of Judas Iscariot. Beforehand, men made a straw effigy of the traitor and on the afternoon of Good Friday they placed this image in a cart and drove around the Plaza, while onlookers made fun of Judas, peered at him, and accused him of such crimes as cheating at cards, stealing chickens or cattle. When the straw figure was hanged, a bitter speech of denunciation was made; soldiers fired at the body, and the spectators had a good time shooting at what was left of the figure, and throwing bottles and other missiles at it.

One of the chief religious festivals occurred early in June—Corpus Christi Day, a memorial to the ascension of Christ to Heaven. The Plaza was always cleaned up for this occasion, all refuse removed, and owners of the homes surrounding the Plaza erected beautifully decorated altars. On the afternoon of the feast day, a procession of priests and others left the church; twelve men, carrying candles, represented the Apostles. Girls, dressed in white, bore banners and sprays of flowers. At each altar the procession stopped to conduct their rites. The whole ceremony took at least two hours, and was always a colorful one.

Another religious holiday, the Patroness's Day, or Feast of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels, was observed in August. Then the girls from the Sisters' School took part by carrying, under a canopy, the image of Our Lady. They were followed by the mounted California police on prancing horses. On this day there was also an evening parade and many groups of friends got together for festive dinners.

The baptizing of the church bell of St. Vibiana's Cathedral in July, 1875, was a long remembered event. This bell was dedicated under the sponsorship of the aged Manuel Dominguez and his wife, in the presence of a great throng of people who crowded the church. The bell was suspended by heavy ropes and veiled in white muslin,

dotted with golden flowers, and decorated with sprays of evergreens. Flowers filled the altar and the dais.

At four o'clock two candles, each five feet long, and two others of three feet in length, were lighted. Then Bishop Mora, assisted by the clergy, began the ceremony of dedication. He delivered an address in Spanish to "the vast concourse"; this was followed by one in English by Father Flanagan. During the ceremonies, an orchestra "dispersed sweet music" and everyone was happy that the earnest efforts of Father Flanagan to finish the cathedral had been so successful.

ST. JOHN'S DAY

For many years St. John's Day, on June 24, was observed by the people of the *Pueblo*. This holiday had long been enjoyed in Europe; the festivities began on Midsummer's Eve, with fires set on every hill. People in towns carried torches; and everyone had a gay time welcoming the coming of summer.

In Southern California the day was celebrated differently; and the Gringos enjoyed seeing the *Carrera del Galo*, or the race to catch the rooster, which was usually held on San Pedro Street. Here a live cock was buried in loose dirt, with just its head sticking above the ground. Each of the mounted contestants started from a distance of about sixty feet, and dashed past the cock at full speed. He reached trying to snatch the rooster from the ground. If he missed, the crowd made fun of him; sometimes he was dragged from his horse, or pulled along in the dust.

If a rider pulled off the bird's head, he had to leave the contest, for the entire cock had to be pulled out. The rider who succeeded was greeted with loud cheers. At once he tried to twist the neck of the fowl before anyone could take the bird from him. If some one else snatched it from him and twisted its neck, that person was acclaimed as victor. One of the most famous races of this type occurred in 1853 when the chief entries were General Andres Pico, Jack Powers, and Don José Sepulveda, with the last-named winning the unique contest.



EL PALACIO

"the palace" of Dona Arcadia Baudini Stearns, built for her by her husband, Abel Stearns

—From the Collection of Tina Bogue de Puckman



—From the Collection of Ana Begue de Packman

JOSE SEPULVEDA

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

St. John's Day was also observed by the Masons in the *pueblo*; and as early as 1857 elaborate programs were carried out. The *Star* (June 27, 1857) gave the details of the day-long event:

Wednesday last, being St. John's Day, the anniversary was celebrated in this city with becoming respect and dignity by the Masonic Fraternity. At ten o'clock the men of the Los Angeles lodge formed in procession and marched to the grove of Don Louis Sansevain, where an oration was delivered by Brother Jonathan R. Scott, after which the procession re-formed and marched back to town.

In the evening a ball was given by the fraternity in a spacious hall of the mansion of Don Abel Stearns, which was very kindly granted for the occasion. The room was handsomely decorated, and the company was the largest which has ever assembled in the city. An excellent cotillon ball was in attendance, and the dancing was kept up into an advanced hour in the morning. The attendance of the ladies was very large, the youth and beauty of the city yielding a ready response to the invitation of the committee—nothing could excel the arrangements made by the managers and the company were highly pleased with the exertions made for their entertainment.

In 1863 there was an account in the *News* (June 17) about the annual celebration by Lodge No. 42, A.F. and A.M. After meeting at their hall, they paraded to Tivoli Garden on San Pedro Street. The public had been invited to hear an address by Judge Dryden, and a large crowd gathered at the resort. The excellent band of the Fourth Infantry furnished music; and a "Grand Ball" took place that evening at the Bella Union Hotel.

HARVEST HOME CELEBRATIONS

Grapes had been introduced into California at the Missions and there were many vineyards in and around the *pueblo*. Large quantities of the fruit were shipped by steamer to San Francisco; also wine-making was an important local industry. One of the leading vintners, named Frohling, introduced into town a European custom—Harvest Home—after his crop had been gathered in. Of this noted occasion, when two hundred guests were entertained, the *Star*—December 8, 1860—gave an interesting report:

With the increase of our vintage we are becoming more familiar with the customs of those lands from which, heretofore, we have obtained our supply of the generous juice. The custom of celebrating the conclusion of the vintage has been introduced among us this year. This general custom, common in the "Fatherland," and especially along the course of the classic Rhine, of celebrating the festival of Harvest Home, at the close of the vintage, was introduced by Mr. Frohling, on Sunday last at his vineyard; on which occasion he invited his friends and neighbors and employees to a social reunion, which was one of the most delightful than can be conceived. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

The entertainment was in a style of munificent hospitality. Nearly 200 guests were present, including the Teutonia Singing Society, whose songs were a prominent feature of the day's festivities.

About 3 P.M. the company sat down at the long row of tables which were literally loaded with the choicest edible of the season. The banquet began with oyster soup and continued through a labyrinth of courses, with solids and bibulants altogether too numerous to mention. After the dinner the time was passed in jovial, social intercourse and listening to German songs by Teutonia. We were glad to find we had so excellent a musical society among us. The program, taste and high culture exhibited by the Teutonias in some of their difficult fugues were admirable and were received with much applause.

After spending some hours in dancing, the assembly broke up about ten P.M. May this custom, thus begun by Mr. Frohling, long be kept up in our vineyard city, of celebrating the close of the vintage by the generous feast of the Harvest Home.

Fifteen years later another Harvest Home celebration was staged by Mat Keller, one of the leading winemakers of the period. The *Herald*—December 1, 1875—told of the affair at which hundred and twenty-five guests sat down to this elaborate dinner:

SOUPS

Mock turtle, or Oyster

FISH

Oyster patties

ENTREES

Blanquette of chicken, veal cutlets, breaded
steak and kidney pudding, curried pigs' feet with
rice, macaroni and cheese

MEATS

Rumpbeef, corned with cabbage, leg of mutton, caper sauce,
roast beef, mutton, lamb, pork with sage
and onion, pig with apple sauce

DESSERTS

English plum pudding, apricot pie, mince pie,
Blackberry pie, green gage pie
Apples, pears, grapes, nuts, mixed candies
Fresh strawberries

TEA

COFFEE

WINES

Claret, eldorado, madeira, angelica, white wine, sherry
port, reissling, muscatel

After this bounteous feast, the guests danced for several hours. Then everyone sat down again for supper, a "cold collation" served at 12:30 A.M. There was a large variety of meat dishes, which "stood side by side with elegant confectionery, pastry, and bonbons." Many toasts were drunk and a long program of songs enjoyed in which everyone took part. It was 5 A.M. before the guests left this memorable Harvest Home.

Don Mateo thought it well to introduce this honest old fashion into Los Angeles; and having gathered his vintage, and pressed the last drop of wine from his grapes, he yesterday celebrated the occasion with splendid liberality and spirit. His hospitable mansion was crowded. All classes were represented, including delegations from the City Council and Press. The tables groaned with good things, fluid and solid, which refresh the inner man. Appropriate toasts were given and responded to, and the festive occasion concluded with a merry dance. It is a gracious custom and we congratulate Don Mateo on the happy idea of introducing it here.

—*Express*, November 30, 1875.

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving — the distinctive American holiday — was first observed as a national event in 1863 after President Lincoln sent out his proclamation to that effect. Of course the Angelenos took up the custom and celebrated the day with church services, family gatherings, and bounteous feasts. The *Express*, December 7, 1878, gave a description of what was, no doubt, a typical celebration of the period:

Well, Thanksgiving Day came and went in a manner which we judge was most acceptable to the people of Los Angeles generally. It was of necessity a quiet day, and to most external appearances was a middle-of-the-week Sunday. Many of the stores did not open their doors at all, and those which attempted to carry on a show of business closed at noon.

Morning services were held at St. Athanasius Episcopal Church, the Rector, the Rev. W. B. Hill, delivered a sermon appropriate to the day. Union services participated in by a number of choirs were also held in the Fort Street (now Broadway) Methodist. Elder John Hay delivered the sermon there.

In the evening the public demonstrations consisted of the Unitarian Thursday, and the ball of the Park Hose Company, both of which affairs

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

were reported in extenso elsewhere. If our reporter could have insinuated himself into the thousand and one prosperous circles of Los Angeles, and taken accurate note of the crisp brown turkeys and cranberry sauce, and the many et ceteras which went to make up the Thanksgiving dinners, he would have in his report of the day's proceedings "a dandy dish to set before a king."

Bless the old-fashioned New England custom of observing Thanksgiving Day which has been handed down to us from the wreck of departed manners. It makes us all better and happier, and it would be good for country and people if there were more days like it.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS

Natividad (Christmas) was a happy time for the early Californians and for weeks they made preparations for it. For just before the important day many *rancheros* rode into the *pueblo* on horseback, while their wives and children came in creaking *carretas* to visit relatives or friends.

For nine evenings, ending with Christmas Eve, the native Californians put on an old folk play, *Las Posadas*, depicting the search of the Holy Family for shelter on their way to Bethlehem. Also, for weeks beforehand a group practiced their parts for *Los Pastores* an ancient Spanish drama, whose purpose was to teach the story of the first Christmas. Its theme was an old one—the triumph of right—the shepherds' victory over *El Diablo* when he tried to prevent their going to Bethlehem to worship the Holy Child.

This play was properly given only on Christmas Eve but the early Angelenos gave performances of it each evening in various homes until January 6, the Feast Day of the Three Kings. It was considered a great honor to be chosen for one of the parts, and Pio Pico and his brother, the General, often acted in this play. *La Pastorela*, written by Padre Florencia Ibanez of Soledad, was a refined version of *Los Pastores*. Several times during the 1850's it was given under the direction of Don Antonio Coronel. When he staged this play as a benefit for the new St. Vincent's College, he chose 12-year old Arturo Bandini as St. Michael, and Ramona Vejar as the Devil. At the performance, the Gringos joined heartily with the native

Californians and a good sum was received for the school. One of the last productions of *Los Pastores* during the old days was that of 1861, when the drama was played in the Pico Courtyard, near where the old Pico Hotel still stands. The old ways were giving way to the new; war was threatening; so many people came from long distances to see once more a production of their beloved Christmas drama.

The Americans, who settled in Southern California, naturally brought their own ideas of Christmas holiday celebrations with them, even though they joined with the native Californians in their observances. One authority says that in December, 1857, the first Christmas tree was set up and decorated in the *pueblo* for the children. In one of the adobes on Main Street, between First and Court Streets, lived an Englishman and his wife—Dr. and Mrs. Carter. They were noted for their musical ability and accomplishments as entertainers. They decided in 1857 that it would be a good plan to have a union Christmas tree for the youngsters. So they asked their friends and neighbors to come in and decorate the tree.

On Christmas Eve many gathered at the Carter home, were thrilled by the appearance of Dr. Carter as Santa Claus, who distributed gifts to them. The Yuletide spirit was high that evening as everyone took part in music, dancing, singing, games, and conversation. All had such a good time that they stayed until the wee hours of Christmas Day.

According to Mr. Boyle Workman, in 1861 there had been heavy rains so that the Los Angeles River rose to such heights that it could not be forded. At that time there was no bridge over the stream. Andrew Boyle and his family, who lived on the east side of the river, had been invited to the home of Mat Keller for Christmas dinner, but it was impossible to accept the invitation. There was no grocery east of the stream; therefore the Boyles sent a servant, a Mexican, named Jesus, with a note to Mrs. Keller and he was also to buy supplies at a grocery.

He swam across safely, and at the Keller home, Jesus was given some of the good things prepared for the feast. He wrapped these and other eatables in a large canvas and fastened them to a long

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

board. Then he pushed this improvised raft before him across the swollen river, and delivered the food in good condition. Naturally, Jesus received his full share of the holiday dinner he had risked his life to bring.

As years passed, holiday celebrations became more and more elaborate. During the 'seventies the different Protestant churches always set up large Christmas trees for the children. Such trees were well decorated with homemade decorations and lighted by wax candles. Of course there were presents for the youngsters and "those of larger growth."

During the daytime the men went out hunting. Then at night young and old gathered in such halls as the Turnverein, for Christmas programs of instrumental and vocal music, readings, tableaux, and refreshments. Many private evening parties took place for smaller groups. The local hotels, too, made a specialty of serving "elegant" Christmas dinners. The Bella Union, in 1859, put on such a feast:

At the Bella Union, the proprietors, with their usual liberality, spread a dinner party worthy of the occasion. Sea and land were under contribution, and fowls, tame and wild, were sacrificed in honor of good old Christmas. The tables were laid in very handsome style, Bouquets, ornamenting the tables and vases of flowers occupying the center. The arrangements reflected great credit on the polite and attentive steward.

—*Star*, 1859

Several years later, in 1873, when the Bella Union had become the Clarendon, the *Express* spoke of the yuletide festivities there:

The Christmas tree at the Clarendon last night was the center of a joyous crowd. The branches were bowed with pretty presents and the little ones were in all their glory. The affair was gotten up almost entirely by the ladies, and they displayed exquisite taste.

MEXICAN HOLIDAYS

Even after the beginning of the American regime in the *pueblo*, the native Californians continued to observe two of their important national holidays, May 5 and September 16.

The former, *Cinco de Mayo*, is a reminder of the victory of General Zaragoza over the French at Puebla, in 1862. On this holiday things were always lively around the Plaza. For example, in 1876, many joined in a parade with Senor Guerrero's band, while gaily colored American and Mexican flags flew in the breeze. That evening everyone gathered at the Merced Theatre. There national airs were played by the theater orchestra; then Senor Molla, assisted by a chorus of twenty singers, "rendered the national hymn." This was followed by "a grand dramatic performance" in Spanish.

However their big day was September 16, the real Independence Day. The Gringos joined them in this celebration just as the Mexicans helped them at the Fourth of July. This festivity always began the night before with a torchlight parade, and at 11 P.M. a salute to Father Hidalgo, who led the Mexicans in their fight to throw off the yoke of Spain.

In 1869 (*News*, September 17) the Mexicans had an elaborate observance with a grand parade, and spirited music by native musicians. In one car, festooned with flowers and flags, sixteen beautiful young Mexican girls, dressed in white, were seated. Angelita Salazar represented America, Adriana Avila, Justice, and Olympia Silva, Liberty. After about a thousand people had paraded around town, they gathered at a picnic ground. Here large tables, spread under the trees, "groaned under their loads of eatables and drinkables." All the finest delicacies of the season and wine and lager were served in abundance. There was much enthusiasm and applause for the speeches made by P. Davits, G. Billalobos, G. D. Guerrero, and others.

Each year there was the same general type of celebration under the direction of such prominent Angelenos as Grand Marshall J. J. Carrillo. "The Marshal and his aides headed the procession, looking superb in their regalia of red, green, and very handsomely mounted." There was a long line of horsemen, and several Mexican families rode in carriages, while the young peoples' association walked proudly, carrying both American and Mexican flags. There were also several volunteer fire companies, the Los Angeles Guards, and lovely young señoritas, in white, on a dray drawn by handsome

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

bay horses. These girls wore Liberty caps, while another vehicle carried young ladies with crowns bearing the names of the various Mexican states.

That afternoon a tragedy was averted by Marshal Carrillo who was standing in front of Cassagnes' Livery Stable, when a carriage came dashing along "at lightning speed and no driver."

To mount his charger and put his hand on the bridle of the desperate and flying animal, in a distance of 50 yards, was the work of hardly a moment for the Marshal. He was just in time to prevent horse and wagon from dashing into a group of frightened children and perhaps killing some of them. The whole accident, which was hardly half a minute in enacting itself was characterized by gallantry and splendid horsemanship.

—*Express*, September 17, 1875

Profuse illuminations that night began at the Plaza and extended through Sonora Town to the north. A platform was erected between New High Street and Eternity (later North Broadway). "Fun, frolic, fireworks, and speeches were the order of the evening," with such local orators as Juan V. Lopez and Pio Quinto Davila giving fiery orations in their native tongue. The magnificent display of fireworks brought shouts of delight from the large crowd, which concluded the day by dancing until midnight.



The Redondo Railroad

By Franklyn Hoyt



URING 1887, when the southern California real estate boom was reaching a climax, the town of Rosecrans was started on Vermont Avenue about six miles south of the present Exposition Park. The town was laid out into 3,000 lots having an average size of about 50 by 140 feet, and were priced at \$50. It was announced that a hotel and railroad would soon be built, the promoters promising that the value of lots would soon increase 500 per cent.¹

In July the promoters of Rosecrans advertised in the Los Angeles newspapers that they would sell 400 lots for \$100 each, payable at the rate of \$10 per month. This same advertisement promised that a motor road would be running between Los Angeles and Rosecrans within ninety days. Another advertisement a few days later stated that a first class motor road would be built "connecting with the Main-Street car line at Agricultural Park, running out Vermont Avenue to Rosecrans, thence to the Ocean Beach, the rails have been ordered."²

Late in August it was announced that a contract had been let for the building of the railroad, and the promoters "guaranteed" that trains would be "running by October 15, 1887, when all lots will be doubled in value." The promise to have trains running by October 15 proved to be too optimistic; October 30th an advertisement stated that "Our motor road is completed and will soon be running."³

Two months later trains were finally running between Agricultural Park and Rosecrans, and the Los Angeles *Tribune* announced that

The Redondo Railroad

The new steam motor for the Rosecrans rapid transit road was hauled to the terminus at Agricultural Park yesterday. It was built . . . at the Fulton Iron Works in this city. . . . It weighs between four and five tons, and . . . 15-horse power.⁴

The main purpose of the railroad was to promote the real estate development of Rosecrans, and the railroad served its purpose well. Large advertisements were carried in the newspapers, and special excursions were run to the town on Sundays. So successful were these promotion schemes that the size of Rosecrans doubled, and the price of lots was increased to \$240. It was expected that soon the line would be double-tracked and extended about nine more miles to the ocean.⁵

When the real estate bubble burst, toward the end of 1888, Rosecrans became just a memory; six years later a farmer was arrested for plowing up the streets. The charges were dismissed "conditioned upon said Jas. T. Dunn replacing the stakes at the corners of streets where the same have been displaced by plowing and refraining from plowing said streets in the future."⁶

Even though the town of Rosecrans disappeared, the little narrow gauge railroad was saved from oblivion by the development of a booming summer resort at Redondo Beach. This beach town had been founded in 1887 by the Redondo Beach Company which set out "to make a seaside bathing town of the old Salt Works tract." Captain George J. Ainsworth, R. H. Thompson, and a "small coterie of our leading citizens purchased a thousand or more acres of the San Pedro Rancho . . . with the view of making it a pleasure resort."⁷

In 1888 the Redondo Beach Company published a small book designed to promote a seaport at Redondo. Folded into the back of this booklet is a map which shows some of the development which was proposed for Redondo. There was to be a "pleasure pier" about 500 feet long, a ship pier 1,000 feet long, and a "ship basin" having 29 feet of water at low tide and berths for 20 ships.⁸

Residents of Redondo at the present time would probably dispute the claim that

There is a concurrence of testimony from many reliable sources that even when storm waves are breaking on the beach further north, the deep-water frontage of Redondo is, comparatively, quiet.⁹

Early in 1888 the promoters of Inglewood became interested in Redondo Beach, and the two real estate developments were merged under the name of the Redondo Beach and Centinela-Inglewood Land Company. It was expected that many new homes would be constructed in the two towns and the company announced that "for the purpose of furnishing material for cheap homes at Redondo Beach and Inglewood we found it necessary to enter the field of lumber merchandising."¹⁰

Construction of a \$100,000 iron pier was begun at Redondo, and plans were laid for building a large resort hotel. April 5, 1888, the Santa Fe Railroad completed a branch line through Inglewood to Redondo.¹¹

About the first of April, 1889, the Redondo Beach and Centinela-Inglewood Land Company purchased the Rosecrans Railroad for \$25,000, and made plans to extend this narrow gauge line through Sunnyside, Athens, and Gardena to the ocean at Redondo.¹²

Early in March, S. O. Brown of Los Angeles, who was representing the Redondo Railroad, appeared before the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors and requested that a franchise be granted for the operating of a railroad "from the present terminus of the Rosecrans Railway on Vermont Avenue . . . to the ocean at Redondo Beach." This franchise was granted by the Board of Supervisors on March 6, 1889, with the understanding that the fare between Los Angeles and Redondo was not to exceed three cents per mile.¹³

The franchise also specified that the railroad was to use the new type of noiseless "dummy" locomotive, but there was some delay in getting these locomotives and the company asked "permission to use the old dummy for a period of 75 days between Ag. [ricultural] Park and Redondo Beach, and also two light steam locomotives for the same period." The Board of Supervisors granted this request in May, 1889.¹⁴

The Redondo Railroad

Grading of the roadbed was begun soon after the franchise was granted, and by the last of June the *Express* reported the extension of the Rosecrans road to Redondo was nearly finished. The article went on to say that ties and rails were on hand and the cars and other equipment were expected in ten days. Grading was entirely finished and it was hoped that the railroad would be operating the middle of July, by which time the new Ocean Hotel would be ready to receive vacationers.¹⁵

Originally the Redondo Railroad had planned to build a standard gauge line between Rosecrans and the beach and then change the narrow gauge line between Agricultural Park and Rosecrans to standard gauge. For some reason, probably financial, these plans were altered, and December 30, 1889, the Board of Supervisors was asked to grant permission to change the line from Rosecrans to Redondo Beach to narrow gauge. Permission was finally granted May 12, 1890.¹⁶

There is a difference of opinion as to when the railroad began operating. The *Report* of the California Railroad Commission states that the Redondo Railroad "was opened for public use in January, 1890." The Los Angeles newspapers are probably more accurate when they state that the narrow gauge line began operating in June, 1890.¹⁷

Total cost of the railroad to December 31, 1891, including locomotives and cars, was more than \$300,000. Construction was financed entirely through the sale of stock. In December, 1890, there were six stockholders owning 5,000 shares with a par value of \$500,000 which they had purchased for \$291,000.¹⁸

The right of way between Rosecrans and Redondo Beach was purchased for \$24,736. Much of this right of way was secured at no cost to the railroad: "Individuals donated 120 acres of land; estimated value, \$34,000; corporations donated 56 town lots; estimated value, \$22,400."

Five regular passenger stations were operated by the railroad in addition to six flag stops. The regular stations were presumably located in Redondo Beach, Inglewood, Rosecrans, Agricultural

Park, and on the corner of Jefferson and Grand in Los Angeles. Eighteen miles of telegraph and telephone lines were operated by "this company and Pacific Postal Telegraph Company."¹⁹

Agricultural Park was so remote from the center of Los Angeles that the railroad asked permission to build a depot on the corner of Jefferson and Grand and to extend their lines to that point. In December, 1889, a petition was presented to the Board of Supervisors by the railroad asking permission "to lay their track along the south side of Agricultural Park and across Figueroa St. and Grand Avenue to a connection with the Grand Avenue cable line, at Jefferson Street." This petition was granted five months later.²⁰

Exactly when the railroad was extended to the corner of Jefferson Street and Grand Avenue is uncertain, but newspaper advertisements during August, 1891, stated that trains were operating to the new depot. These advertisements also stated that trains left Los Angeles for Inglewood and Redondo Beach about every hour and a half between eight o'clock in the morning and eight o'clock in the evening. Travelers were instructed to "take Grand Ave. Cable Cars, and Main St. and Agricultural Park Horse Cars."²¹

The Redondo Railroad was a success from the very beginning. During its first full year of operation the railroad earned over \$29,000 from passenger fares, nearly \$28,000 from freight charges, and over \$1,000 from other sources. Gross earnings for 1891 were \$58,632 and expenses \$57,698, leaving a profit of \$933.²²

Two railroads were operating to Redondo Beach in 1891; the Redondo Railroad and the Santa Fe, but the majority of passengers and freight was carried on the Redondo Railroad. The Santa Fe Railroad was only operating two trains each day to Redondo, while the Redondo Railroad was running twice that number. The Redondo Railroad was faster than the Santa Fe, the trip from Los Angeles to the beach taking only fifty minutes.²³

The reputation of Redondo Beach as a resort town increased; Sunday and holiday excursion trains were crowded with people attempting to escape from the heat of Los Angeles. Even during January the *Express* was able to report that "Every train to this

The Redondo Railroad

beach yesterday brought down well-filled coaches. . . . Picknicking parties were numerous. . . . Fishing on the pier was good.”²⁴

One of the most profitable enterprises of the Redondo Beach Company was the wharf which that company built at Redondo toward the end of 1889. The wharf cost \$65,000 to build, according to a statement made by Captain Ainsworth before the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors in January, 1891. During 1890, the first year of its operation, the gross income from the wharf was about \$20,000 and the operating expenses \$12,000 to \$15,000.²⁵

Redondo was several hours closer to San Francisco than San Pedro, and for this reason received considerable business from the merchants of Los Angeles. The *Express* said, in September, 1891:

Superintendent J. N. Sutton reports that the Redondo railroad is doing about all the business that it can handle. . . .

The *Pomona* called at Redondo, north bound, taking aboard forty passengers and four carloads of mixed merchandise for San Francisco.²⁶

In its report to the California Railroad Commission for the year 1891 the Redondo Railroad stated that it had earned \$54,280 from passenger fares and had carried 22,102 tons of freight at an average rate of \$1.25 per ton. About 85% of this freight was made up of lumber, general merchandise, cement, brick and lime; the balance consisted of small shipments of grain, flour, hay, fruit, vegetables, hides, coke, petroleum, sugar, iron, machinery, furniture, wine, and beer.²⁷

Business continued to be good during the early part of 1892. In January the *Express* reported that during the previous week six steamers had unloaded 242 tons of merchandise and 1,141,000 feet of lumber at the Redondo wharf. Between February 3rd and 12th, 539 tons of merchandise and 325,000 feet of lumber were unloaded.²⁸

Prospects for the Redondo Railroad were so bright at the end of 1891 that several extensions were planned. It was said that “surveys have been made” for a line from Gardena to San Pedro and another branch was expected to run “along the beach” from

Redondo to Santa Monica. "There is also the prospect of the line being extended to the interior towards Chino." None of these branches was ever constructed.²⁹

Wages paid by the Redondo Railroad sound amazingly low today; officers of the company were only paid \$1,200 per year, while office clerks received an annual salary of \$400. Engineers, conductors and machinists were all paid \$1,080, but firemen received only \$810 per year. The company employed a total of fifty-six people, including three clerks, three engineers, three firemen, three conductors, one machinist, and about thirty-three common laborers. The total paid out for wages in 1891 was \$43,840.³⁰

There is little information concerning the railroad between 1892 and 1899. Another wharf was constructed at Redondo, and the railroad was operating "one steam tug, and moorings at Redondo Beach." Gross earnings during 1899 were less than they had been in 1891, but profits were considerably more. Freight charges brought in \$22,333 and \$16,515 was received from passenger fares. "Other" earnings, probably wharfage charges, brought in another \$16,643. Total earnings for the year were \$55,490, expenses were \$44,677, leaving a net profit of \$10,814.³¹

In 1903 the line to Redondo was electrified, and the steam locomotives no longer puffed into the little station at the corner of Jefferson and Grand. Later, Henry Huntington bought control of the railway, and when the great merger took place in the fall of 1911 the Redondo Railroad became part of the Pacific Electric Railway.³²

NOTES

1. Glenn S. Dumke, *The Boom of the Eighties in Southern California* (Huntington Library, 1944), 177.
2. *Los Angeles Tribune*, July 28, August 17, 1887.
3. *Ibid.*, August 28, October 30, 1887.
4. *Ibid.*, December 23, 1887.
5. Dumke, *op. cit.*, 177; *Los Angeles Times*, September 17, 1888.
6. Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, *Minutes*, XVII, 139. August 21, 1894, the Board of Supervisors granted permission to Llewellyn Bixby, Jotham Bixby, W. W. Howard, L. M. Grider, W. O. Dow, H. E. Stoers, E. R. d'Artois, Max

The Redondo Railroad

- Lowenthal, F. E. Lacy, Wm. Crawford, "and others," to change the name of Rosecrans to Howard. *Ibid.*, XVIII, 186.
7. Los Angeles *Herald*, January 11, 1888, as cited in Redondo Beach Company, *Natural Advantages of Redondo Beach for the Accommodation of Deep-Sea Commerce* (San Francisco, 1888), 43, 46.
 8. *Ibid.*
 9. *Ibid.*, 10.
 10. Dumke, *op. cit.*, 69; Los Angeles *Express*, January 3, 26, 1888, as cited in *Ibid.*
 11. Dumke, *op. cit.*, 69; Los Angeles *Cactus*, April 14, 1888.
 12. Glenn S. Dumke, "Early Interurban Transportation in the Los Angeles Area," Historical Society of Southern California, *Quarterly*, XXII (December, 1940) 133-134; California Railroad Commission, *Annual Report*, 1892 (Sacramento, 1879-1912, 315; *Poor's Manual of the Railroads of the United States, Street Railway and Traction Companies* . . . (57 vols., New York, 1868-1924), XXV, 1375.
 13. Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, *Minutes*, XII, 19-22.
 14. *Ibid.*, 110.
 15. Los Angeles *Express*, June 28, 1889.
 16. Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, *Minutes*, XII, 373, 497, 500.
 17. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1892), 320; Los Angeles *Express*, December 31, 1891.
 18. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1891), 254; the Los Angeles *Express*, December 31, 1891, stated that "the road has no indebtedness whatever."
 19. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1892), 315, 320. This same report also stated that rails cost \$49.04 per ton, redwood and Oregon pine ties averaged 30c each, and the average cost of coal was \$10 per ton. The locomotives consumed an average of 36 pounds of coal for each mile they traveled.
 20. Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, *Minutes*, XII, 365, 371-373, 497, 500.
 21. Los Angeles *Express*, August 11, 1891.
 22. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1892), 316.
 23. Los Angeles *Express*, December 12, 1891.
 24. *Ibid.*, January 18, 1892.
 25. Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, *Minutes*, XIII, 220. The Board set the annual license fee for the wharf at \$100 and fixed the following toll charges for 1891: lumber \$3 per 1,000 feet; other freight \$2.50 per ton.
 26. Los Angeles *Express*, September 12, 1891.
 27. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1892), 319.
 28. Los Angeles *Express*, January 29, February 12, 1892.
 29. *Ibid.*, December 31, 1891.
 30. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1892), 318.
 31. *Ibid.* (1900), 221, 223-224. In 1891 the railroad had taken in over \$58,000, but made a profit of only \$900.
 32. Dumke, "Early Interurban Transportation in the Los Angeles Area," 133-134.

Ozro William Childs

By Hortense Childs Reynolds



OZRO WILLIAM CHILDS was born in Sutton, Caledonia County, Vermont, June 3, 1824. His parents were of New England birth, his father being of English and his mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Richardson, of Scotch extraction. The father was a farmer in comfortable circumstances in the son's younger days. Both parents, like New Englanders generally, were industrious and economical and taught their children to work and cultivate steady habits. Jacob and Sarah Childs had eight children, Moulton, Philura, Lucy, Ozro, Betsy, Laura, Marcus and Sarah.

No childhood records on Ozro William appear until the age of twelve years. At that time he was accustomed to do the work of a man on his father's farm. In early life his school advantages were limited. At the age of sixteen, his father consented to his entering Brownington Academy fourteen miles from home, on condition that he should defray his own expenses, which he did by labor, his mother contributing to his support by bringing him a store of provisions every Saturday. In this way he was enabled to study during two terms at Brownington and afterwards two more terms at Lyndon.

If young Childs was always a hard worker on the paternal homestead, he was also a diligent student at school. After having completed the four academic terms he taught school for three successive winters, but continual exposure to inclement weather, alike while working on his father's place and subsequently while engaged in district school teaching, brought on asthmatic troubles, finally compelling him to abandon all agricultural and educational pursuits as well. His father then procured him a situation as a clerk in a store, where his compensation was eight dollars a month. He soon learned the business, but the compensation was too small even in

those days so he gave up that occupation and went to seek his fortune in the West.

Having acquaintance in Ohio, he journeyed to Massillon where he was employed for a short time with Russell & Company, manufacturers of farm implements, his work being to paint the tools as they were turned out. Not long after his arrival in Massillon his attention was called to a notice that there would be an examination of candidates for school teaching. On the appointed day he presented himself, was examined, and accorded a certificate to teach in the public schools. He had no difficulty in obtaining a situation. He was assigned the charge of a school of one hundred and twenty scholars at a monthly salary of twelve dollars, and he taught there with success until the termination of his engagement.

Mr. Childs now began to consider that it would be better for him to have some permanent business, something that he could follow steadily rather than being engaged by turns in different kinds of work. He resolved to discontinue teaching altogether and he learned the art of tinsmith. Soon he opened a shop of his own at Newcomerstown where he followed his trade for three years, at the end of which time he had accumulated a thousand dollars,—this in those days was regarded as no inconsiderable amount. However the rigor of the winters in Ohio so aggravated his asthma that he found it necessary to remove to a mild climate. Hearing of the discovery of gold in California together with the equability and salubrity of the climate, Mr. Childs determined to emigrate thither.

In March 1850, in company with a hundred other men, he took passage at Wheeling, West Virginia, on a steamboat bound for New Orleans. After a short delay in the Crescent City the whole party took shipping on the bark *Zenobia* for Nicaragua in Central America. The bark was carried toward the coast of Florida and the voyage came near terminating at Key West because of homesickness on the part of some of the passengers who insisted upon going ashore, while the others who were determined to proceed to Nicaragua remonstrated with the captain of the bark and, drawing their pistols, compelled him to keep the vessel on her course. After a long wearisome voyage they all arrived at San Juan, landed in safety, crossed the

Isthmus and reached a port on the Pacific Coast, probably León. Nearly every man was ailing, provisions were scarce, and the possibility of starvation stared them in the face; the general anxiety was increased by the fact that they saw no prospect of being enabled to go to California which was their objective point. However, good fortune smiled upon them, for in a few days a vessel bound for San Francisco dropped into port for water. The party embarked on the friendly craft, a rude upper deck being hastily constructed for their accommodation, and after a buffeting sail of forty-one days the vessel entered the harbor of San Francisco.

Mr. Childs had generously used his money to assist some of his less fortunate fellow-passengers and when he landed on California soil, the 17th day of August, 1850, he had but twelve dollars left.

San Francisco had lately been visited with an extensive conflagration and did not present an attractive appearance to a seeker of fortune. Childs did not tarry there but set out at once for the mines in the upper country by the way of Sacramento trusting that camp-life would have a beneficial effect on his health. He soon left Sacramento for the diggings, on foot, but discovered that he was not strong enough to go any distance and returned to that town. Here his skill in the tinner's art stood him in good stead, for he readily secured a contract to make fifty dozen miner's pans at ten dollars per dozen; on the fulfillment of this contract he returned to San Francisco. The prevailing cold winds from the bay after a time proved so unfavorable to his respiratory difficulties that he concluded to seek a better climate. Falling in with a man named Hicks, he struck a partnership with him and the two, having no particular place in mind, took passage on a south-bound vessel. This venture on their part was in the nature of trip of exploration to find any desirable location both for temperature and business. The vessel touched at Monterey, Santa Barbara and San Pedro. In the last named harbor the captain informed his passengers that he would not enter another port till he had reached Valparaiso in Chile and that those who did not wish to go to South America must land at San Pedro. Thereupon Childs and his partner decided to go ashore with their tools and

stock of tin which they had brought with them. The force of circumstances now led them to go to Los Angeles.

Engaging transportation for himself, his partner and their freight by ox team, the only mode of public conveyance then existing, they started at a slow pace from San Pedro for Los Angeles. Immediately on arriving in Los Angeles the partners set up a shop and commenced manufacturing various articles of tin ware. The old established dealers in the locality soon exhausted their stocks, and then the trade went to the enterprising newcomers. In California at that period money was freely spent and the markets were good for any commodity. The specialty of tin trade was not very extensive yet the new firm rose rapidly and soon branched out in several directions. Hides, wool, and flour brought from San Francisco were sold on commission and an extensive trade in staples was carried on with a group of Mormons in the County of San Bernardino. This gradually led the firm into the grocery and provision line. After four years Mr. Hicks withdrew from the partnership with \$40,000.00 as his share of the profits and later Mr. Childs sold out his interest, having cleared a hundred thousand in his regular business and in real estate operations.

In 1856 Mr. Childs purchased a large tract of land to the east of Main Street. There he developed fruit orchards and groves of chestnuts and walnuts. Some years later we read in the daily paper that he shipped that day 4,000 lbs. of walnuts to San Francisco and that his chestnuts were bringing 75¢ a pound. For a time he was the only prominent fruit grower in Los Angeles. Mr. Childs also grew ornamental trees and shrubs in his nursery, importing seeds and plants from South America and Europe whenever possible. This industry yielded him considerable income.

In 1858 the Los Angeles Water Works Company was formed to carry water to the northwestern part of the city, a year later further improvements took water to the southwest area, but it was not until 1864 that water was piped to the residents. Up to that time ditches called *zanjas*, were dug to carry it. Those who undertook the construction of *zanjas* for the city relied chiefly upon Indian labor but the Indians were lazy, lived in great measure on public bounty and

saw no sense in working. If they refused to work on the ditches however, they were arrested for loafing and promptly sentenced to shovel and pickaxe.

In 1859 or 1860 Mr. Childs constructed an irrigation ditch for the city some 1600 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. It ran down Main Street from the *Zanja Madre*, crossed about where The Farmers & Merchants Bank is today, meandered up to where the Philharmonic Auditorium stands then went down Olive Street terminating at Ninth. In payment he received a parcel of land that began just south of Sixth Street and ran down as far as Ninth, taking in the territory between Main and Pearl (Figueroa), and covering about 200 acres. Had he held on to that land, its ultimate value would have been so great that he would have received more money for the *Zanja* than the United States paid for the Panama Canal. Personally he profited little. He gave quite a bit of the land to members of his family, he donated the entire block bounded by 6th, Fort (Broadway), 7th, and Hill Streets as a site for St. Vincent's College. Bullock's stands today on a portion of that property; he also donated to the college another block which was then planted with orange trees. The Los Angeles Athletic Club now occupies the site.

One of Mr. Childs' outstanding successes was the Grand Opera House which he built in 1884 and which brought to Los Angeles the finest in theatre that America then offered. For twenty - five years such artists as Booth & Barrett, Frederick Warde and Louis James, Richard Mansfield, Robert Mantell and Stuart Robson played here. Emma Abbot, Fay Tempelton, Lillian Russell, Frank Daniels. Modjeska often played the Grand; the beautiful Lily Langtry, Sarah Bernhardt and Julia Marlowe. Joe Jefferson played as Bob Acres in "The Rivals" with old Mrs. Drew as Mrs. Malaprop and Georgie Drew Barrymore as Lydia Languish; then Maude Adams and the Barrymores. It brought a wealth of culture and delight to the people of the city. The original investment in the building was around \$150,000.00. It seated nearly 1800 and was both luxurious and beautiful.

Mr. Childs was one of the founders of the University of Southern California for which he contributed part of the land; an original

Ozro William Childs

organizer of the Farmers & Merchants National Bank; Trustee of the Home Mutual Fire Insurance Company of California; President of the Los Angeles Electric Company and held many other positions, proving the trust and respect in which he was regarded. With his remarkable business ability and farsightedness, his services were in constant demand during his thirty years in Los Angeles.

In 1860 Mr. Childs was married to Miss Emeline Huber of Louisville, Kentucky. Her father, Joseph Huber, had come alone at the age of nineteen, from Oberkirch in Baden, Germany, and settled in Louisville; this was in December, 1832. There he met Appolonia Ganter whose parents had also emigrated from Baden. They were married in 1836.

Mr. Huber made a few months' visit to California in 1855, and in 1857 he returned to settle in Los Angeles and a year later was followed by his family.

* * *

After their marriage and a wedding trip to San Francisco, my father brought his bride to an adobe house that he owned on a large tract he had recently purchased east of Main and just south of Tenth, where they lived for some time, more or less in the then prevailing Spanish fashion. An Indian girl assisted mother in the house. Indians and Chinese worked on "the ranch." In this house, the first four of their ten children were born; Lily, Stella, Joseph and Ozro Wm. Jr.

After some years, my parents built a home on a ten acre tract west of Main between Eleventh, Twelfth, and Hill Streets, which in time became a show place in the city because of its lovely garden. The grounds were lavishly planted with Monterey Pines, Cedars, Eucalyptus and many exotic trees; thick cypress hedges gave privacy from the street and divided gardens from orchards. There were wide lawns, gravelled walks and drives and a summer house beside the tennis court—the first court in Los Angeles.

The home was managed much as a farm would be, the property producing nearly all of the food the family could use, in great

abundance and variety; fruits and vegetables, poultry, pigeons, honey (for my father had imported a hive of bees from San Francisco), and the dairy products from four Jersey cows. Mother tended the milk room, skimming the cream, churning butter, making cottage cheese. She was an ardent housekeeper and an excellent cook, and while she now had two maids and a Chinese boy to help, she left little of the dairy work to others.

As the children matured and social life made greater demands upon her, she was able to turn over many of her responsibilities to a housekeeper, Margaret Tierney, an intelligent and capable woman who, though employed as nurse for the younger children, remained with the family twenty-six years, assisting, managing, caring-for, acting as companion and chaperone, nursing my father during his asthmatic attacks and in his last illness. Margaret was an unforgettable character. She had the love and devotion of the entire family.

My father's death came suddenly on April 17th 1890; he was sixty-six. At that time we were living temporarily across the way from home while our old house was being remodeled and enlarged. It was to be completed a few months later in time for my sister Carrie's marriage to Frank Hicks of San Francisco. For a fortnight or so Father had been ill in bed with the then prevalent "grippe." His doctor considered him about out of danger of pneumonia when during a spell of violent coughing one morning, his heart gave out. I was eleven when he died.

I remember Father vividly: five feet four inches in height, thick wavy grey hair and beard, expressive dark brown eyes, a quiet manner, very gentle, very affectionate, a quick gay humor. He possessed endless patience and in whatever he undertook, unswerving determination. I think of him now in his big leather chair by the spacious living room windows reading and smoking; or at dinner pouring a little claret into my glass of sugared water; going to business in his broad-brimmed, black hat and graceful velvet-collared cape. Usually he drove himself to his office—a bay or a grey team to an open buggy. He was fond of good horses and horse racing to which he often took the family at Agricultural Park where



—Courtesy F. B. Putnam

OZRO W. CHILDS



—From the Collection of Ana Begue de Packman

THE OZRO W. CHILDS RESIDENCE
on South Main Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets

Ozro William Childs

he had a box. He was one of the founders of park. When at home he was occupied overseeing work on the place, or when indoors reading or writing, save when my Mother would sing. He loved her voice and would listen with evident pleasure. Owing to frequent attacks of asthma he seldom went to any church, but if Mother was singing a solo for some special feast day he would often be found sitting far back in the Cathedral to listen.

I believe that Father's chief joy in life was work—to construct and develop, and in joining with others of his mind, to launch projects for the improvement of his city and the embellishment of its life. This is certainly what he did do and while he was but one of a number of men whose vision and spirit laid the foundation of today's great city in the modest Pueblo of the fifties, he deserves warm and reverent remembrance for his unselfish and generous devotion to that end.



California Volunteers

*By A. Hunt **



THE FOLLOWING EXCERPTS from California newspapers of the years 1865 and 1866 speak eloquently for themselves. They indicate that, while the volunteers mustered into service in California in the last year of the Civil War did not get into the main action, they nevertheless performed valuable garrison duties along the outposts of the western frontier. They endured the hardships of incredibly long marches through the California and Arizona deserts at times of the year when the temperatures are already intolerable. They fought against marauding Indians and, in a few instances, skirmished with Confederate Irregulars. And, to judge by the tone of their letters, they did their duty uncomplainingly and with good humor.

The first two of these excerpts are editorials which call attention to the scant credit which the California volunteers had received. The others are letters from soldiers on active duty.

From *The Arizona Miner* (date unknown, but probably late 1865):

THE CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEER

No troops raised during the War of Rebellion have received less credit for their services than the California Volunteers, while few have served their country at a greater sacrifice.

Abandoning lucrative pursuits and comfortable homes, they have shown a height and purity of patriotism never surpassed.

Yet, in the Eastern States, little, if anything is known of these excellent soldiers. As an act of simple justice to them and particularly

*This article was submitted with no other identification except the name. If the author sees it in print, the editor will be glad to receive further identification from him.

California Volunteers

to those who, since the entry of the California Column in the Spring of 1862, have been stationed in this Department, we propose in our next issue to begin a series of articles to be entitled the "California Volunteers," where they have been, and what they have done.

We shall be able, we think, to prove to the country that while they have not been permitted to perform upon a conspicuous field, they have rendered most important services in a highly creditable and satisfactory manner.

From the Marysville *Appeal*, December 26, 1865:

RETURNED SOLDIERS

Wm. Boring, Patrick Hearn, Geo. W. Mack and J. M. Babb, the latter a faithful correspondent of the *Appeal*, returned to Marysville. Dec. 23, 1865.

One of them tells us, "We have drilled in garrison together, heard the sound of reveille which called us to duty at our allotted posts; shared the toil of the march over rugged mountains, through deep caverns and dense forests; periled our lives in many fights and skirmishes with hostile Indians; endured cold and hunger; sat night after night beside the company fire; stood picket many nights when the snow and wind descended upon us; shared the tough soldier's fare of salt pork and hard tack; lay night after night on the cold damp earth shivering with cold; heard the tattoo which gave signal for all except the guard to retire with the earth for a bed and a stone for a pillow.

"We have campaigned through woods, swam rapid streams, marched through pleasant praries and over fearful precipices where if we had made one false step, we would have fallen and been dashed to pieces at the bottom."

They rallied at the call, ready to meet what danger might come. They have the respect of every loyal man.

From the *Calaveras Chronicle*, July 1, 1865:

In Camp near Tubac,
Arizona Territory
May 19, 1865

Editor:

Although you may not have expected to hear from this out of the way part of the world, I had previously made up my mind that I should send you an account of the travels and adventures of Company E¹, Seventh Infantry², California Volunteers, which, as you know, was raised in Calaveras.

After spending a few pleasant months at the Presidio we at length received orders to take up our line of march for Arizona. Consequently we, together with Company D³, and Col. Chas. W. Lewis and Regimental Staff, embarked Mar. 31st on board the steamer *Senator* for Wilmington. Here let me say that if any of your readers desire a pleasant trip with a sailor and a gentleman, I would recommend that they apply for passage with Capt. John S. Butters, of the *Senator*, who will make it a pleasure trip indeed.

Arrived at Wilmington, (which although a seaport, is approached by a small shallow creek with lighters), we marched to Drum Barracks, about one mile from town, arriving there on the afternoon of April 2nd.

Behold, then at one o'clock, April 4th, Companies D and E, accompanied by a train of 10 wagons, leaving civilization behind for a three years' sojourn in the wilds of Arizona.

Leaving Drum Barracks, we marched 8 miles that afternoon, making camp on a small creek of excellent water.⁴ April 5, 1865: Leaving camp at 6:30 A.M. April 5th, we marched 18 miles to San Gabriel River (a noble stream about 4 feet wide), leaving Los Angeles 12 miles to left. That night a messenger arrived from Col. James F. Curtis with news of fall of Richmond, at which there was great rejoicing.

April 6: The next day we made 18 miles over good road and

California Volunteers

camped at Temescal on a small creek in a beautiful grove of cottonwood. That night had our first discomfort—heavy rain—which to folks lying on the ground, is not pleasant.

April 8: We traveled 16 miles to the Big Lagoon⁵ passing the Little Lagoon⁶ on the way. The road is a level plain—soil, barren and rocky.

April 9: On the 9th, we marched 26 miles through a rolling country, making camp at Temecula or Melrose, an old Overland Station now inhabited by Indians. On Monday we traveled 15 miles through a hilly country to a place called Dutchman's Ranch. (Gef-tareus).

April 11: On April 11th, 18 miles to La Cruz.⁷ On the road, at a place called Cable's Ranch, lives a sister of the late Moses Ferguson, formerly of Mokelumne Hill.

April 12: On April 12th, 22 miles to San Felipe through a thickly settled Indian country. This day Sergeant-Major Davidson and Quartermaster Sergeant Richardson took a wrong trail and have not been heard from since, although every effort was made to find them. The next two days we marched 36 miles over a barren and sandy country, arriving on the 14th at Carriso Creek, the last march that side of the great Yuma Desert. Here, changing the march to night, we left camp on the evening of the 15th and marched 36 miles to Indian Wells, an old stage station where we found about enough water to use and not very good at that.

Next night we traveled due east 30 miles—18 of which was hard good road—the balance being heavy sand. At 5:00 A.M. we made Alamo Wells. Leaving 6:00 P.M. we passed Seven Wells at 12:30 o'clock and camped at Cock's Wells, having marched 24 miles. We met here Company E, Fourth Infantry California Volunteers, returning from Yuma to Drum Barracks.

April 18: On the 18th we started at 5:00 P.M. marching 12 miles over a heavy sandy road, and then 6 miles to Pilot Knob on the Colorado River, which we reached at 11:30 P.M.

April 19: On the 19th, leaving camp at 7:00 A.M. we pro-

ceeded through a heavy sand storm for 10 miles on the river to Fort Yuma. Arrived here, we rested one day to prepare for the harder journey yet to come. At Yuma, we found Companies A and B, Seventh Infantry, California Volunteers under command of Capt. James P. Olmstead of Company A.

April 21: On the 21st we started on our march up to the Gila. Leaving Yuma at 1:00 P.M. we marched 5 miles. Next day we made a camp called Oroville, 17 miles. Owing to the strolling propensities of some of our mules, we were compelled to lay over one day.

April 24: On the 24th we marched 17 miles over a very sandy road arriving at Filibuster Camp, the former rendezvous of Crabb and his men before they went into Sonora.

April 25: Next day 18 miles to Mohawk Station.

April 26: On the 26th, 20 miles to a beautiful camp on the river, one mile from the road, called Teamster's Camp.

April 27: On the 27th, 24 miles to Burke's Station, through a beautiful country covered with wild timothy and a profuse growth of mesquite trees, as indeed, there is all through Arizona.

April 28: On the 28th we traveled over barren rocky mesas, 11 miles and passed the spot where the Oatman family were murdered in '56, camping on Oatman Flat, 12 miles from last camp. Here we received the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. The greatest indignation and sorrow was manifested, and it was lucky for the murderer that he was not in our camp.

April 29-30: The next two days we marched 29 miles to the Big Bend of the Gila.

May 1: May 1st, leaving camp at 5:00 P.M. we marched over sandy mountain desert to Maricopa Wells.

May 3: Leaving on the 3rd, we marched 15 miles to Pimo Village, passing through a large number of Indian villages.

On our trip we had Mr. Ammi White, his wagon, and last, though not by any means the least, his young partner, Jerry Stevens, the incomparable Jerry—Jerry the hunter. Now if you, or any-

California Volunteers

body else ever, go that way, do stop and see Jerry. He is an institution himself (as he would be anywhere) the life of the party. The only drawback about Jerry is his contempt for the noble Apaches. He doesn't like them. But language fails to do him justice; call and see him and you will not regret it.

May 4: On the 4th, 12 miles to Sakatone Station, the last camp on the Gila. Leaving that camp we marched 24 miles to Blue Water Station, a deep well on a sandy plain.

May 5: The next day we marched 17 miles to Picachio where we expected to find water, but being disappointed were compelled to travel 25 miles further to the well at Point of Rocks. Arriving there at 8:00 P.M. we found water, and were obliged to dig out some 30 feet of the well which had caved in, reaching water at 3:00 A.M., having been 24 hours and marched 42 miles on one canteen of water to the man and nothing to eat. On the road we passed the graves of Lieut. James Barrett and three of his men of the First Cavalry, California Volunteers, killed by secessionists in '62.⁸

May 7: On the 7th we made Tucson, a town formerly of importance. It is built of adobe and has but three or four white inhabitants. We camped 2 miles this side on an alkali flat, near Santa Cruz River.

May 9: On the 9th, marched nine miles to camp on same river, passing on the way, the old Mission of San Xavier, 137 years old, the inside of which beggars all description. It contains some fine paintings and some of the most beautiful plaster statues I have ever seen.

May 10: The next day we marched 24 miles through a fine thickly wooded country.

May 11: On the morning of the 11th at 9:00 o'clock, we marched through the town of Tubac and proceeded one half mile beyond our present camp, having been 42 days from San Francisco. and having marched 651 miles in 34 days.

Tubac is a small adobe town at present inhabited by Mexicans and garrisoned by Company L, First California Cavalry, Captain

John L. Merriam. This company was partly raised in Calaveras County, and here, now, are some 40 or 50 Calaveras men besides our own Company. Among others I saw: Lieut. A. W. Norton, formerly Justice of Peace at West Point; Corporal Wood; Privates Thos. B. Grant, O. W. Show, Henry A. Butterfield of Mokelumne Hill.

I will not trespass longer on your space but in my next will endeavor to give you some idea of the vast, mineral wealth, as well as of agricultural value of the celebrated "Gadsden Purchase."

Yours & etc.
Calaveras.

From the Dutch Flat *Enquirer*, August 12, 1865, a letter to J. F. Calderwood from his brother Captain M. H. Calderwood of Company D, Seventh Infantry, California Volunteers:

Calabasas, Arizona Territory,
June 27, 1865

I wrote a letter by the last Express which I hope you will receive before this reaches you. I think that I told you that I should move in a few days. I left Tubac on the 21st with my company and came up here, fifteen miles from Tubac, where there will be a fort built this summer, if the Indians will give us time to build it. So much for the reason why I am here.

Now for the current news. On Friday I was out with an escort of the Sergeant and six men hunting for lime rock, to be used in the new fort. I had looked around some time and was one and half miles from camp, when I got the news that the Indians had broken into the Valley about a mile and a half above where I was. I immediately started for the fight with my six men. I went about one mile and came to a ranch on which the Indians were then advancing to attack. They saw me before I did them, and broke and ran. I kept on a half mile farther to the ranch that was attacked. Around and

California Volunteers

in the house, four women and two children lay dead, and one man mortally wounded. The women outside the house were stripped of every rag of clothing.

They did not kill all the people there, as I broke into their nice little arrangement, as I had done at the ranch below. They saw me coming before their work was finished and left the scene of their exploits without giving me a chance to exchange shots with them.

When I first got up to the ranch, I was told that there were 200 Indians. I thought then they would see the small number of my company and venture on and attack, but they did not see fit to pitch in. I waited here until I got more men. I then followed the Indians and they made a break back to the mountains. They stopped long enough to kill an oxen about six miles from the scene of their first attack, but I did not give them time to do more mischief. I followed them until twelve o'clock that night, and being out of provision, I had to desist and come home. Some of my men marched over 50 miles that day without a single complaint.

I have a company of men that will fight or march with any of them. My company broke up the raid of the Indians and saved the lives of at least twenty persons, so you can see that we have done some good already, with a good prospect of doing more.

The Indians are still dangerous, so much so, that I have doubled my guard and sent out three parties on picket. If they attack me, I will give them a very warm reception. This is a very warm country, a great deal warmer than it is in California. We have the old fashioned thunder and lightning here as we did in the States.

I wrote you in my last that I had not been well since I left San Francisco, but now I am in good health and walk twenty or thirty miles without any trouble. My men are all well.

The place where we are stopping is an old Mexican military post, built a good many years ago, but is now almost in ruins. It is a very pleasant place with plenty of wild turkeys, so we have

more or less game to eat. Vegetables are rather scarce but we have gardens growing which will furnish us a supply this fall.

Capt. M. H. Calderwood
Company D Seventh Infantry,
California Volunteers.

NOTES :

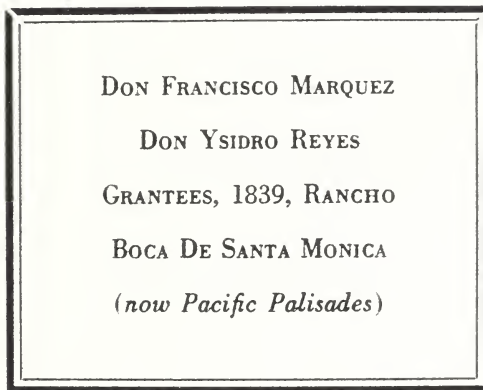
1. This company was raised by Captain Hiram Ashley Messenger of Camp Seco, Calaveras County, and mustered into the service of the United States November 29, 1864 at San Francisco. The company was stationed at the Presidio, San Francisco, from the date of organization to the last of March 1865. It then went to Tubac, Arizona Territory, until May, 1866, when it was ordered back to the Presidio, San Francisco, for the final muster out which occurred June 28, 1866. In accordance with Special Order No. 61.
Captain Hiram Ashley Messenger was born in Peru, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. He left there April 19, 1852 and came overland to Stockton, arriving October 19, 1852. He soon followed the throngs of gold seekers to Mokelumne Hill. Later he purchased a thousand acre ranch near Camp Seco. Capt. Messenger was one of the original projectors of the San Joaquin and Sierra Nevada Railroad. He discovered and helped develop the copper mines at Camp Seco. He served one year in the state legislature. His home, "Casa Blanca," was one of the finest in Calaveras County. His daughter, Mrs. Ed Mayer, still lives at Campo Seco, and is one of three pioneers, still living in the town that was once the center of rich gravel mines.
2. This regiment of infantry was organized in San Francisco Jan. 24, 1865, under Col. Chas. W. Lewis, who was mustered a Colonel Jan. 11, 1865. He was made Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers Mar. 13, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service; was mustered out May 22, 1866. He died Feb. 3, 1871.
The headquarters of the regiment was at Presidio, San Francisco, until March 1, 1865; then at Tubac, A. T. until June, 1865; then at Fort Mason, A. T. until its return to San Francisco to be mustered out, which took place May 22, 1866.
There are no remarks on the muster rolls or monthly returns of headquarters or the companies of this regiment, showing the service they performed.
3. This company was raised by Captain M. H. Calderwood at Dutch Flat and was mustered into the service at the Presidio, San Francisco, January 28, 1865; it remained at the Presidio until April, 1865, when it marched to Tubac, Arizona Territory, where it remained until September, 1865; then at Fort Mason, A. T. until March, 1866, when it was ordered to the Presidio for muster out, which took place May 22, 1866.
Forty seven of the Dutch Flat boys, enlisted in Captain M. H. Calderwood's Company. According to the muster rolls, Dutch Flat supplied a total of sixty-one men for the Column from California.
4. San Domingo Ranch.
5. Laguna Grande is now known as Lake Elsinore.
6. Lagunita is Lee's Lake.
7. Puerta La Cruz is an Indian village, about five miles from Camp Wright near Oak Grove, San Diego County. Its origin is described as follows in an entry in Father Sanchez's Diary, dated September 10, 1821: "Spanish missionaries left Santa Isabel and followed the canyon to where it enters San Jose Valley. Instead of turning *east* at this point, they continued north, crossing the highest hill, and in two and one half hours reached a small hill jutting out into the road. They placed a cross here. There were springs to the north and west and hilly land south-east. They selected this site for a mission and called it Puerta de La Cruz."
8. Lieut. James Barrett killed in action April 15, 1862.

Rancho Boca De Santa Monica

By Mary Boyce Kennedy



WE STAND at the intersection of Marquez Avenue and Jacon Way and thoughtfully read the inscription on a sandstone landmark:



As we stand and read and think, we wish we had a miraculous time-space machine that might, for the moment, obliterate the modern, civilized scene about us, that might roll back the years, the centuries, the millennia, the geologic eras, and reveal to us in kaleidoscopic panorama the sights that no human eye ever saw, the sounds that echoed to the empty sky with no human ear to hear.

We have no time-space machine, but we have the reliable researches of geologists and archeologists, the painstaking records of chroniclers and historians, and the official documents in public archives. These must serve as our key to the past. Let us turn that key and look back to the day when time began for the spot of earth which we know today as the Pacific Palisades.

We seem to see and hear the swish and swirl of age-old floods

swirling where now is Rancho de Santa Monica, and covering land well beyond Topanga Canyon,—flooding south past Bel Air, submerging Westwood, Hollywood and Los Angeles, rushing west to the sea. Weird fish, huge whales, fierce sharks. As the picture changes, waters recede and expose devilfish, side-stepping crabs, over-size oysters, abalones, star fish, queer shells, reefs of seaweed, moss and sponge.

The flood scene fades. A new picture shows jungle vegetation on Rancho Boca de Santa Monica—moist plant life, trees, swamps with terrifying land-and-air snakes, the giant marine reptile Plesiosaurus with elongated neck, the monster lizard-like long-tailed Dinosaur, flying dragons with airplane wings, big birds too big to fly, the enormous ground sloth, tree-high when rising to eat tender tree-tops.

Now coast mountain ranges are seen in the background of Rancho Boca de Santa Monica which appears overrun with wild animals trekking toward La Brea Pits faintly discernible in southeast distance — jungle life let loose. Elephants, mastodons, mammoths, rhinoceros, giant giraffes, camel, lions, saber tooth tigers, huge bears, ferocious wolves, coyotes, deer, flocks of birds, immense-winged vultures and screaming eagles.

Ages pass and presently we see Rancho Boca de Santa Monica's steep Palisades at Inspiration Point above the sea, October 1542. Brown-skinned Indians, scantily dressed, weave thatch into mound shape huts; Indian women under oak trees gather acorns for hand-stone-grinding in near-by hollow rock; other Indians weave baskets, string shells, twist cords into fish nets, make bone awls, chip flint into arrow and knife blades, cut shell fishhooks and "trading money" from clam shells. Suddenly their peaceful routine is shattered by excited shouts of Indians pointing toward strange objects on the sea moving near and close to shore below the Palisades' edge, where in awed wonder they see what appears to their astonished eyes as "canoes with wings"—two little vessels high in front and high in back, with flaming designs on colorful sails, and sun-gold figure heads. The *San Salvador* and *Victoria* endeared to history as Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo's brave little storm-beaten ships, exploring and

Rancho Boca De Santa Monica

buffeting their hazardous way from Mexico up the Pacific coast through Santa Monica Bay north to the Channel Islands.

The scene dims. Two centuries pass before the next picture is revealed. Here, emerging from Santa Monica Canyon at the edge of the stream below the Palisades, we see horsemen in wide-brimmed hats, sleeveless leather jackets, saddle aprons of leather protecting their legs, and short ready-for-use muskets.

These horsemen are scouts with Portolá (1769) exploring trails north to Monterey. They scrutinize the coastline, and see "steep cliffs terminating in the sea where the mountains end"—"the mountains too steep to permit passage," and so they reported to Portolá who "veered somewhat to the Northwest . . . thru a pass in the mountains" (Sepulveda Canyon). The history of Rancho Boca de Santa Monica again intertwines with the history of California's explorers.

The next picture takes us to September 1781, same beach, same bay—Indians on the water fishing from tule rafts, others digging clams. They are interrupted by shouts from visiting Indians who appear at the mouth of the canyon with baskets of berries, roots and seeds to trade for fish and clams. They come from Yang-Na, an Indian Village on the Porciuncula River, so named by Portola's exploring party. The visiting Indians bring exciting news of people from Mission San Gabriel who have just settled near Yang-Na. In Indian speech, with graphic gesture they describe the long procession fording the river, banner, cross and holy image held high; the altar and Mass; the Governor's talk; encampment for the night with guards stationed. And so news of the founding of El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles reaches Rancho Boca de Santa Monica.

More than half a century reels by before we see the next picture of Rancho Boca de Santa Monica (1839), on the mesa atop the Palisades where sheep and cattle graze; horses are seen in shade of willows, sycamores and oaks; snow-white "Baldy" rises in distant sky above wild flowers on curving purple hills; poppies stretch their gold in sunshine toward the sea. The site is where Sunset Boulevard

now meets Chautauqua, and where a granite landmark reads "Ysidro Reyes Adobe erected here, 1839." The picture now shows Ysidro Reyes and wife Maria Antonia Villa and their adobe home. Below in the canyon we catch a glimpse of the Francisco Marquez adobe where he and his wife Maria Roque Valenzuela made their home. A picture of early adobes shows their earthen floors, open windows, doors of rawhide, rafters of bark-peeled trees tied with thongs to cross beams. Mound-like adobe ovens are seen outside for baking.

Public archives tell us the Reyes and Marquez adobes were *required* in the grant to Ysidro Reyes and Francisco Marquez, grantees of Rancho Boca de Santa Monica (9 leagues northwest of the Los Angeles Pueblo). Rugged pioneer surveying showed the Rancho "bounded on the south by the sea, on the north by the hills, on the west by the point of Topanga, on the east by boundaries shown in the plan passing close to the Canada de la Yglesia" (about 26th St. in Santa Monica, along Montana Ave). According to the grant "they could fence it without prejudice to crossroads, highways and right of way. They could enjoy it freely and exclusively, devoting it to the use or cultivation which may suit them. But, *within one year they shall build a house and shall inhabit it.*"

Ysidro Reyes was the son of Don Francisco Reyes, one of the early pueblo settlers. Don Francisco Reyes was granted San Fernando lands which later were relinquished to San Fernando Mission. His wife was Marie Antonia Machado, mother of Ysidro Reyes who at one time served as Alcalde for the pueblo where he took an active part. Ysidro Reyes owned an orchard and vineyard on Washington Street. His leased land at La Brea Pits kept his ox carts busy hauling tar to the pueblo for roofing. He was busy also cutting and cording walnut trees and sycamores from his Rancho on land now occupied by Rustic Canyon Park Playgrounds (old Uplifters' Club). He raised sheep, cattle and fine racing horses to run against the Machado and Lugos' horses. On the mesa these fine animals, cattle, sheep and his home were in constant danger from wild animals, wolves, bears, lions, prowling the place by night. Constant vigilant guard was kept. Finally the family abandoned

Rancho Boca De Santa Monica

their mesa home, moved across the canyon and built a second adobe on ground that now is Adelaide Drive at Seventh Street, Santa Monica. Descendants of the Reyes family enjoy stories of life in this adobe home where inviting dinners were cooked on the hearth in iron kettles which had come around the Horn. In later years when the adobe was in ruins there were stories of treasure hunters digging around and under the place in hope of finding imagined treasure they thought might be buried by Ysidro Reyes. It was in this adobe that Ysidro Reyes II was born, "the first white child born in Santa Monica"—the story is well known. His mother coming to the adobe from the Pueblo in the family *carreta*, intended to return to the pueblo before the baby arrived. Possibly the long rough ride and jolting *carreta* had something to do with the historical birthday of Ysidro Reyes II. at their canyon adobe on Rancho Boca de Santa Monica.

Don Francisco Marquez was a soldier in early pueblo days. He was active in the community as owner of a harness and saddle store that stood on the present day site of Second and Main Streets. Harness and saddle were part of Don Francisco Marquez' love of horses as remembered and recorded in verse by his grandson Perfecto Marquez:

Serene among the sycamores the old adobe stands
Announcement of happy days and Marquez broader lands
A lordly grant this family had that stretched from hills to shore
And many a weary traveller passed thru Don Marquez' door.
Each guest received good food and drink within the peaceful home
Reluctantly he left these walls for distant parts to roam
Newly saddled at the gate a fresh horse waiting stood
Don Marquez' stock was of the best, his choice was always good.
'Vaya Vd. con Dios' the happy children cried
As they saw the guest departing to continue his long ride.
Fandango and fiesta filled many a happy day
A christening meant a barbecue, the world was bright and gay
A century old this house still stands, a marker for the Marquez lands
The same fine spirit still prevails
The Marquez children walk the trails that once Don Marquez trod.

Truly the Marquez children do walk those Rancho trails, for descendants of Francisco Marquez still live on part of the original Rancho Boca de Santa Monica in Santa Monica Canyon, where is also the adobe-walled cemetery (on the San Lorenzo Street), a reverent tribute to those of the Marquez family not now here, who played their part in the romantic, hardy, colorful life of early California.

Historical Brief

Submitted by MARGARET ROMER

San Diego Harbor was a lonely place in 1827 for James P. Arther and his few companions. Arther was mate on the *Brookline*. The men were put ashore to tan the hides collected from the Mexican ranches for shipment East. The ship's carpenter had built them a crude wooden building which served as storehouse, curing house and residence.

These men craved the companionship of fellow Americans. They had no flag. Arther got an idea. He had a red shirt and also a white one that he could spare. One of his companions contributed a blue shirt. They had plenty of time on their hands, so they made a crude American flag.

Then they watched the sea. When an American ship approached, they hoisted their flag — not in a spirit of bravado, but simply to attract companions to break their deadly monotony. It worked, too.

This "shirttail flag" may well have been the first American flag to be raised in the San Diego area.

This same flag was later hoisted several times by the same group for the same purpose, on the Santa Barbara shore.

— Bancroft's *History of California*. Vol. III, Pages 138-139.

Antonio Franco Coronel

By Marco R. Newmark



ANTONIO FRANCO CORONEL was born in Mexico City on October 21, 1817. He received his early education in the schools of his native city, and in 1834 came to Los Angeles with his parents, Don Ygnacio and Dona Mariana Coronel.

In 1836 he applied to the Mexican government for a tract of land in Los Angeles. This land, title to which was received in due time, included the site of one of his future homes, located at the northwest corner of Seventh and Alameda Streets.

In 1843, he was made Judge of the First Instance (Justice of the Peace). In 1844, he was appointed Inspector of the Missions, in which capacity he assisted the *padres* in the compilation of their reports for transmittal to Spain. In the performance of this duty he acquired a thorough knowledge of the Indians, a knowledge which was to prove of inestimable value to Helen Hunt Jackson, when she was gathering material for her famous Southern California novel, *Ramona*.

During the war with Mexico, Coronel served as Captain of Infantry; but after the war, as did the brothers, Andres and Pio Pico, he became a loyal American citizen.

When the city was organized under American rule on July 3, 1850, he was made Assessor, and he was a member of the council, 1850-1863 (President, 1857-1858). (In the early days there were numerous instances in which an individual held two municipal offices at the same time.)

In the summer of 1853, John G. Nichols (Mayor in 1852) and Mayor Coronel, his successor, inaugurated a movement to provide public schools, and Judge J. Lancaster Brent, Lewis Granger, and Stephen C. Foster were appointed school commissioners; but it was

not until the early part of 1855 that the first public school was built. It was a two story brick structure located at the northwest corner of Second and Spring Streets. The school became known, and still is referred to in history as School No. 1.

The city's first board of health was appointed on January 1, 1863. Coronel served on the board during that year and again, 1879-1882.

On December 20, 1881, Helen Hunt Jackson came to Southern California to explore the possibility of writing a novel about the Indians. She stopped at the Pico House and became acquainted with the Coronels. She spent several hours each day at their Alameda Street home—something of a trip in those days.

From them she gathered a great deal of information about the Indians, and it was at their suggestion that she visited Don Ygnacio Del Valle's Camulos Rancho on the Santa Clara River—the only remaining California rancho in which life still went on as it had in days of old.

The information she received from the Del Valles provided the material for much of the background for her story and she used their ranch house as the setting for the story, representing it as the home of her heroine. Her book, *Ramona*, was published in 1884 and is now regarded as one of the great classics of California literature. Mrs. Jackson, in order to express her appreciation for the help she had received from the Del Valles, presented the señora with the first copy.

The Historical Society of Southern California is not a little proud of the fact that Don Antonio was one of the organizers and a vice president of the society when it was founded in 1883.

In 1900, his wife gave to the city a collection of Spanish and Mexican souvenirs he had accumulated through the years. It was placed on exhibition in the Chamber of Commerce, where it remained until 1912, when it was transferred to the Los Angeles County Museum of History, Science and Art. Part of the collection succumbed to the ravages of time but what remains of it may be seen at the museum in the California room.

The long, distinguished career of Antonio Franco Coronel came to an end on April 17, 1894.

Book Reviews

By the Staff

SPRING BOOKS, 1954. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1954. Pp. 25.

In the twenty-sixth year of publishing, the University of Oklahoma Press issues this catalogue of books scheduled for publication during the first six months of the year. Herein, books are briefly reviewed accompanied by short notes on the authors. Among these forthcoming publications, are a number of historical and biographical works which will probably in due time reach the shelves of our Society's new book cases. Thus members and readers may look toward reading reviews from time to time of these new arrivals to our collection. — A.L.C.F.

GEORGE DAVIDSON, *Pioneer West Coast Scientist*. By Oscar Lewis. University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1954. Pp. 146. Maps, ills., Chronology and index. \$3.50.

The author, well known for his books on California history, has taken here a newer phase in the form of the biography of a U.S. Coast Surveyor. Many of us accept the fact that our shore lines and topography are what they are without thought as to how or who is responsible for our knowledge of same. George Davidson came to America with his folks at an early age. He received his schooling in the public schools of Philadelphia, where at Central High he made friends with a young teacher, Alexander Dallas Bache, who was to remain his friend until the latter's death. Through the use of Bache's telescope, his interests turned from mechanic to astronomy and coast surveying. At twenty, he became a member of the U. S. Coast Survey, his first duty being the New England Coast line. He was sent to California to chart the shore from Mexico to Alaska

which was a great help to the navigators bringing immigrants to the Gold Rush. Many mountain peaks today carry the names given them by Davidson. Some of these were named for friends. One bears his wife's first name, although at the time she was a friend and co-worker's daughter and not yet old enough for marriage.

At one time, Davidson was sent to the Canal Zone to survey the new project of constructing the proposed Canal. However, he came down with the illness prevailing in the tropics and was sent home to recover without participating in the project. He was vastly interested in other fields of research, too, and for this reason was often called the "father of western science." Later he became a professor of geography at the University of California and also later, a Regent. He probably left as much to the United States and to California through his work as any one man. A prolific writer much of his work appears in print and is of value today.

PANORAMA. By W. W. Robinson. Published by the Title Insurance and Trust Co. 1953, Los Angeles. Illustrated.

This volume is a board bound issue copiously illustrated with photographs. It is a true history of California of the southland. The story is told by captioned pictures. Panorama starts with the occupation of California by the Spaniards, goes on through the Mission Days and baronial ranches thriving with countless cattle which became the riches of this land. Spanish speaking senors and senoras reigned. Then it brings you down into the North American and the foreigner. This new blood brought the beginning of the great development of the Pacific Coast. Panorama reads like a fairy tale. No lover of California should be without a copy.

SIX GUNS AND SADDLE LEATHER. By Ramon F. Adams. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1954. \$12.50.

This book alerts the imagination as its bibliography recounts of the Southwestern Pioneers, the Outlaws, and Peace Officers who rode their saddles across the plains and over the mountains of the great Southwest. From the list of books compiled in this bibliography, the reader can make his own selection of his favorite historical characters or period.

Book Reviews

QUEST OF A HEMISPHERE. By Donzella Cross Boyle. Illustrated by John C. Woustler. Published by John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia and Pasadena. 1954.

A book for the teenager and for the adult who seeks historical knowledge of the founding of the Western Hemisphere. This chronicle of American History gives the many vicissitudes of the conquest of the Americas and it is fully illustrated with maps, charts and each epoch is well pictured in colors. It covers from the period of Columbus down to the election of Dwight D. Eisenhower as thirty-fourth President of the United States.

PETROLEUM IN VENEZUELA, A HISTORY. By Edwin Lie, University of California Publication in History No. 47. University of California Press, Berkeley, California, 1954. \$2.00.

This publication contains general history of petroleum in Venezuela. The boom era 1922-1929 witnessed competition in the bidding between the United States, England and Holland. Their function was to get the oil to their home bases. The Venezuelans complained of water contamination and high wages to oil workers curtailed agricultural development. These are only a few of the complications that arose, and many more are reported in this intelligent thesis.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY. By Col. J. J. Warner, Judge Benjamin Hays, Dr. J. P. Widney. From the original publication by Louis Lewin & Co. 1876. Republished 1936 by O. W. Smith, 106 South Broadway, Los Angeles. \$1.00.

This centennial history was compiled by the pioneers who saw the American Flag rise over California and who had lived here when the Spanish language prevailed. It reads like a citizens who's-who. The authors recall names of the sons of the first soldiers who came with Portola. They tell us of the Ayuntamiento (Town Council) with the "Dios y Libertad" (God and Liberty) which terminated and authenticated their communications. Here, too, is a record of the first newspaper in Los Angeles, the *Star* published May 17, 1851. The first Masonic Lodge No. 42 organized December 17, 1853, is told. The Hebrew Benevolent Society follows in 1854. They tell of the French Vice Consul raising the French Flag October 29,

1859. Also of the first hospital, "The Los Angeles Infirmary was founded by the Sisters of Charity, May 31, 1858." Countless "firsts" fill this book of Los Angeles County. To read of them, is to appreciate the wondrous development of today. The edition is limited but should be considered a "first must" for the California history fan's bookshelf.

—ALCF

WESTERN WAYFARING. J. Gregg Layne. Introduction by Phil Townsend Hanna. Published by the Automobile Club of Southern California, 1954. Pp. 63, 28 Chapters, 28 Maps. \$4.50.

The Introduction states: "In 1932 the staff of *Touring Topics*, now *Westways*, the official publication of the Automobile Club of Southern California . . . produced an heroic (28"x42) full color *Map of Exploration in the Spanish Southwest* delineating journeys of 28 Spanish and French explorers between 1583 and 1793.

"The map was widely acclaimed. It has been out of print for years and when an occasional copy shows up in a rare book or map dealer's stock, it fetches a high premium."

A companion map of exploration in the American southwest was projected but was deferred; it was revived in a different form in 1949 when *Westways* engaged our late revered member, J. Gregg Layne to prepare 28 essays accompanied by maps, describing the principal routes of exploration and trade in the southwest. Mr. Layne finished the last one shortly before his death on August 16, 1952 and they were printed in *Westways* from January, 1950 thru September, 1952.

They have now been reproduced in an attractive book that will intrigue all vicarious explorers. Each essay has its own map, making it easier to follow an explorer than trying to trace his journey among assorted colors, lines, dots and dashes.

The book opens with Zebulon Montgomery Pike's journey from St. Louis to Pike's Peak, then south to El Paso, the most westerly point of his expedition, south to Chihuahua and Monterrey in Mexico, and on thru San Antonio, Texas.

Book Reviews

There are two trails that might well have been included in the former series, both emanating in old Mexico. Captain Juan Bautista de Anza established the Sonora Trail with an expedition to San Gabriel in 1774 and another over a partially different route in 1775. This trail was in use for nearly a hundred years.

The other Mexican trail, El Camino Real, here called more realistically the Royal Highway rather than the more fanciful King's Highway, started at Loreto, about two-thirds of the distance down Baja California on the 26th Parallel and followed the line of Missions thru San Diego and San Francisco to Solano. This chapter brings to mind the little known fact that there were about thirty** missions in Baja California, all established by the Jesuits except one which was Franciscan.

Other chapters bring back such well known trails as the Santa Fe, Overland, Overland-Butterfield, Oregon and Pony Express, as well as such famous names as Jedediah Strong Smith, Joseph R. Walker, Lt. John C. Fremont and the Manley Death Valley Party. The route of the first transcontinental railroad—making obsolete the Pony Express and Overland Trails—is the subject of another chapter, the end of the old and the beginning of a chapter of history still in the writing.

Two chapters deal with the conquest of California by Col. Stephen W. Kearney and the Mormon Battalion.

Fortunately, other chapters deal with lesser known explorers and give them the recognition that they deserve. Each chapter is brief—just enough to whet the appetite for more, making this book a unique contribution to western literature.

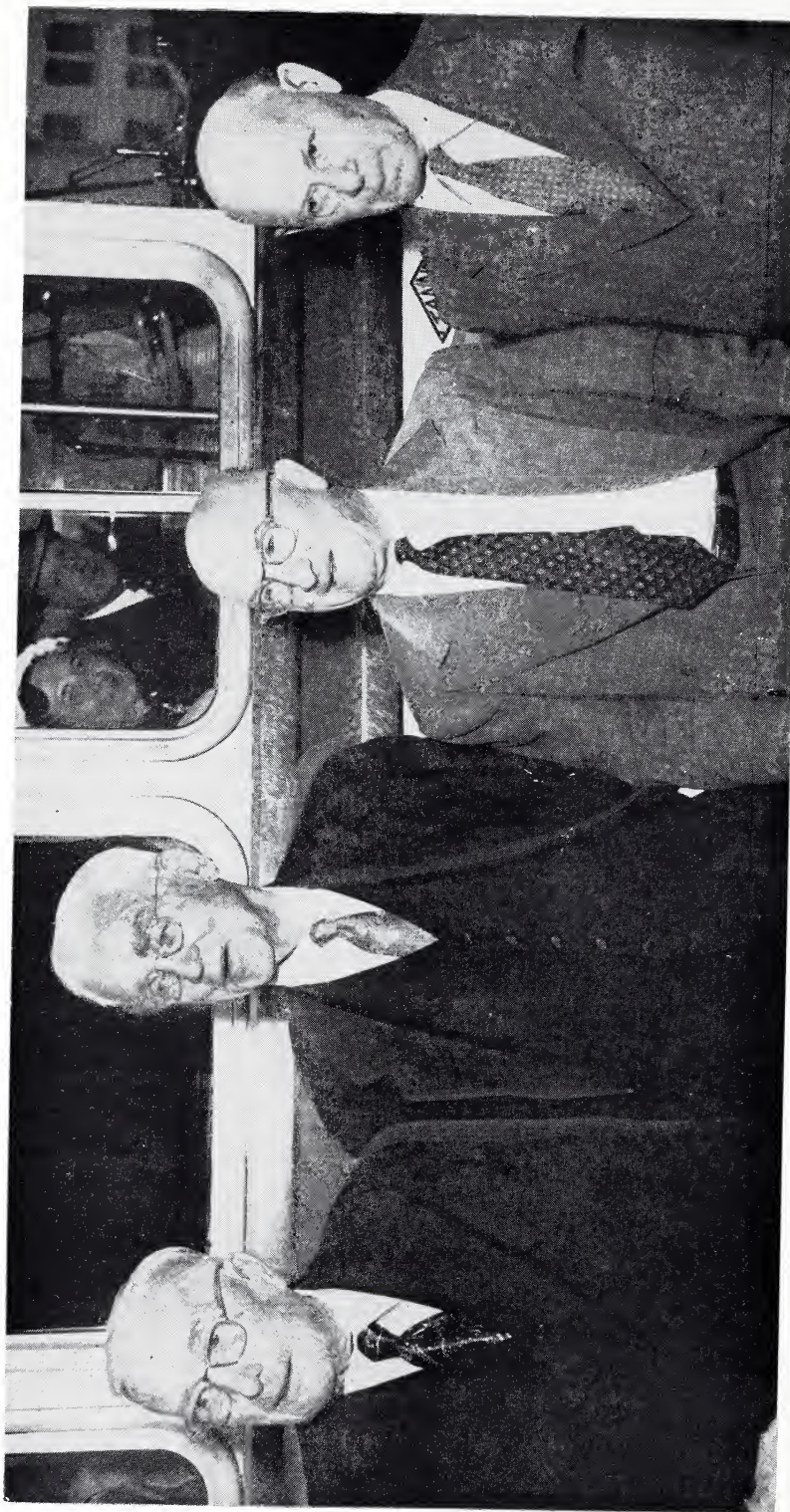
**Layne's map shows 20 missions from Loreto to Todos Santos while a map of the Baja California peninsula issued by the Automobile Club of Southern California shows 22 in addition to 6 more, south of Loreto.

SUTRO LIBRARY: Volume II number 1, Sutro Library Notes that are published occasionally to inform the public of their great store of source material on various phases of history touching California. One item especially compares with our State in the fact that in Georgia vines grew wild and with fruit in abundance.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

FALL BOOKS, 1954. University of Oklahoma Press. Pp. 24.

From Norman Oklahoma comes this catalog of new books for the Fall season. For the most part, these volumes are historical. The title, author and price are included in each item. Also there is a brief resume in book review pattern that tells the story and excites the imagination to read farther. There is among these *Oklahoma* by Edwin McRenolds, a history of the Sooner State; *The Last War Trail*, about the Utes and the settlement of Colorado by Robert P. Emmitt; and *Life in the Far West* by George Frederick Ruxton. Not only are there comments regarding the work, but there are words concerning the authors.



—Photo Courtesy Los Angeles Evening Herald-Express

1954 ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

President John C. Austin, Joseph Scott, Edmond F. Ducommun and Marco R. Newmark (from left to right) are shown prior to boarding special bus that carried Historical Society of Southern California members on visit to Mission San Luis Rey

Activities of the Society

MEETING, April 27, 1954

President John C. Austin introduced the speaker of the evening Mr. Ward Ritchie. Mr. Ritchie called attention to the first printing in Los Angeles and called attention to its growth as a profession and as an art. He brought with him an exhibit of these works. Among these was a copy of the last work done by the late J. Gregg Layne, Editor of our Quarterly. This was entitled "Western Way-faring" and was just off the Ritchie-Anderson Press.

Mr. Ritchie's talk was very informative as he has long been identified as an instructor and director of fine printing. At the close of his discourse, the President invited one and all to adjourn to the coffee table where Mesdames George Varnum and Marco R. Newmark sat at the urns.

MEETING, May 25, 1954

President John C. Austin made welcome new members and guests. Then amid thunderous applause, our Leo Carrillo walked in. There was no need of introducing this speaker.

The subject of the evening was "The Carrillos in California since 1769." This date represents the coming of the Spanish Conquistadores from Nueva Galicia (now Mexico) to found a Spanish colony in Alta California.

Leo was surrounded by various members of his family, including Mrs. James B. Duffey and her two gentlemanly sons. Among

other members of the First Families present were the Sepulvedas of the Palos Verdes, the Reyes of El Triunfo, the Dominguez of San Pedro. There were present also Lugo-Wolfskill Sabichis, and Mr. Lawrence van der Lick, a member of the San Vicente Sepulveda Motts. These members of California's first families all came to pay homage to their compatriot—Leo Carrillo.

After a most interesting and lively discourse smattered with serious thought, the group retired to the refreshment room where pouring at the urns were Mesdames James B. Duffey (Carrillo-Del Valle) and Beatrice S. Mitchell (Lugo-Wolfskill-Sabichi.). So ended a night in which the audience lived through the old traditions of California.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE,

Saturday, June 26, 1954

On the Historical Pilgrimage in a drizzle, officers and members who headed the expedition were President John C. Austin, Attorney Joseph Scott, Landmarks Chairman Edmund Ducommun and Curator Marco R. Newmark.

This year the Historical Society of Southern California journeyed to Mission San Luis Rey, King of Missions, founded 1798. Tanner coaches carried members and friends on the trek. They left from the Society's Headquarters at 2425 Wilshire Boulevard and traveled over what was the old rutted El Camino Real, but today in most places they moved over the rapid timed freeway. Secretary Ana Begue de Packman and Mr. Guy A. Marion, a Chamber of Commerce executive, commented on the many historic spots as the buses rolled along. At Tustin the pilgrims ran onto Highway 101, stopping at Mission San Juan Capistrano, thence to the shore where at the mouth of the San Juan River, the early traders loaded hides from the Mission and surrounding ranchos onto ships that rode at anchor on the waves. Next came Rancho Las Flores and Santa Margarita, the domain of former Governor Pio Pico, more recently the holdings of the O'Neill and Flood interests, but today these vast leagues are the grounds of Camp Pendleton, the Marine

Activities of the Society

Base at Oceanside. Here, the coaches turned off to Mission San Luis Rey.

Light blue tables were set under leafy green trees close to a spraying fountain which, in Indian days, was the source of their domestic water. Franciscan brown clad Padres and Brothers, along with members of the San Diego Historical Society, gave a cordial greeting to the disembarking guests. Basket lunches al fresco with hot coffee served by the brown robed and white aproned Brothers was a delight.

Brother Luke, Director of the Mission guides and his assistants, gave the history of the oldest building on the grounds. This was the Mission Church dedicated in 1813, being one of the few missions that escaped the great earthquake of 1812. This explains why this building is in its original state except for a new flooring and the reinforcing of the roof beams. Mrs. John Davidson, spirit of the San Diego Historical Society, led that group in welcoming our Society.

Gifts to the Society

In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.

The Society is making a special effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.

Every member of the Society has some historic article that would be welcomed, and THE QUARTERLY sincerely hopes that the names of all our members will be recorded from time to time in the gift column.

MARCO R. NEWMARK,
Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests

* * *

- MR. JOHN C. AUSTIN: Four leather bound albums with illustrations that tell the story of the San Francisquito Dam disaster at midnight March 12, 1928. Citizens Restoration Committee: George L. Eastman, John C. Austin, J. C. Edwards and John Burton; Program, Annual Dinner of the Jonathan Club, February 5, 1930; Dedication luncheon of the New Los Angeles City Hall at the Biltmore Hotel April 26, 1928; Invitation to opening dinner of Paseo de Los Angeles, Olvera Street, April 19, 1930; Brochure of the ground breaking ceremonies of the Los Angeles County Courthouse, March 26, 1954; personal letter autographed by Leo Carrillo.
- MR. EDMOND F. DUCOMMUN: Framed photograph of Charles I. Ducommun one of the pioneer builders of the City of Los Angeles. Mr. Ducommun founded a metals business which has survived for over one hundred years.
- MR. AND MRS. BURDICK EATON: 1902 Historical and Biographical Record of Southern California by the late J. M. Guinn, Secretary of the Historical Society of Southern California.

Gifts to the Society

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES: Bronze plaque reading; "124—ISAIAS W. HELLMAN BUILDING" This designated the entrance to the building erected in 1906 at 124 W. Fourth Street.

MR. CLEMENT J. GAGLIANO: Presented a collection of keepsakes belonging to Charles Meyers Jenkins. This pioneer came to Southern California as a boy and served as printer's devil on the Los Angeles *Star*, and from here he arose to be "El Zanjero" the overseer of the rude irrigation ditch that watered the young city of Los Angeles. Charly Jenkins, as he was better known, enlisted and became a soldier—"the only one who went from Los Angeles to serve throughout the war in the Union Army." Among his keepsakes is a hand written diary recording day-by-day maneuvers of this soldier who lived to come back to Los Angeles and be appointed on April 1, 1889, aid-de-camp on the staff of the Department Commander George E. Gard of the Grand Army of the Republic, with rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

MRS. J. GREGG LAYNE: Through the Library of the University of California at Los Angeles, was presented in memory of the late J. Gregg Layne, Past President, Director and Editor of *THE QUARTERLY* of the Historical Society of Southern California, a rare publication "Santa Barbara County." This volume is copiously illustrated and contains biographical sketches of its prominent men and pioneers published in 1883. This is a valuable contribution to the Society's library.

MRS. B. SABICHI MITCHELL: Framed photographs of the donor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sabichi. Mrs. Sabichi, Magdalena, was the daughter of the revered pioneer William Wolfskill and Juana Lugo.

MR. MARCO R. NEWMARK: A volume illustrating seventy-five years of service to the nation by the Bell Telephone Company. This publication contains source material that tells the story of service rendered by the system for three quarters of a century. The fortyfifth Annual Report rendered by the Board of Harbor Commissioners, City of Los Angeles, 1952-1953. Huntington Library, illustrated Visitors' Guide showing the picture of the Library, Art Gallery and Gardens of this memorial institution.

MR. ROD MacLEAN: Asst. Vice-president of the Union Bank & Trust Co. of Los Angeles: A brochure relating "The Union Bank Chapter of the American Story." This publication commemorates the 40th anniversary of one of the foremost institutions of Los Angeles. Its founder Kaspare Cohn was a revered pioneer of the southland.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

- MR. SID D. PLATFORD: Scrapbook. Page from the Pasadena Star-News: success story of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis Tanner (Celis Mabel Gray Tanner) entitled "Buggies to Buses through half a century in Southern California.
- MRS. ISABELLE F. PICO: A lace cape and beaded evening slippers worn in the gay 90s by Senora Catalina Pico, wife of Don Romolo Pico.
- MR. CHARLES PUCK: A collection of shots taken on the arrival of the Pilgrims at San Luis Rey Mission on the annual Pilgrimage of the Society June 26, 1954.
- MR. FRANK PUTNAM: "The Robinson Story" Los Angeles first knew this pioneer dry goods store in 1883 as the Boston Store, then in 1891 it became the J. W. Robinson Company and in 1949 it expanded to include the J. W. Robinson at Beverly Hills. As the town grew, so did Robinson. Leaflet of "Do You Remember" hotels, sports, amusements etc. recalling by gone days in Los Angeles, recordings harking back to 1884 and up to 1934 by Harry F. Maidenbergh and Harry Karstens.
- MR. JOSEPH MORGAN REEVES, JR.: Through Sheriff Eugene Warren Biscailuz: A lifelike oil portrait of the well known native son Charles J. Prudhomme.
- MR. VICTOR ROSSETTI, Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles: Rare leather bound album of historic photographs of Early Los Angeles Days.
- MASTER DENNIS SCHARFF: A collection of photos depicting the activities of the Annual Pilgrimage to Mission San Luis Rey by members of the Society where they toured through the church and guided by one of the Franciscan Brothers.
- SECURITY FIRST NATIONAL BANK: Through Mr. Allen Herrick: The society received historic photographs of the Carrillo family. Some were of Senora Josefa Bandini de Carrillo, Encarnacion Carrillo de Robbins and Maria Josefa Carrillo de Dana—Don Joaquin Carrillo, first District Judge of American California, Don Jose Antonio Carrillo and Rev. Joseph Thompson (Carrillo-de la Guerra Family)
- MRS. NORMAN STERRY: Photograph Carr home in Catalina Island. Among those pictured enjoying the front porch are the late Harry Carr, Earl V. Lewis, Miss Katherine Carr, Mother Carr and our esteemed Marshall Stimson; Panorama of San Francisco's ruins after the earthquake of 1906.

Gifts to the Society

MRS. STAFFORD WARREN: Brochure, Dr. John A. Griffin's Mail 1846-1853. Transcribed with introduction and notes by the author Viola Lockhart Warren.

MR. H. H. WEST: A Priceless gift of the *Times* newspaper dated 1898, highlighting such news of the day such as: "Remember the Maine!," General Otis in the Philippines, the Young Mens Republican Club meeting in memory of Abraham Lincoln. Also, two programs of the Orpheum and Burbank theatres of fifty-six years ago.

MR. O. S. YOUNG: Illustrated matrimonial certificate dated January 1, 1883, and the names of the contracting parties as the parents of the donor, George W. Young and Emily E. Lovell of Pomona, California.



Publications
of the
Historical Society of
Southern California

2125 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California
DUnkirk 2-5582



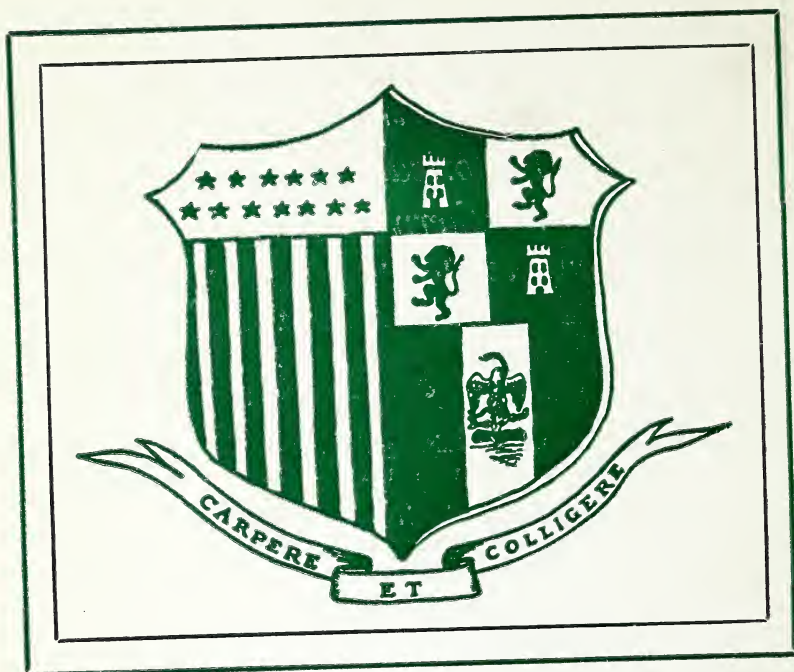
- 1892 — Annual Containing the Sutro
Documents with translations - - each \$3.00
- 1931 — One Hundred Fiftieth Anni-
versary Special Publication
(Annual for 1931) - - - - each \$5.00
- All other numbers of Annual
Publications - - - - - each \$2.50

A limited number of sets of Annuals
(1892 - 1934, inclusive) are
available - - - - - per set \$50.00

These sets do not include An-
nuals for 1895, 1924 or 1933,
which are out of print.

- THE QUARTERLY — One full year to
members - - - - - per run \$8.00
- Individual single numbers to
members - - - - - each \$2.00
- Individual double numbers to
members - - - - - each \$3.00

- THE QUARTERLY — One full year to
non-members - - - - - per run \$10.00
- Individual single numbers to
non-members - - - - - each \$3.00
- Individual double numbers to
non-members - - - - - each \$4.00



September, 1954

Vol. XXXVI — No. 3

The

Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

Los Angeles Pioneer



LORENZ VAN DER LECK

(See Memoirs of Caroline van der Leck Lenz—page 192)



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

* * * * *

Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the *QUARTERLY*, and general Society correspondence to:

THE SECRETARY,
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY



HOME OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

VOLUME XXXVI

SEPTEMBER, 1954

NUMBER 3

CONTENTS:

THE RIDDLE OF JEDEDIAH SMITH'S FIRST VISIT TO CALIFORNIA - - - - -	179
<i>By Andrew F. Rolle</i>	
THE LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RAILWAY - - - - -	185
<i>By Franklyn Hoyt</i>	
MEMOIRS OF CAROLINE VAN DER LECK LENZ - - - - -	192
<i>Recorded and Edited by Louise Lenz</i>	
TWEEDY - - - - -	214
<i>By Jo Hindman</i>	
DAILY LIFE IN EARLY LOS ANGELES (<i>Part III</i>) - - - - -	225
<i>By Maymie R. Krythe</i>	
THE CHANGING ROLE OF THE PORT OF SANTA BARBARA - - - - -	238
<i>By Marvin W. Mikesell</i>	
RANCHO LOS PALOS VERDES - - - - -	245
<i>By W. W. Robinson</i>	
FORT TEJON'S CENTENNIAL - - - - -	249
<i>By Clarence Cullimore</i>	
JOSEPH SCOTT: <i>A Historical Profile</i> - - - - -	255
<i>By Marco R. Newmark</i>	
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -	258
<i>By the Staff</i>	
CURRENT HAPPENINGS - - - - -	261
ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY - - - - -	262
GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY - - - - -	263

The HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY, official publication of the *Historical Society of Southern California*, 2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California, is issued four times each year during the months of March, June, September and December. Annual membership \$10.00. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California.

The Historical Society of Southern California

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

1954

OFFICERS:

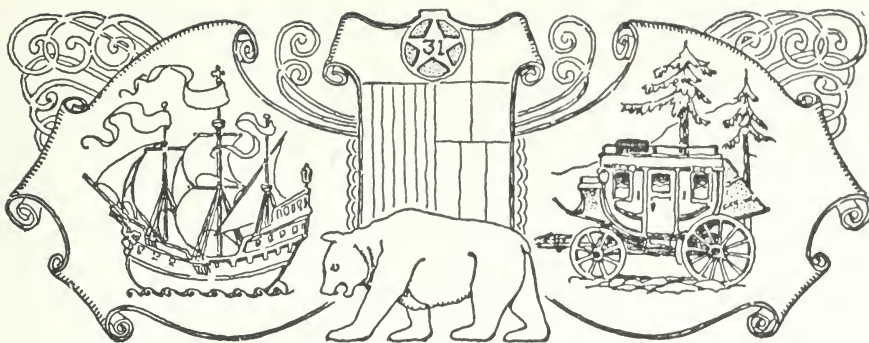
JOHN C. AUSTIN, *President*
GUSTAVE O. ARLT, *First Vice-President*
FREDERICK F. HOUSER, *Second Vice-President*
EDWARD A. DICKSON, *Treasurer*
ANA BEGUE DE PACKMAN, *Secretary*
MARCO R. NEWMARK, *Curator*

DIRECTORS:

GUSTAVE O. ARLT	FREDERICK F. HOUSER
JOHN C. AUSTIN	OSCAR LAWLER
HOMER D. CROTTY	MARCO R. NEWMARK
EDWARD A. DICKSON	ANA BEGUE DE PACKMAN
EDMUND F. DUCOMMUN	MRS. FREDERIC C. RIPLEY
JOHN E. FISHBURN, JR.	W. W. ROBINSON
JOHN ANSON FORD	ROGER STERRETT
PHIL TOWNSEND HANNA	MRS. MARSHALL STIMSON

STANDING COMMITTEES:

- Publication Committee:* EDWARD A. DICKSON, *Chairman*; Dr. Robert G. Cleland, Phil Townsend Hanna, Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley, W. W. Robinson, Roger Sterrett, Dr. Henry Wagner.
- Finance Committee:* OSCAR LAWLER, *Chairman*; Edward A. Dickson, John E. Fishburn, Frederick F. Houser, Maynard McFie.
- Program Committee:* FREDERICK F. HOUSER, *Chairman*; John B. T. Campbell, Rev. Msgr. James E. Dolan, John E. Fishburn, Jr., Sam Green, Neil Petree, Reese H. Taylor, George Healey Tondel.
- Membership Committee:* MRS. FREDERIC C. RIPLEY, *Chairman*; Charles G. Adams, Eugene W. Biscailuz, Dr. Robert L. Borland, Miss Clementina de Forest Griffen, D. S. Hammack, William Robert Kilgore, Frederic C. Ripley, Mrs. Marshall Stimson.
- Landmarks Committee:* EDMUND F. DUCOMMUN, *Chairman*; Homer D. Crotty, Phil Townsend Hanna, Frederick F. Houser, Marco R. Newmark, Frederic C. Ripley, Mrs. Florence Dodson Shoneman, Roger J. Sterrett, Miss Grace Stoermer.
- Gifts Committee:* MARCO R. NEWMARK, *Chairman*; Mrs. Frederick Kingston, Mrs. Oscar Lawler, Mrs. Lucy Gage Rand, Mrs. Marshall Stimson, Mrs. John C. Wolfskill.
- Executive Committee:* JOHN C. AUSTIN, *Chairman*; Gustave O. Arlt, Edward A. Dickson, John Anson Ford, Oscar Lawler, Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley, W. W. Robinson.



GUSTAVE O. ARLT, *Editor*

The Historical Society of Southern California QUARTERLY for September, 1954

The Riddle of Jedediah Smith's First Visit to California

By Andrew F. Rolle

THOUGH MANY ELEMENTS OF THE STORY of that important fur trapper and explorer, Jedediah Strong Smith, are still unknown, historians have busied themselves for over a hundred years with filling in the sketchy outlines of his trans-continental treks. It was while Smith was still only in his twenties that the intrepid youth came to head up the successful fur trading partnership of Smith, Jackson, and Sublette which later became the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. From the first Smith seemed destined to trap the streams of the great Southwest for beaver and other pelts. He has intrigued researchers as the leader of the first overland party to chart the trackless wilderness to California — only twenty odd years after Lewis and Clark reached the northwest Pacific slope — and as the daring conqueror of California's snowy Sierra "range of light." From the time when he boldly pushed his small party southward from a Bear River rendezvous toward Mexico's frontier province on the Pacific, historians have followed his trail carefully to the very point where the trapper's good fortune against the savagery of nature was ruthlessly terminated by the Comanche Indians in the parched Cimarron desert.¹

Until the publication in 1934 of Maurice Sullivan's first biographical account of Smith's life,² scholars had to be content with the fragmentary though authoritative record of the trapper's first visit to California kept during adventuresome months by his clerk. Its author, the pious Harrison G. Rogers retained this flavorful journal in his possession until killed by Indians in the Umpqua Massacre of 1828 in Oregon. It was eventually recaptured from those Indians by Smith and later published *in toto* by Harrison C. Dale. However, the record was fragmentary; Dale in fact, refused to concede that the diary actually began abruptly with the date of the expedition's arrival at San Gabriel Mission on November 27, 1826. Dale believed that perhaps the first portion of it as well as Smith's own diary were sequestered by the Californians. Rogers' diary covered only the period from its abrupt start on November 27 to December 20, 1826. It was then resumed on New Years Day, 1827, running again only to January 27th that year. Obviously there were gaps in the record.³

It was known that Smith kept a daily record of the significant events of his eight adventurous years in the wilderness. He intended to publish this narrative to accompany a map that would purportedly revolutionize the cartography of North America west of the Rockies. Sullivan's contribution was the discovery and reproduction of fragmentary transcripts of Smith's journals. He printed Smith's earliest narrative of 1822 and the explorer's personal journal from June 22 to July 3, 1827. Sullivan also published the explorer's account of the period July 13 to November 7, 1827, based on that journal, and another portion of Smith's journal from late 1827 to July 3, 1828. This material greatly increased the sources of information about Smith's ventures. It also improved upon a bibliography of manuscripts published but a few years before, which Sullivan relied upon.⁴ However, Smith's biographers have not located the first portion of his journal nor the corresponding part of Rogers'.

Remarkably little has come to light since 1934 to illuminate the story of Smith's first transcontinental trek toward southern California, heading a small group of men. With his unexpected entry into the Mexican political orbit, Smith lost control over his destiny.

The Riddle of Jedediah Smith's First Visit to California

His adversary suddenly became not the chilling winds of the night or the blistering white heat of the desert, but the inquisitive surveillance of Mexican bureaucracy. Upon arrival at rainy San Gabriel Mission on November 27, 1826, Smith was received hospitably by its padres. Soon, however, he was required to ride through the tall mustard down to San Diego, the temporary capital of California, in response to a summons by the choleric governor, José María de Echeandía. The purpose of this request was to ask Smith to explain his motives for illegally entering California. There ensued a lengthy attempt to convince the governor that he was a bonafide trader and trapper.

Politely suspicious, Echeandía wrote his superiors at Mexico City on December 30, 1826, advising that an American or English adventurer had arrived in California in command of fourteen of his countrymen. Echeandía stated that the stranger had produced five passports listing fifty-seven men. The governor, however, apprised his superiors that Smith had voluntarily surrendered a diary concerning the journey which indicated that his entry into California was not malicious. Echeandía solicited instructions as to whether Smith should be allowed to return to the Great Salt Lake as he requested.⁵

While Echeandía sought direction from his superiors, Smith was doing what he could to clear himself. The trapper continued to refute the accusation that he or any of his band were representatives of the American government. He obtained depositions from members of his group and a document attested to by such American shipmasters in California as William G. Dana, William N. Cunningham, and William Henderson, all of which were intended to prove that Smith's motives were exclusively the "hunting and trapping of beaver, and other furs." These documents were proffered Echeandía on December 20, 1826. All the attestants stated that, lacking food and water, Smith's party would have surely perished had he not called at the nearest refuge to procure supplies and this place was in California.⁶

What researchers have long missed is Smith's personal account of his experiences in California when first taken into custody by his Mexican captors. After his eventual release, upon return to "Little

Lake of Beaver River," Smith did direct a letter, later widely circulated through such journals as the *Missouri Republican*, to General William Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Saint Louis. However, this account contained only a few lines about his San Diego tribulations.⁷

A new letter, which Dale Morgan and Andrew F. Rolle almost simultaneously brought to light recently, provides a clue regarding what happened to the first part of the journal of Jedediah Smith and possibly that of Harrison Rogers. It is now clear that Smith engaged Indian guides to bring his emaciated little band into the California coastal settlements. It may also be presumed that the surrendering of his journal was the one means which the explorer possessed of proving that he was "no spy" and had only pacific intentions.⁸

While examining correspondence at the Bancroft Library concerning a bond furnished to Jedediah Smith during 1827 by the Yankee Captain Juan Bautista Cooper, of Monterey, this writer was struck by a phrase in a letter from J. Lenox Kennedy, then American Consul at Mazatlán, to the captain:

All these papers I shall forward on to Mr. Poinsett, our Minister to Mexico, and I shall transmit you his answer as soon as I receive it, and can meet with an opportunity of sending it with safety to you.⁹

The bond concerned Smith's second expedition, but the consul's letter suggested that other manuscripts concerning the explorer might be among Poinsett's papers. A search of the Joel R. Poinsett Papers of the onetime American Minister to Mexico, in the Henry D. Gilpin Collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, brought to light another Kennedy letter and the new Smith manuscript, previously mentioned. Writing of Smith's plight, the consul described the trapper's "imprisonment and cruel treatment" at San Diego. Of special interest is Kennedy's statement that three American captains putting in at Mazatlán had substantiated Smith's account:

I have the honor to enclose you several documents relative to the imprisonment and cruel treatment of an American Citizen at Monterey [sic] in Upper California by the Military Commander there, General Jose Maria de Echeandia.

The Riddle of Jedediah Smith's First Visit to California

Mr. Cooper, the person who became Security for Mr. Smith that he might return to his deposit within the territories of the United States, is apprehensive that General Echeandia may upon some frivolous pretext have become upon the bond [?] which was given for Mr. Smiths liberation, and he is anxious that you may represent the matter to the Mexican Government in order to relieve him from his responsibility. The account which Mr. Cooper and Mr. Smith gave of the conduct of General Echeandia has been confirmed by two or three American Captains who have arrived at this place from California.¹⁰

Smith's own draft of the letter which was recently discovered does even more than appeal to Minister Poinsett. In addition to revealing information about how he had to surrender his journal and various traps and guns to his Mexican captors, Smith's lengthy plea to Poinsett is also a resumé of his trials and tribulations in crossing the continent while they were still fresh in his mind.

Whether Minister Poinsett, adventurous in Chile in his own youth, was able to help Smith extricate himself from Mexican detention is yet unknown. Almost certainly he did not retrieve for Smith the diary which the trapper seems to have handed over to the California authorities. Smith, of course, eventually did escape from the surveillance of the hypochondriacal Governor Echeandía to survive his second California expedition of 1827, only to meet his tragic end but a few years thereafter.¹¹

Smith's whole relationship to the American fur trade could stand further documentation. Some of the blindest portions of the record concern his California adventures. Hoarded in anonymity, perhaps in some archival stack, there surely are other documents, as obscurely located as the recently unearthed account in Smith's own hand, that will unlock even more of the drama behind one of the West's great pathfinders.¹²

(See next page for reference notes.)


NOTES

1. Dale L. Morgan has recently published *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West* (New York, 1953). See also Andrew F. Rolle, "Jedediah Strong Smith: New Documentation," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, XL(No. 2 (Sept., 1953), 305-308 and such works as : Robert Glass Cleland, *Pathfinders* (Los Angeles, 1929), and his *This Reckless Breed of Men* (New York, 1950), pp. 54-120; Harrison C. Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific*, 1822-1829 (Glendale, 1918, 1941); Donald McKay Frost, "Notes on General Ashley, the Overland Trail, and South Pass," *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, Vol. 54 (Oct., 1944), 161-312; Lancaster Pollard, "Site of the Smith Massacre of July 14, 1828," XLV, No. 2 *Oregon Historical Quarterly* (June, 1944), 133-137; Maurice S. Sullivan, *The Travels of Jedediah Smith* (Santa Ana, 1934), and his *Jedediah Smith, Trader and Trail Breaker* (New York, 1936); A. M. Woodbury, "The Route of Jedediah S. Smith . . .," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, IV, No. 2 (April, 1931), 35-46.
2. Sullivan, *loc. cit.*
3. Dale, *op. cit.*, pp. 190-191, 330; Cleland, *op. cit.*, p. 82.
4. A. P. Nasatir, "A Bibliography of Sources Relating to Jedediah Strong Smith," *Publications*, Historical Society of Southern California, XIII (1926), 270-303, Sullivan, *op. cit.*, p. ii.
5. Sullivan, *op. cit.*, p. 164 cites *Department State Papers*, XIX, 37-38, Bancroft Library, Berkeley, California.
6. Isaac Galbraith's deposition is cited in *ibid.*, pp. 164-165. The shipmasters' resolution is reproduced in T. F. Cronise, *The Natural Wealth of California* (San Francisco, 1868), p. 43. It is more readily available in Cleland, *op. cit.*, pp. 75-76.
7. First published in the *Missouri Republican*, Oct. 25, 1827, it is reproduced in Dale, *op. cit.*, pp. 182-190.
8. See Rolle, *op. cit.*
9. J. Lenox Kennedy to J. B. Cooper, June 26, 1828, Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, Documentos para la historia de California, Bancroft Library, is cited in Cleland, *op. cit.*, pp. 98-99.
10. J. Lennox Kennedy to Joel R. Poinsett, June 27, 1828, Poinsett Papers, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. Still another letter from Kennedy to Poinsett, of Aug. 20, 1828, printed in 25th Cong., 2nd sess., *House Document* 351 (Serial 332), pp. 246-248 is cited in Morgan, *op. cit.*, p. 424.
11. Rolle, *op. cit.*
12. The "lost" portion of Smith's diary has not yet been found and it may well be in one of Mexico's provincial archives. The Bancroft Library's recent acquisition of the papers of Jedediah Smith's younger grandson, Peter Smith, provides still another valuable source for researchers concerned with the history of the American fur trade.



The Los Angeles Terminal Railroad

By Franklyn Hoyt

N 1888 THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD secured a franchise for a line into Los Angeles, but financial difficulties stopped the railway at the Utah-Nevada border. Two years later, the Los Angeles Terminal Railroad Company was organized by "a syndicate of St. Louis capitalists," and this new company acquired the Union Pacific's franchise in Southern California.¹

The purpose of this railroad was to hold "terminal facilities in the city of Los Angeles and upon the ocean front, with a view to subsequently leasing them to larger systems of railways." It was generally believed that the reorganized Union Pacific, or some other transcontinental railroad, would soon build into Southern California and connect with the Los Angeles Terminal.²

In September, 1890, the Terminal Railroad asked the Los Angeles City Council to grant it a right of way and franchise along the east bank of the Los Angeles River from the northern boundary to the center of the city. This request was soon withdrawn by the railroad, because it objected to a provision in the franchise giving any railroad more than 100 miles long "the privilege of the joint use of all tracks built by the Los Angeles Terminal Railway Company . . . on the lands granted said Railway Company by the city." After withdrawing the request for a franchise, the railway began purchasing a right of way along the river from property owners.³

Early in 1891 the Terminal Railroad purchased the Los Angeles, Glendale and Pasadena Railroad from Captain John Cross for \$300,000. This purchase gave the Terminal Railroad a line running from the northern boundary of Los Angeles, near where the Pasadena Avenue bridge crossed the Los Angeles River, to Glendale and South Pasadena. The South Pasadena branch connected with the bankrupt Pasadena Railroad, running through west Pasadena to Altadena. Captain Cross' lease to the Pasadena Railroad was taken over by the Terminal Railroad, and when this lease expired the Altadena line was purchased for \$64,000.⁴

The Terminal Railroad next secured a right of way from Los Angeles to Long Beach by taking over the franchise of the bankrupt Los Angeles and Ocean Railroad. During the early days of the real estate boom, the Los Angeles and Ocean Railroad had been organized to build a railway from Los Angeles to Long Beach. In January, 1888, this railroad signed an agreement with Jotham Bixby and I. W. Hellman, promising that the railroad would extend its line from Long Beach to Alamitos Bay for a subsidy of \$10,000 in cash and 320 acres of land at Alamitos Bay.⁵

Late in January, 1888, the Nadeau Vineyard Land Company, which owned considerable property near where Huntington Park is now located, gave the railroad a sixty foot right of way over its land. This right of way was to be used "to aid in the construction of a standard gauge railway, to be constructed from the City of Los Angeles, State of California, to a point on the Pacific Coast known as the town of Long Beach." The railway also agreed that within fourteen months it would build a passenger and freight depot costing not less than \$2,000, and

lay and maintain side tracks and switches at least 1000 feet in front of blocks 105 and 88 in said town of "Nadeau" . . . and that all trains will stop at said Stations except freight trains running directly from Kansas City to the Ocean.⁶

One month later the company announced that the new railroad would connect with the Santa Fe tracks three miles south of Los Angeles. From here it would run through the Nadeau Vineyard to Clear Water, across the Cerritos ranch, and then over the Alamitos ranch to the head of Alamitos Bay. From Alamitos Bay one branch would be extended to Long Beach, and another to the outlet of the bay. Hellman and Bixby owned the ocean frontage at Alamitos Bay, and they announced that they intended to make it one of the most fashionable resorts on the coast.⁷

What interest the Santa Fe had in the Los Angeles and Ocean Railroad is uncertain, but the Los Angeles *Journal* reported that high officials of the Santa Fe Railroad were planning to build homes at Alamitos Bay. This same article quoted President Strong of the Santa Fe as saying that his company was prepared to spend a mil-

The Los Angeles Terminal Railroad

lion dollars to secure a harbor near Los Angeles, although he did not promise that this money would be spent at Alamitos Bay.⁸

Grading was begun at both ends of the line in February, 1888, and by the middle of March had been completed

to a point southward where it crosses the Southern Pacific road to Santa Ana in the Nadeau vineyard property. The grading at the Alamitos end of the line has been opened and nearly finished from Long Beach to the north end of Cerritos hills and will, no doubt, reach Clearwater by the 15th of April.⁹

The California Cooperative Colony, which was promoting the town of Clearwater, gave the railroad a right of way through its real estate development. In return for this donation, the railroad promised to build a depot costing not less than \$2,000 in Clearwater, and in case that a connection was made with the Santa Fe Railroad and trains were run from Los Angeles to Long Beach this agreement would "have the same effect as if the railway was constructed the whole distance."¹⁰

In the summer of 1888, when the real estate bubble began to deflate, the Los Angeles and Ocean Railroad became bankrupt and was unable to complete its railway. Three years later the Long Beach and Alamitos Bay Railway Company was organized to take over the assets of the defunct Los Angeles and Ocean Railroad.¹¹

This new company was unable to untangle the company's financial snarl, and in July, 1891, it sold out to the newly incorporated Los Angeles Terminal Railroad. At about this same time the Terminal Railroad signed an agreement with Bixby and Hellman, allowing the railroad to take over the subsidy of \$10,000 and 320 acres at Alamitos Bay which had been made to the Los Angeles and Ocean Railroad two years before.¹²

According to the Los Angeles *Express*, the Terminal Railroad bought 2,000 acres on Rattlesnake Island soon after the company purchased the lines to Glendale and Pasadena in 1891. There is no record of this purchase in the *Deeds* of Los Angeles County; probably the island was leased in 1891 and purchased the following year. The railroad must have had some kind of claim to Rattlesnake Island, because in October, 1891, there was a legal notice in the

newspapers announcing that the Los Angeles Terminal Railroad intended to ask the Board of Supervisors for permission to construct a wharf "on the easterly side of San Pedro Harbor."¹³

In the fall of 1891 the railroad was completed from Los Angeles to Rattlesnake Island, and Saturday, November 7th, the line was formally opened with a "grand excursion" and speeches. From Los Angeles the route of the railroad was through Clearwater to Long Beach, and then along the bay to Rattlesnake Island, or East San Pedro, where the wharf and warehouses were located.¹⁴

In December, after the new line to the ocean had been finished, the Terminal Railroad made another attempt to get a franchise and right of way along the banks of the Los Angeles River from the northern city limits to First Street. This time the railroad was successful, and January 18, 1892, the City Council voted to give "the company about 60 acres of land along the river front for a right of way."¹⁵

Part of the agreement called for the construction of a levee along the east bank of the Los Angeles River; this was completed in April, and the Board of Public Works reported

that in company with the City Engineer we have inspected the levee constructed by the Terminal Railroad Company, on the east bank of the Los Angeles river, and we find that the work has been done in a very substantial manner, and we recommend that the Mayor be authorized to sign the deeds conveying to said company the City lands agreed to be conveyed upon the completion of said levee.¹⁶

On the southwest corner of First and Meyers Streets, the railroad purchased twenty-two acres and built a "neat and commodious station." Another depot was located at the "east end Downey Av. bridge" a little north of where Broadway now crosses the Los Angeles River; this had been the terminus of the Los Angeles, Glendale and Pasadena Railroad. The railroad reached the river near the Pasadena Avenue bridge, and then followed the eastern bank of the Los Angeles River until the southern city limits were reached. Near where the city of Vernon is now located, the railroad curved southeasterly through the future cities of Huntington Park, South Gate, North Long Beach and Signal Hill.¹⁷

The Los Angeles Terminal Railroad

During 1892 only two trains were operated each day to Long Beach and East San Pedro, twelve between Los Angeles and Pasadena, five to Glendale, and two to Altadena. The time table of the railroad called for a thirty minute schedule to Pasadena and Glendale, fifty-five minutes to Altadena, fifty minutes to Long Beach, and one hour to Rattlesnake Island.¹⁸

In April, 1892, the Los Angeles Terminal Land Company, a subsidiary of the Los Angeles Terminal Railroad Company, bought "those portions of the Rancho San Pedro known described and designated as 'Salt Flats,' 'Rattlesnake Island,' and the 'Inner Bay.' " For this valuable land, the railroad paid \$300,000 to the seven Dominguez heirs and Dan McFarland. McFarland held three notes of \$40,000 each, which were secured by this property; his notes were paid and the balance of \$180,000 went to the Dominguez family.¹⁹

Six months later, the Terminal Railroad asked the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors for permission to construct a wharf on Terminal Island, as Rattlesnake Island was now called. Permission was granted October 24, 1892, and the Board of Supervisors also gave the railroad a twenty foot right of way over the tide flats from dry land to the wharf.²⁰

During 1891 and 1892, the Los Angeles newspapers carried many articles reporting that the Terminal Railroad was making plans to extend its rail lines in Southern California. In August, 1891, there were rumors that the railroad had "quietly been at work for some time in their effort to get the old Los Angeles and Pacific road," running to Santa Monica with a branch to Burbank. When the line was completed to San Pedro in November, 1891, the *Express* said that it was hoped that the Terminal Railroad would soon be extended to Utah. Another report said that the "San Pedro branch will be extended to Santa Ana, and that the Glendale branch will shortly reach Hueneme."²¹

In 1898 the Terminal Railroad contemplated building a branch to Alhambra to take the place of the San Gabriel Valley Rapid Transit Railroad which had been absorbed by the Southern Pacific in 1893. Loss of the Rapid Transit had been a hard blow to Alhambra, because many of its citizens had invested heavily in the bank-

rupt railroad; it was also a blow to their hopes of getting better transportation than that offered by the Southern Pacific.

It was suggested that an electric line between South Pasadena and Alhambra might solve the problem, and the Terminal Railroad was finally persuaded to build a two mile branch line from its main track at South Pasadena and Alhambra. The railroad held out for a subsidy of \$10,000, and this was raised in December, 1898. December 10, 1898, the *Alhambra Advocate* said:

The subsidy asked by the Terminal Railroad Company for construction of the Alhambra Branch Line, has been secured and the road is now an assured fact. Considering the long dry season and times in general, the committee deserves the highest credit for securing the necessary amount in the time required. The subscribers should also receive public thanks for uniting upon a proposition that will open a new era of prosperity for Alhambra.²²

About the middle of February, 1899, an agreement was signed between the citizens committee representing Alhambra and the Terminal Railroad; it was expected that trains would be running over the new line within three months. But it was necessary for Los Angeles County to grant a franchise, and "certain powers considerably too strong for the Terminal Company were opposed to the granting of this franchise." The railroad hoped that a new municipal franchise law would be passed by the legislature, but this law was defeated by two votes in the Senate. "Finally the Terminal Company was forced to bring the contract to an end because they were unable to carry out its provisions."²³

There were many delays in connecting the Terminal Railroad with one of the transcontinental systems; in spite of this the Terminal proved to be a money-making railroad in its own right. In 1899 the Terminal Company was operating 51 miles of track: Los Angeles to Terminal Island 28 miles, Los Angeles to Altadena 15 miles, Glendale Junction to Verdugo 7 miles, and Hartwell to Millard 1 mile. Eight locomotives were being used to pull 20 passenger cars and 147 freight cars.

Gross earnings for 1899 were \$130,000, expenses were \$109,000, leaving a net profit for the year of \$21,000. Passenger fares accounted for nearly \$60,000 of the gross earnings; freight revenues

The Los Angeles Terminal Railroad

brought in almost \$70,000. Sand, gravel, and stone made up 32% of the total freight carried; lumber amounted to 25%, petroleum products 11%, and general merchandise 9%.²⁴

For nearly a decade the Los Angeles Terminal Railroad profitably operated its independent railway system, until it was taken over by the Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railway in 1900. This new company began building a line northeastward toward Utah, and in 1905 connected with the Union Pacific. Sixteen years later, in 1921, the Salt Lake Railway sold out to the Union Pacific, and the Terminal Railroad at last realized its dream of becoming the western terminus of a transcontinental railroad.

NOTES

1. Charles Dwight Willard, *The Herald's History of Los Angeles City* (Los Angeles, 1901), 301; California Railroad Commission, *Annual Report*, 1892 (Sacramento, 1879-1912), 330-336. The Terminal Company was not incorporated until January 2, 1891.
2. Willard, *op. cit.*, 65-66. The major stockholders of the Terminal Railroad were easterners, mostly from St. Louis, Missouri. There were always three Californians on the Board of Directors, but California law required that a majority of the directors of a California corporation be residents of the state. *Los Angeles Express*, December 31, 1891.
3. Los Angeles City Council, *Minutes*, bk. 32, pp. 503, 523. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 676, pp. 212-213; bk. 688, p. 18, 27.
4. The Los Angeles and Glendale Railroad was built in 1887-1888 by Captain John Cross and his nephew, A. P. Cross. In 1887 the Pasadena Railway was built from the Raymond Hotel, in South Pasadena, along Lincoln Avenue in Pasadena to the new real estate development of Altadena. This Altadena Railway, as it was popularly called, was built by the Pasadena Improvement Company. John Calvin Sherer, *History of Glendale and Vicinity* (Glendale, 1922), 95; Hirman A. Reid, *History of Pasadena* (Pasadena, 1895), 432-433; Sarah Noble Ives, *Altadena* (Pasadena, 1938), 244.
5. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 787, pp. 196-197.
6. *Ibid.*, bk. 408, pp. 160-163.
7. *Los Angeles Journal*, February 10, 1888.
8. *Ibid.*, February 24, 1888.
9. *Los Angeles Tribune*, March 14, 1888.
10. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 408, pp. 164-167.
11. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1892), 23.
12. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 787, pp. 196-197.
13. *Los Angeles Express*, October 3, December 31, 1891.
14. *Ibid.*, December 31, 1891.
15. Los Angeles City Council, *Records*, bk. 35, p. 112.
16. Los Angeles City Council, *Ordinances*, bk. 3, pp. 579, 82; *Records*, bk. 25, p. 462.
17. *Los Angeles Express*, December 31, 1891, January 18, 1892; Theodore G. Koeberle, *Map of Los Angeles City and Western Additions*, 1893.
18. *Los Angeles Express*, January 18, 1892.
19. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 784, pp. 249-253.
20. Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, *Minutes*, bk. 15, pp. 300-303.
21. *Los Angeles Express*, August 29, November 9, December 31, 1891.
22. Margaret E. Lee, "The History of Alhambra to 1915" (M. A. Thesis, University of Southern California, 1935), 40-41.
23. *Ibid.*, 14-42. There is no record of this in the *Minutes* of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors.
24. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1900), 228-236.

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leck Lenz

Recorded and Edited by Louise Lenz



WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 1858 on February 10th in the little pueblo of Los Angeles. The house where I was born stood on the east side of Main Street between 2nd and 3rd Streets, a few hundred feet from where the Cathedral of St. Vibiana now stands. At this time Main Street was the principal residence street and this was considered to be quite far out from the center of town, which was, of course, the Old Plaza.

I was one of the first non-Spanish white girls born in Los Angeles. The others included Mary and Carrie Schumacher, daughters of Mr. John Schumacher, and a daughter of the jailer, Mr. Carpenter.

My father, Lorenz van der Leck, though of Dutch blood, was born in Schleswig-Holstein in 1811, his ancestors having left Holland after their lands had been confiscated in the wars, leaving them in greatly impoverished circumstances. My mother, Caroline Geiger, was a native of Swabia, Germany, and had come to San Francisco in about 1853 or 1854 to live with her sister Nancy, who had come around the Horn with her husband, a jeweler named Schaefer, several years earlier.

My father had left Friedrichstadt at about 22 years of age, and had gone to Hamburg, and then to Paris where he lived for five years. Then the wanderlust again seized him and he set sail for South America in about 1838, coming around the Horn in a sailing vessel, spending about ten years in the cities of Chili, Peru and Ecuador on the western coast, where he engaged in the mercantile business.

The long ocean voyage was fraught with exciting adventures, the chief one being the terrific storm which they encountered in coming around the Horn. The ship was covered with snow and ice and sprang a leak, making it necessary for all the passengers to help bail out the water.



CAROLINE GEIGER VAN DER LECK

*This reproduction is taken from a daguerreotype
portrait made at the time of
Caroline van der Leck's marriage.*

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leck Lenz

After about ten years in South America the wanderlust once more came upon him and in 1848 he decided to go to San Francisco with a party of Germans. They took with them the materials for a little house, cut and ready to set up on their arrival in San Francisco.

My Aunt Nancy Schaefer, was the only woman on board the ship with the exception of the Captain's wife. During the trip there was a mutiny of the sailors who turned the ship about and caused a loss of a couple of months on the already long journey. Her child was born on board ship, died at birth, and was buried at sea as a result of this delay.

After living in San Francisco a few years, her husband finally yielded to the lure of the gold fields. He sold his property, gave up his successful business, and they moved to Tuolumne with their baby daughter. Not being accustomed to the rough and strenuous life of the mines, he became very ill and shortly died, leaving his poor wife practically destitute. She was later married to a Mr. Becker of San Francisco, also a widower. She often told us of the great kindness shown to her and her two children by the miners at the time of her husband's death.

To return to my father's journey to California — Fate took it into her hands to interfere with his plans to go to San Francisco. The ship on which they were passengers was wrecked in San Pedro Harbor, having been blown off its course, and their house was washed into the sea. However, the precious lumber was salvaged, brought to Los Angeles, and set up on the east side of Main Street, near where the brick house in which my brother Henry and I were born, was later built. The shipwreck decided for the group of men that Los Angeles would be their destination instead of San Francisco, at least temporarily.

PART II

MY MOTHER'S DEATH

At the time of father's arrival, Los Angeles was a small Mexican pueblo, with the Plaza as its center. The houses were almost all built of adobe, frame or brick houses being practically unknown.

The census taken the year after his arrival gave the population as 1,610 souls.

Though he arrived in Los Angeles from South America at the very beginning of the Gold Rush, it held no attraction for him. His intention in coming to San Francisco was to go into the mercantile business and to do building and contracting.

Not long after his arrival he built our brick house on Main Street near Third, which was to my belief the first brick building in Los Angeles. In about 1854 he married my mother, Caroline Fredericka Geiger, whom he had met on one of his business trips to San Francisco. They were married at her sister Nancy's house. Their first child was a boy, Lorenz, who died in infancy. I was the second child, and my brother Henry was two years younger than I.

When I was not quite four and my brother only two, a dreadful tragedy descended upon our house. Our mother was murdered in cold blood by a Mexican boy because she failed to give him information concerning a sum of money which he believed to be hidden in our house. An acquaintance of my father's had sold some property in Anaheim, and the Mexican had overheard him ask Father if he could keep the money for him at our house, to which my father agreed. He later put the money in the strong box but did not mention it to my mother.

The Mexican proceeded to keep a watch on the house for an opportunity to steal the money. It happened that my mother was left alone with us for a little while, a thing which seldom happened, as these were lawless times and she was timid. In fact, my father was on his way to ask a young woman to come to stay with her when the Mexican seized the opportunity to enter the house and demanded the money. When she failed to give him information concerning its hiding place he stabbed her with a knife.

My brother and I went to look for her and found her on the floor covered with blood, and the Mexican still in the room. He had probably been searching for the money after he killed her. I touched her and called to her and when she did not answer, I knew that something dreadful had happened. I took my little brother by the hand and with my dress covered with blood I ran, crying, up the

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leek Lenz

street to the house of some friends, and told them a bad black man had hurt our mother.

Mrs. Wiebecke, to whom I told the story, could hardly believe me at first until she saw the condition of my clothing. Then she and several neighbors whom she summoned hurried down to our house and learned the tragic truth. A search was immediately instituted and they found the murderer, one Francisco Cota, hiding under the bed in his mother's house on Spring Street, his bloody knife hidden between the mattresses. He was seized and taken to the jail.

I have never forgotten being carried to the jail on the shoulders of some of the men for the purpose of having me identify the criminal. Suspicion had been immediately turned toward him because my father had seen him loitering across the street as he left the house, and he was known to have a bad reputation.

A mass meeting was held in front of the La Fayette Hotel, and a crowd descended on the jail to demand that the man have an immediate examination, to which the Sheriff agreed. They were taking him to the office of Justice Peterson and on the way he was seized by the crowd in spite of the efforts of the officers to protect him, and was hanged to a gateway. My father, a gentle and law-abiding man, wanted him to have a trial, in spite of his personal feelings, but the townspeople were so incensed over this hideous crime against so good and respected a woman that they exacted immediate punishment.

The man who carried me on his shoulders to the Court House, Mr. Freckman, was himself found dead in his house only a few years later. For several years it was believed suicide, but a horse-thief by the name of Bill Schwartz later confessed having robbed and murdered him.

There followed difficult times for our poor Father, left with two motherless babies on his hands. Good servants were difficult to obtain in those days. Most of them were Indians who wanted to go home at night. He tried one housekeeper after another but they were all either dishonest or neglectful of us. At one time he was afraid he would have to place us in the Sisters' School. His problem was fortunately solved a couple of years later by his marriage to the

widow of a vineyard owner, Cecelia Bauer. She was a good and conscientious mother to us, and a wonderful and exceedingly particular housekeeper.

PART III

LOS ANGELES IN THE '60's AND '70's

In my early childhood the principal business streets were Los Angeles, Aliso, Main and Spring Streets between Temple and Third Streets. Lazard Frères on Aliso and Los Angeles Streets, was the largest dry goods store. Mr. Polaski also had a dry goods store on Commercial and Main and Mr. Kolisher owned one on Los Angeles Street. There were several small grocery stores scattered over this section. One of the most fascinating of these to me at the time was that kept by a Mr. Yarrow, whom the boys called "Kilamanjaro." There was a bakery near the Plaza Church where we sometimes bought lady-fingers, and there was a French bakery on upper Main also. My father's general merchandise store was located on Main between Second and Third as was also his building which they called "Leck's Hall" which was leased for various purposes. High School classes were held there before the first High School was built.

Not long after my father came here people began shortening his name to "Leck." Possibly this was due to the fact that he usually used the abbreviation "v. d. Leck," as it read on our door plate. He did not offer any objections and we were called Henry and Carrie Leck in school. However, when we reached maturity he wished us to use and to be married under our proper name — van der Leck.

The old Plaza Catholic Church, established in 1781, was the only church in Los Angeles in my early childhood. There were traveling ministers of other denominations however. St. Athanasius Episcopal Church, which I attended from the age of twelve, was located on the southwest corner of Temple and New High Streets. The minister was Mr. Gray. I was confirmed by Bishop Kip, who came down from San Francisco.

The Bella Union Hotel which was built in the '50s, was located at 314 North Main. It was later named the St. Charles. The La Fayette was the second hotel to be built. It was kept by a Mr. Fluhr, and was located on Main near Commercial. A third hotel

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leek Lenz

was the United States Hotel on north Main and Republic Streets. It was purchased from Captain Garcia and Felix Signaret by the Louis Mesmers when they came from Ohio in 1862. It was a three-story building. The three-story Pico House opposite the Plaza at that junction of Spring and Main was built in 1875. The Court House was a two-story brick building located at Main and Court Streets. It was built by Messrs. Hall and Temple. The only other public building was the jail on Spring near First. The jailer was a Mr. Carpenter.

I always remember the thrill of going upstairs in the first two-story house I was ever in. It had been owned by Mark Jones and later sold to the Glassell family when they came here after the Civil War. It had an attic where we used to play which fascinated me greatly.

There was probably not a more cosmopolitan town anywhere in the world than Los Angeles. There were Mexicans, Indians, Chinese, Negroes, French, German, Spanish, English and Americans among the inhabitants. A number of fine southern families came here to live after the disasters of the Civil War. And all classes of society were reached by the lure of the gold fields in California.

The great ranches were practically all still owned by the old Spanish families who had received them as grants from the King of Spain in earlier days. Cattle and horses were chiefly raised and also a good many sheep. There were acres and acres of vineyards about Los Angeles. The round black mission grape was principally cultivated and made into wine.

I remember well the primitive process used on my father's vineyard, which was likewise used in all the other California vineyards. There were no wine presses and the grapes were placed in huge shallow vats placed near the "sanja" or water ditch. The Indians were made to bathe their feet in the sanja and then step into the vats where they trod rythmically up and down on the grapes to press out the juice. Quite a number of Indians were in the vat at one time. The juice was drained off into larger vats, where it was left to stand until fermentation. Then it was clarified, aged and bottled or barreled. The process used seemed not to interfere with appreciation of the fine old California wine. We all enjoyed drinking the

delicious pale red grape juice when it had stood just a day or two, before it began to ferment. During the process of fermentation it was extremely intoxicating.

Attempt to Establish Silk Worm Industry

At some time during the '70s — I believe I was about fourteen years old — a German named Grelk came to Los Angeles and tried to start a silk worm industry. A Frenchwoman was his associate in the undertaking. The experiment proved unsuccessful. Mr. Grelk later married the niece of the Frenchwoman. I remember visiting at their home and eating some of the most delicious lamb stew I have ever tasted. He had lived in South America as well as the Orient, and had in his home many beautiful specimens of butterflies and birds which he had obtained there.

I remember that his mulberry trees did not thrive very well, and that may have been the reason for the failure of the venture. As nearly as I can remember, his place must have been somewhere in the vicinity of Childs' Place on Twelfth and Main Streets.

Housekeeping Facilities

For bathing purposes we used Castile soap, and for the laundry we had a brown soap. For a water softener ashes were placed in a large tub, water added and allowed to stand for awhile until it formed a sort of lye. The washed clothes were placed in this and boiled and came out beautifully white. Sifted ashes were also used for scouring pots and pans, and our copper vessels were kept bright with vinegar and salt.

In my childhood all water was brought to the house by Indians in barrels which they filled at the *sanja*. Every precious drop of dish or bath water was saved for our flowers and truck gardens. Before we had running water in the house our first bathroom was in a little separate building just back of the house.

When I was 16 years old in 1874, my father bought me a Singer sewing machine. It was one of the first in Los Angeles and quite an object of interest to my friends. Everyone was as eager to have something made on the machine as one is again now to have

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leek Lenz

beautifully handmade clothes and articles. As I look back it was very clumsy and heavy and hard to work, but everyone thought it quite wonderful.

PART IV

DRAMATIC EVENTS IN EARLY HISTORY

The Explosion of the SS. Ada Hancock in 1863

At the time this tragedy happened, I was only five years old, but the affair was talked of for years, and I heard many of the details from Carrie and Dora Hereford whose aunt, Miss Hereford, was among the injured, and from others.

The ship, owned by Phineas Banning, was at anchor in Wilmington and had on board a party of well-known citizens. Without any warning she exploded and many were killed and injured. The dead included Mr. Sanford, Banning's partner, Capt. Bryant, in command of the ship, Thomas Workman, Robert Johnston, son of General Johnston and others. Among the injured were Captain Banning, his wife and mother-in-law, and Miss Hereford. Only a few escaped without injuries. The little town was greatly shocked by the horror of the tragedy and the loss of some of her most prominent citizens.

Discovery of Coal Oil

Coal oil — as petroleum was then commonly called — was discovered in 1865, and brought throngs of fortune hunters to Southern California. A company was organized with Phineas Banning as president and Mr. Downey as secretary, called the "L. A. Pioneer Company" in which stock was sold, but the development was not carried on to a very great extent at that time. It was not until many years later that the great wealth in our Black Gold was realized.

Many of the roofs of the older houses were covered with *brea* and I remember seeing oozings of the pitch out on some of the hills as a child. We used to chew it — even that which melted off the roofs at times — a fact of which our parents would no doubt have disapproved had they known it.

Chinese Massacre

The Chinese Massacre is to my mind the greatest blot on the history of Los Angeles, and was an occurrence of which her early law-abiding citizens were always to be ashamed.

A large mob was searching for a single Chinese criminal in "Nigger Alley," a street in the quarter inhabited by Chinese and Negroes, and lynched eighteen innocent Chinese and wrecked the Chinese section. I remember standing in front of our house on Main Street and looking down at the milling crowd around the Plaza section. We did not know exactly what was happening until later, but everyone was in a state of apprehension and excitement. The town was put in a very unfavorable light before the whole country by this unfortunate event.

Capture of the Bandit Vasquez — 1875

The capture of the bandit, Tiburcio Vasquez, in 1875 by Sheriff Rowland was an important event in Los Angeles, and put an end to the career of a picturesque desperado who had terrorized Southern California for about ten years. He had a long list of murders and robberies to his discredit, but had managed to elude the authorities over this long period.

Schools were dismissed in celebration of the capture. I was 17 at the time and remember hearing that there were women in the town who even sent the cutthroat flowers! This type of woman seems to exist in every age. He was made short shrift of by the authorities and the population breathed easier for a period.

TRANSPORTATION AND TRAVEL

All freight brought to Los Angeles before 1869 had to be brought up from San Pedro by teams of horses and mules. In that year the railroad from Los Angeles to the harbor was completed. The first locomotive was called the "San Gabriel," a very primitive little affair compared with our modern trains, and was owned by the County. The fare to San Pedro was \$2.50.

The first time I went to San Francisco with my father, step-mother, and brother, I was eight years of age (1866). We had to

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leek Lenz

take the stage coach to San Pedro. It was necessary to take a rowboat out to the steamer. It was quite a hazardous adventure climbing from the bobbing rowboat up the ladder to the deck of the ship.

Our steamer was the *Orizaba*. Captain Butler was her first captain, I believe. It took 53 hours from Wilmington to San Francisco and the fare was \$20.00. The captain always made it very pleasant for his passengers. We had to spend three nights and two days making the trip, stopping at Santa Barbara on the way for freight and passengers.

I do not remember much of San Francisco on this first trip beyond that it seemed a great city to me with the many large houses, compared to Los Angeles. It seemed very strange to me to have to walk through deep sand to visit the homes of our friends. The sidewalks were made of wooden planks.

On the same trip we paid a visit to Contra Costa and to San José. We made the trip down to San José by train — my first train trip. I still remember the gorgeous wild flowers which grew on each side of the railroad tracks — wild iris and many others. I also remember Father buying me a new hat and coat of which I was very proud. My stepmother also purchased a new black silk wrap. The shops of course were much finer than those in Los Angeles.

I cannot remember the name of the hotel at which we stayed, nor its location. I only know it was owned by a German friend of my father's. I also recall my fastidious stepmother's complaining about not being able to keep us clean up there. I think they must have used soft coal for heating the hotel.

Completion of First Transcontinental Railroad

In 1869 the first transcontinental railroad, the Union Pacific, was completed and San Francisco was joined by rail with the east. But it was not until seven years later that the Southern Pacific was extended to Los Angeles. It was a difficult road to build and took four years, being built by Chinese labor.

I was 18 years old at the time and was one of a group of 350 Los Angelenos who went up to Newhall to celebrate the completion of the road. It was a very important event for Los Angeles. We went up on decorated flatcars covered with hay. It was a warm day and

I remember not feeling very well the next day from drinking too much soda pop.

The man to whom I was to become engaged a year later, Edmund Lenz, was also on the trip in the capacity of reporter for the German weekly newspaper, the *Süd Californische Post*. He returned to San Francisco where he continued to work as a reporter through the first seven and one-half years of our married life, after which we returned to Los Angeles. The 1,500 Chinese laborers stood with their shovels at "present arms" as the last spike was driven. It was a very impressive ceremony.

The population of Los Angeles at this time was about 7,000, while San Francisco was already a large city. It had been illuminated with gas since 1854.

The second time I went to San Francisco was in '74 when I was 16. I went up to visit my Uncle for about six weeks and was chaperoned on the trip up by Mrs. Metz of Anaheim and on the return trip by Mrs. Schwerin of San Francisco.

I believe the *Santa Rosa* was the ship on which we sailed on this occasion. She was in the coastwise trade until about 1915 when she met disaster on the rocks between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

San Francisco seemed a great city indeed to me with its crowds and many street cars, including the Clay Street cable car, which I believe was the first cable car in the United States.

I remember being much interested in seeing crowds in front of the Stock Exchange offices. It was at the time of the mining excitement, and crowds extended way out into the street trying to fight their way in to buy mining stock. They included every class of people from rich men to servant girls, many of whom lost their life savings when the market broke.

I thoroughly enjoyed my visit on this occasion. San Francisco had excellent theatrical performances at this time. I also enjoyed shopping in the stores up there. I remember purchasing a green felt piano cover with a flowered border for the square piano which my father had given me a couple of years before. I also remember buying silk for a dress — a silver gray and black mixture. I had the

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leek Lenz

dress made in San Francisco. It was made with a rather long tight-fitting basque, with ornamental steel buttons all the way down the back. The skirt had shirrings and an overskirt.

Old Mr. Wingerter, whose house-guest I was at the time, turned me about to look at the new dress and said he wished to give me a new hat to go with it. He and his wife took me to a millinery shop in Kearney Street located in one of his buildings, and he told me to select what I wished. I was very much impressed by the elegance of the shop and I hesitated to select one myself, so the old man picked out a very becoming one for me. I remember it cost \$10.00, which was about the same as paying \$25.00 for a hat today. He also bought one for my cousin Bertha. My hat was of gray felt with a crease down the center and a long shaded gray ostrich plume fastened in front with a silver ornament, and hanging down toward the side back. My new costume created quite a sensation among my girl friends when I arrived home. It was the first of its kind in Los Angeles.

The Wingerter's house was in what was called at the time the Western Addition — on Sacramento Street near Pierce. It was a large house with a beautiful and extensive garden — at the time rather a rarity in San Francisco and was, I believe, the first house in the district. I remember we had to walk several blocks through the deep sand to take the street car, which must have been either the Clay or Sacramento street car.

During the 50's there were two commission and forwarding houses in Southern California, one owned by Phineas Banning at Wilmington and the other owned by A. W. Timms at San Pedro. A Mr. Goller bought out Mr. Timms and in 1859 Mr. Banning bought out Mr. Goller and engaged Mr. Le Couvreur as his manager.

Banning had two steamers running between Wilmington and San Francisco. In 1862, Mr. LeCouvreur in his published diary speaks of having twenty men under his supervision, who attended to loading and unloading vessels. Mr. LeCouvreur was a close friend of Father's and a very interesting and cultivated man. In his book called "East Prussia to the Golden Gate" he gives in meticulous detail all the facts and incidents of his long sea voyage to California. In

1863 he was living at the La Fayette Hotel which was owned by the Dockweilers at the time. In 1864 he became Deputy County Surveyor under George Hansen.

Politics

Feeling ran very high during elections in the early days. The population was almost solidly Democratic, and the few Republicans were called "Black Republicans." There was a strong sympathy for the South during the Civil War. Elections were always accompanied by torchlight processions and it was always very exciting. At the election in 1869 only one booth was provided so that 400 voters were unable to cast their votes. My father had been urged to run for the Common Council as it was called, but had refused to do so since it was his firm belief that no foreign-born citizen should hold office when there were able native-born men available. In 1870 the mayor and this group of councilmen were arrested for financial manipulations and graft, and came to be called the "Common Scoundrels."

Mr. Harris Newmark, in his interesting book on early Los Angeles, erroneously states that father was a politician, which he very definitely was not. He was, however, a very public-spirited man, and was always among the first to sign up for any civic improvement such as street lights, water mains, gas, etc. He was a wise and kindly man and far ahead of his times in many ways.

The Vigilantes which had been organized to deal with lawless conditions in earlier days were disbanded in 1870. To protect himself against lawless characters at night before street lamps were installed, my father always carried a stout cane with a heavy knot on it, and walked always in the middle of the street. He said he felt quite safe with this protection.

PART V

DIVERSIONS AND CULTURAL OPPORTUNITIES

The Merced Theater

The Merced Theater adjoined the Pico House Hotel on the east side of Main Street just south of the Plaza. It opened in 1869 when

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leek Lenz

I was eleven years of age. I remember the great thrill of being taken to the theater for the first time. The play was "Camille," presented by the original American cast. Of course a great deal of the play went over my head, and what chiefly remains in my memory is the voice of Camille calling "Armand, Armand!" Later, together with a group of other girls from Mrs. Patton's School, I was taken to see "Fanchon the Cricket," and "The Octoroon." The dramatic hunt through the cane brake, and the "camera" scenes from the latter are still fresh in my mind.

The great players such as Booth, McCollough and Kean did not come to Los Angeles at that time, but many local residents made trips to San Francisco to see them there during the season.

Childs Opera House

It was situated on the east side of Main Street near First, and was opened in 1884 by Mlle. Rhea in the "School for Scandal." I was married and living in San Francisco at this time and until 1885. Barrett, Booth, and Modjeska played there in their day. The Orpheum circuit played there also but the programs in the early days were of such a character that no gentleman would have thought of taking a woman member of his family. It is now a cheap motion picture house patronized by Mexicans.

Other diversions included picnics, dancing schools for the young people, an occasional large ball, parties, and visiting. The favorite spots for picnics were Verdugo Park and the Arroyo Seco, both of which at that time were very beautiful and thickly wooded. Occasionally we went to San Gabriel or to Los Nietos, where on one occasion we ran into a large camp meeting. Tallyhoes took us to the school picnics.

Dancing school was first held in Mrs. Patton's School just north of St. Vibiana's Cathedral. A few years later, Mr. Milligan, our same instructor, established his own dancing school. I still see him in my mind's eye, playing the violin and showing us the dance steps at the same time, the perspiration rolling down his face. When his patience was too severely tried by the boys he would shake his violin at them. He sometimes looked as though he felt like breaking it over their heads. Poor George Patton had a hard time holding his

tongue still while learning the more difficult steps, a fact over which his mother often teased him. She bought him a toy monkey which stuck out its tongue when a string was pulled.

Some of the class became quite proficient in fancy dancing. Among these were Missy Crowley, daughter of the French Consul, and Carrie and Constance Jones. We learned to dance the polka, schottische, waltz quadrille, and plain quadrille.

San Fernando Visit

When I was nearly thirteen I was invited to spend two weeks at Andres Pico's ranch at the San Fernando Mission. It was Andres Pico who surrendered California to the Americans for his brother Pio Pico. The trip was made by carriage with two horses. I recall that it was a very hard trip, much of the road being very rough and hilly. I do not remember exactly how long it took us, but I know we left in the morning and arrived sometime in the afternoon. Their daughter, Catalina, was about my age.

I remember well sleeping on pillows which were filled with the petals of wild California roses and they were very fragrant. Incidentally, in early times here, wild rose petals were boiled in marrow and used as hair pomade. I enjoyed my visit very much. In the daytime, we wandered about the rancho climbing trees and playing games. In the evening and on Sunday afternoon there was dancing. All the work of the rancho was done by Indians. Figs, olives, pomegranates and cherries were raised. I recall eating so many of the latter that I nearly became sick, and they gave me salt to eat. The Mexican cooking was different from that to which I was accustomed, and I did not care for the highly seasoned food, but I did like the *tortilla*.

The ranch house was a large typical adobe, with columns all along the porch, and built around a patio, which must have been very large because I recall seeing them rope a steer inside it. This steer was afterward barbecued for us. The meat tasted delicious to me, cooked in that way.

Anaheim Visit

We sometimes went to Anaheim to visit friends, sometimes to

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leck Lenz

the home of the Rimpau family, with their twenty fine looking and talented children.

Anaheim was founded in 1858 and was owned by fifty stockholders who proposed to set out 50,000 grape vines. After three years each holder was to receive 20 acres, 12 of which were to be in a community vineyard with 10,000 vines, leaving eight acres for the holder to use as he wished.

Mr. George Hansen, who was Deputy County Surveyor under Henry Hancock in the '50s, was superintendent of the project. It was Mr. Hansen who had sold a piece of property, and who was overheard by the Mexican who killed my mother, asking my father if he would put the cash in the strong box which was buried under the bricks of our kitchen floor.

Public Library

A Library Association had been formed in Los Angeles in '59, the year after I was born, and a small reading room was opened which was later discontinued. The Public Library was established in 1872, when I was 14. Books were very precious in the early days and were loaned to our friends with pleasure and borrowed with eagerness. Children's books of the period were of the very moral type wherein virtue and industry were always rewarded. The very mournful tale was also popular. Our school readers were a compilation of extracts from the classics.

Schools

My Father was a believer in the desirability of knowing several languages. He himself spoke German, French, Spanish, and English — so he sent my brother Henry and me first to the German School, then to Mr. and Mrs. Herriot's French School, between First and Requena Streets for a couple of years. Then we were sent to Mrs. Patton's School which I attended until I graduated at the age of sixteen. My brother, Henry van der Leck, attended Los Angeles High School and was a member of the first graduation class. When he finished high school at 16, which at that time offered a three year course instead of the later four years, he was sent to the Uni-

versity of California at Berkeley. Unfortunately he did not graduate as he came down with a serious eye trouble which necessitated his returning home.

Miss Casad was the first public school teacher here. The daughters of the Spanish families were usually sent to the Convent in San José. I took piano lessons from Mr. Thiodelet, a Frenchman, and singing lessons from his wife. She had a very suitable name for a voice teacher.

Vacation Resorts

There was a summer resort at Playa del Rey which we sometimes visited, kept by a Mr. Will Tell. It was called Will Tell's Retreat. I was taken there for a week's visit once by Mr. and Mrs. Kern and recall that I became so badly bitten by fleas that I was unable to go swimming in the lagoon. We sometimes went rowing in the lagoon and one had to be careful not to drift out through the channel into the ocean. The place had a reputation for excellent food, but the resort evidently did not pay as it closed after a few seasons.

There was also a summer resort at Timm's Landing in San Pedro which was patronized by some of the Southern California families.

Round House

On Main Street between Third and Fourth, there stood a peculiar building put up by a George Lehman. It was built in an octagonal shape with a pointed roof. Its gardens extended through to Spring Street. The eccentric owner was called "Round House George," and he called his resort the "Garden of Paradise." In the walks he had put pictures of Adam and Eve and the serpent made of a sort of cement. The gardens were really very pretty and included a large grape arbor which was often rented for celebrations. Food and both hard and soft drinks were served in the "Round House."

With him lived a peculiar little old woman, probably a relative, who still clung to the garb of a previous decade — a blue bonnet with a wreath of roses inside the brim, blue shawl to match. He used to tease her incessantly to her great annoyance.

I remember the prickly pears which used to hang over the

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leek Lenz

fence from his garden into the yard next door, where the German School which I attended during the sixth year, was located. Many a time I got my tongue and fingers full of the painful stickers. I do not know what year the resort was built but it was there when I was very young. It was Mr. Lehman who owned what is now Pershing Square.

PART VI

MOVING FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO LOS ANGELES
DURING BOOM TIMES (1886)

I shall never forget the harrowing experience of returning to Los Angeles to live with my husband and five small children during the boom times. Houses were at a premium and my father had some difficulty in finding one for us to move into on our arrival.

It was located up on Fort Hill, through which the Broadway Tunnel now runs. The house itself was comfortable enough but owing to the fact that the water supply in the reservoir was low we were without water several hours a day on this elevation. The drainage also was very poor.

I had not been informed that one was expected to fill reserve pails of water during the time the water was flowing, and one morning found myself with not a drop of water even to wash my four-month old baby's bottle! I was in despair and decided immediately to try to find another place.

One day my second son, Edmund, aged four, came into the house, pale as a ghost, and unable to answer my questions as to what was the matter. I looked in the back yard and to my horror I saw that he had set on fire one of the packing boxes and paper in which our furnishings had been packed and which were placed close to the back steps. I had exactly one pail of water in the house, and hastily pouring it over the flames, I barely managed to put them out before the stairs caught on fire.

On another occasion we had left the taps open when the water was not running and the nurse awakened us in the middle of the night to tell us that the kitchen was standing knee deep in water.

These inconveniences were especially trying to me as I had just come from San Francisco, where they already had many of the modern conveniences such as stationary tubs, though these were not yet made of porcelain enamel but of wood. After a two-month search my husband finally found a new house near Castellar Street. It was anything but a fashionable neighborhood, but the house was new and comfortable, and we considered ourselves fortunate. We lived here about a year until our new home on Lemon Street was ready.

Following the boom there were several years of great depression. Dozens of unemployed men came to our doors begging. They were not all professional tramps — many of them asked for soap to wash their clothes — and many of them later joined “Coxey’s Army” in its march to Washington.

Breakdown of Cable Car in San Francisco

I recall being on a cable car one day when I was living in San Francisco after my marriage when the cable broke. Luckily it happened when we were on level ground. We had to sit there while they pulled up the cable with grappling hooks and repaired it.

In the earlier days of the cable cars, they were unable to make turns, but at this time they had accomplished that feat, but it was a humpy, bumpy, noisy performance, nearly threw one off the shallow, outward-facing seats on the outside.

Ghost Scare

I recall a terrible fright I had when quite small. My father had broken his collar bone in a runaway accident and I was sent hurriedly for Dr. Hayes on Fort Street. It was the first time I had ever been out alone after dark, and coming home I saw a great white shape swinging back and forth on a gate. Someone had been telling me ghost stories shortly before that and, of course, I thought I had met one. I flew home across lots and arrived so breathless and terrified my father wondered what had happened to me. We learned that a small boy in the neighborhood had been enjoying himself draped in a sheet and trying to frighten passers-by.

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leek Lenz

Memories

An incident of my childhood which caused me extreme embarrassment, took place when I was about 7 years old and attending the French School kept by Mr. and Mrs. Herriot on Los Angeles Street. My father had received a gift from Oregon of a box of beautiful red apples. My stepmother, thinking that my teacher would enjoy having some — gave me a bagful to carry to her. For some childish reason the thought of taking them to her was embarrassing to me. When we were out of sight of home I gave them to my little brother to carry, and he, not being strong enough to hold them, dropped them all over the sidewalk. Some of them rolled into the garden of Dr. and Mrs. Griffin on Main Street, near Second, and as it happened, she had seen them fall. I did not stop to pick any of them up but hurried on to school with my brother, glad to be rid of them. Shortly after arriving at school, to my extreme discomfiture, I walked Mrs. Griffin with the apples I had dropped. She had thought it an accident and that she was doing both me and the teacher a favor by picking them up and bringing them to school for me. The memory of my furious blushes is still with me. I offered no explanation but tried to thank Mrs. Griffin for her kindness, neglecting to mention the “accident” was intentional. I don’t know what my stepmother would have said if she had found out the truth.

Character Sketches

SCHAEFER, *the gunsmith* — Los Angeles, in the early days, abounded in colorful characters, one of the most interesting with whom I came in contact in my childhood being a Mr. Schaefer, a German gunsmith living on Los Angeles Street, probably in the vicinity of Second Street. No one knew his personal history but there was a story current that there had been some great tragedy in his life. It was said that his hair had turned white overnight. He was a botanist as well as a gunsmith and had the most beautiful garden behind his shop where he lived alone. My brother and I often used to go to see him. He was enormously fond of children and we were entranced by the wonderful fairy tales he told us. He could also quote Goethe and Schiller by the hour, and we would listen to

him with round-eyed admiration. On leaving he would always give us a beautiful bouquet of flowers from his garden. In his old age he went into partnership with a man, intending to cultivate rare plants, who cheated him of everything he had. Alone, old, disillusioned and penniless, he finally committed suicide.

Tales of The Los Angeles River

It is the habit of visitors to California to laugh at and make jokes about our Los Angeles River as an impotent little stream, but in the early days before the levees were built, during seasons of heavy rainfall it presented a raging impassable torrent, washing away houses and destroying vineyards and property. A German named Messer (this was when I was a child) owned a sort of inn out at east First Street near the river. His new house had just been finished and he went to San Francisco to claim his bride. While he was gone a flood came and his house was swept away by the overflow of the river. His sympathetic friends and neighbors all pitched in and helped to put up a temporary house for the homeless couple.

Its quicksands were also often a serious danger. When I was eight or nine my stepmother, brother, and I were driving with my father to see the Behns who lived on a hill across the river. The buggy began to sink slowly and the horse was unable to pull us out. I remember being quite terrified. Fortunately the Behns were on their porch and could see our struggles. They brought a heavy two-wheeled cart and a strong horse to pull the horse, buggy and my father out after carrying the rest of us over to safety. Mr. Johann Behn owned a large sheep ranch on Catalina Island. He was married to a member of the Costello family which owned Catalina Island. His daughter, Louisa, who married Henry W. Stoll, was born in 1856 in a house still standing by Johnson's Landing near the Isthmus on Catalina. She was the first non-Spanish white child born on the Island.

On another occasion when I was about 15, Mary and Carrie Schumacher and I were driving across the river to gather mushrooms after a heavy rain. We were almost swept away by the current, but managed to get across. A man on the further side saw us

Memoirs of Caroline van der Leck Lenz

and told us where we could find a safer crossing to come back after our mushrooms were gathered.

Newspapers

The *Star* was the first newspaper established in Los Angeles. It was edited by a Mr. Barton. The *Herald* edited by a Mr. Lynch came later, about 1873. There was also a Spanish paper.

My father subscribed to a New York German paper called the *New York Staats Zeitung* and *Sonntag's Blatt*, an excellent weekly paper. It gave all the news of the world with few advertisements and in the Sunday edition were published in serial form many fine German and English novels. I recall reading as a girl one of George Sand's, also several by Auerbach. They were illustrated. My father sent in the subscriptions for a group of Germans, the papers all being sent to our home and called for there by the various subscribing friends on the days they came to town, some of them living rather far out on their vineyards. I remember that the paper sent several steel engravings, which were hung in our house. One was called "The First Ride" and represented an elderly man standing beside his little grandson whom he had lifted up on a horse.

* * *

These memoirs constitute a partial record of my early recollections and have been dictated to my daughter Louise, at her request, to preserve for my children and grandchildren the story of early California as I knew it.

Caroline van der Leck Lenz — (1931)

(Caroline Lenz passed away in 1940 at the age of 82 years).



Tweedy

By Jo Hindman



AN EXCEPTION TO THE DWINDLING pattern of California's historic land parcels is Tweedy, a lake-set, desert-mountain *rancho* now three times its original size. Scooped like a saddle out of the earth wrinkles where a northern section of the Sierra Madres flatten into the desert washes below, Tweedy today is the same wild, untouched spot that it was centuries ago. The same oaks, pines, and stretches of sagebrush consecutively swelter, bask, and freeze under the area's distinct phases of the changing seasons.

A curious anonymity surrounds the mountain masses containing Tweedy. Even government topographical maps neglect to place a range name over the mountains that tower above Tweedy, but a consensus of opinion stemming from old-timers of the region consider the notorious San Andreas fault, running under Pine Canyon, as the splitting lever that displaced a portion of the Sierra Madres (or the San Gabriels, according to another viewpoint), thus creating the Sawmill and Liebre Mountains and Tweedy Basin with its lake.

During California's American occupation period, camels carrying military supplies to Fort Tejon in Grapevine Canyon on the old Butterfield Overland road from Los Angeles to San Francisco apparently traversed sections of Tweedy, for in later years a dromedary tibia bone was reportedly found on the grounds.

Following the tragic death of homesteader Robert Tweedy, original owner who was killed during a brawl at the mining town of Neenach on the desert below, the lakeland changed hands many a time, finally being viewed by a man who was to help direct its future for three decades-plus, and to tame it to the degree that the stubborn earth would allow. In 1922, Ralph Greef saw Tweedy.

On a summer evening of that year, young Navy veteran Greef was camped in lower Pine Canyon with a gathering of his wife's relatives en route to what was then known as Rogers' Lakeview Ranch. Greef's wife, Kitty, knew the area well, having visited her

Tweedy

uncle Ed's ranch often with other youngsters related to the early-California Rogers.

Tempe Sarah Ann Rogers, mother of eight, had led a caravan of one hundred families across the plains by ox teams in 1868 and, surmounting the terrific impacts of sickness, accident, tragedy and charred ruins of preceding wagon trains, reached the pueblo of Los Angeles on October 23, 1868. Her sons Ralph and Edward later sub-divided Garvanza, York Valley, Hermon, and parts of Highland Park on the outskirts of growing Los Angeles. Kitty Fink Greef was related to this clan.

As a child in 1905, Kitty had accompanied her father on a camping-out wagon trip from Los Angeles to Bakersfield via the Pine Canyon road, past the quaint hip-roofed adobe that formerly functioned as the old Roosevelt post office. The abandoned adobe on the road marked the approximate junction of her uncles Ed and Ralph Rogers' adjoining ranches farther in.

Miles west of the family party, including the young Greef couple, that was settling down in Pine Canyon for the night were the torturous curves of the historic "Grapevine" grade, detested alike by dizzied motorists and sweaty truckers of the day. At mid-point in the grade sprawled Sandberg's log roadhouse, the popular stopover that one day would wreak tragic influence upon the lake basin that lay north from Pine canyon.

Next morning, Greef chugged his Ford off the canyon, up the one-flivver-wide road that climbed past red-stemmed manzanitas as unreal-looking as stage scenery clinging to the steep barrancas. A trickle from a hidden spring dripped from a boulder only to vanish several yards farther under a sodden patch of last Fall's leaves. Scarcely stirring breezes were loaded with the scent of sage and pine and the whitely exploded greasewood. On the summit the air was clear and sharp, and Greef saw other tan, rounded knobs grown thickly with chaparral. Beyond was the distant rim of the purpled Tehachapis.

The baked ruts of the ranch road dropped through feathery Digger pines into a dim oak-grown canyon, wriggled past the comfortably sprawling ranch house of the Lutes family and on to the lake basin beyond. Rimmed by a lip of gentle ridges, the 4,000-

foot-high basin on its south side climbed to the canyon foot of Sawmill. Visible from its north rim was the full-dress view of the rearing Tehachapis. Below, on the sweltering spur of desert that fans eastward into Antelope Valley had not yet appeared the modern checkers of irrigated greenery that are seen today, for in the early twenties, the desert was primitively and unmistakably hostile desert. Underneath its tan, skirting the Tweedy back canyons where they flattened on the desert floor, hurried the buried roar of the Los Angeles aqueduct, siphoning from the Owens headwaters churning gallons that emptied into reservoirs serving the city eighty miles away. During World War II, the jugular millrace was patrolled by guards.

Although the eastern edge of Tweedy basin tips gently canyonward toward the lakes below — Hughes, Munz, and Elizabeth — its own landlocked body usually releases no overflow. It has dried up three times in history, last time in mid-1954. But when Greef first saw it, the lake was thirty feet deep.

At the basin's western "saddle," that natural gateway for migratory duck and geese, sat the ranch home of W. E. Rogers. A windmill stood between house and a shallow pond cut off by a low dam from the lake for the watering of stock. Patches of corn and alfalfa grew green about the sheds and barns. That was the W. E. Rogers ranch in '22.

On his first visit, Greef shot his limit in duck and learned that Lakeview was for sale. The Greefs possessed only one hundred dollars in spare cash since Ralph was opening his pharmacy on York boulevard, but down went the money as option on the 740-acre nucleus that, rounded out by later land purchases, would one day bring a realtor's offer of a million dollars flat.

Greef lost his first option, produced another and set about raising the apparently impossible balance of \$15,000. Another druggist, Harold Maas, helped to get people interested and by October of 1922, the organization of amateur sportsmen was well on its way. The project became known as the "paradise for pharmacists." An old newspaper clipping listed as early joiners: Adolph Lovci of the Hollywood Pharmacy; R. R. Zane of the Sun Drug Company; Fred Ussher, Western Wholesale Drug Company; H. A. Maas, Ace Phar-



LAKE AND LOWLANDS FROM MASON CABIN

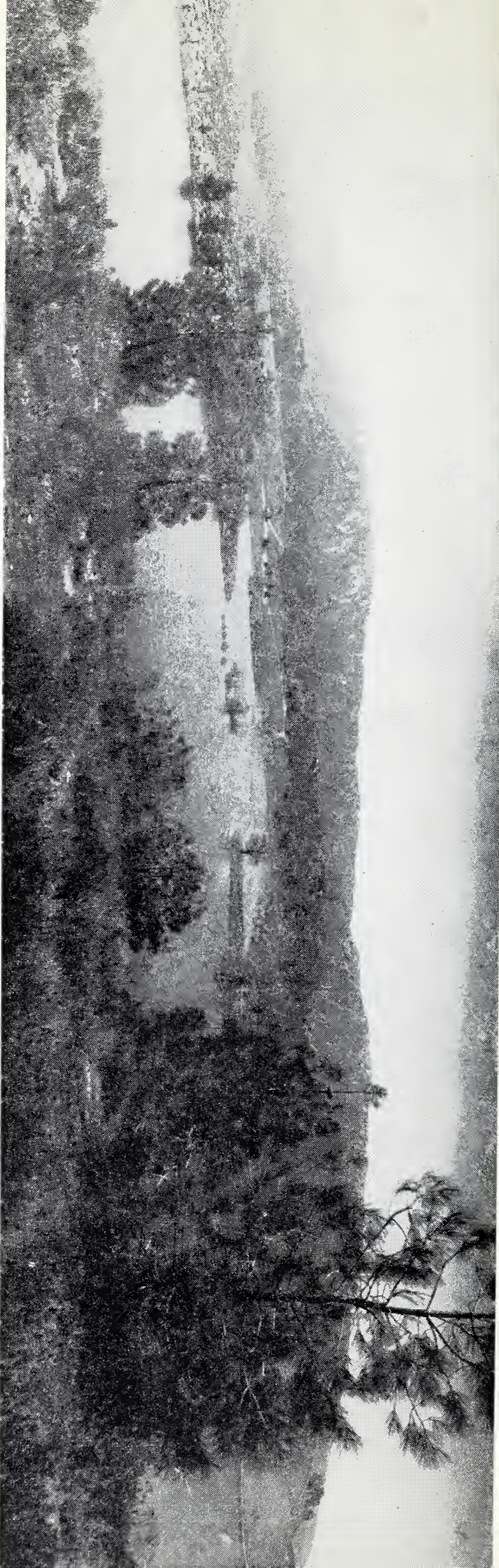
Another view of Tweedy Lake with Sawmill Mountains in the background.



TWEEDY DEVELOPERS

*Left to right: Ralph Greef, Ed Babineau,
Harold Moas and Cy Welch*

LAKE TWEEDY IN PANORAMA
*Sawmill Mountains in the background. Tree-tipped peninsula in center hides
legendary cache of the notorious bandit, Vasquez.*



Tweedy

macy; J. J. McCaully, Beverly Hills Pharmacy; F. A. Benson, A. J. Sarraill, and F. A. Sloper, all druggists. Joseph Crail was attorney for the club. On April 27, 1923, Tweedy Lake, Inc., came into being with twenty shares of capital stock at \$1,000 a share. A new corporation was formed in 1929 with additional shares.

Other early day members were: Dr. C. O. Greef, dentist; P. A. Kanouse, Kanouse Dental Laboratories; Mrs. Wm. McKay; Professor A. R. Maas, Maas Chemical Laboratories; Herbert Mason, Highland Park Laundry; C. M. S. Martz, real estate; R. V. Orbison, city manager, South Pasadena; Floyd Shain, sales manager of Hoover sweepers; R. K. Snow, banker; Cyril Park and M. M. Welch, manufacturers; Walter and Halbert Gillette, contractors; P. F. Schumacher and Willard Stimson.

Formal opening took place on September 3, 1923, with a barbecue handled by "Old Timer" Danielson and Ed Lawton. One hundred and seventy-five persons were served "two hundred and forty pounds of beef, half a hundred pies, twenty-five watermelons and seventy-five loaves of bread . . . supplemented with the usual accessories."

Tables were set under the oaks on a rise of land that turns into a peninsula when the lake is high. Legend reports that the bandit Tiburcio Vasquez "who being hotly pursued, decided he must be rid of his booty or lose his scalp. So the *señor* halted by a great oak near a small lake and buried his treasure. But alas! He lost his scalp* and the exact location of the prize was never learned. However, tradition of the locality where he was trapped has it that the treasure still lies under a group of great oaks just off Pine canyon near the small lake now called Tweedy Lake."

Less legend than fact is the lost gold mine of the Old Indian. In the fashion of his race, the Old Indian periodically appeared at Lake Hughes in the late nineties to trade nuggets for supplies. Not more gold than he needed; just enough. Questioning white men could not pry from him the source of his supply except that it was seven or eight miles west of Lake Hughes. After an extended absence, the Old Indian one winter day staggered into the mountain

*Actually Vasquez was executed by hanging. West Hollywood was the scene of the capture of Vasquez by Sheriff Rowland in 1875.

settlement, seriously ill. His last words concerned the location of his mine. "I stuck my gun in the snow," he whispered and died. Nobody, although many searched, located either the gun or the mine.

Years later, Ralph Greef gave permission to a neighboring ranch hand to fell a tree on Tweedy property. The tree toppled smashing in the face of a slope, uncovering a hidden mine shaft. An old Springfield, its walnut stock half rotted away, lay nearby. Investigation of the gun number proved that the federally registered rifle was issued to a Fort Tejon soldier. The Old Indian may have been an ex-soldier, or he may have obtained the rifle from an original owner. At any rate, on the section of the sound half of the stock is a very bold and unmistakable cross, scratched there by someone. And around the unshored mine shaft are mounds of decomposed gravel piled there half a century ago by someone — the Old Indian, according to authoritative belief.

Additional property was purchased by Tweedy Lake, Inc. The sixty acres acquired from Hawkins brought to the club the old Hawkins home that was turned into a caretaker's lodge. Another 317 acres bought from Hawkins added the tiffany-setting-canyons and ridges that rise from the valley floor on the north. Two separate deals with the Lutes family brought in another two parcels: Lutes, Jr. sold eighty acres, including the old apple orchard near the main entrance, a big red barn and a tar paper shack that was later torn down. Lutes, Sr. sold 160 acres and his rambling frame dwelling that was turned into Deer Lodge, a clubhouse.

This particular sale ended the Lutes, Sr., plan of subdividing the oak-shaded canyon into cabin sites. The plan had reached the blueprint stage when he sold to Tweedy Lake, Inc.

Another 385 acres was added through a trade with Harry J. Bauer, Southern California Edison company director, whose ranch faces Tweedy across Pine canyon. Greef, wiry, nervous, indefatigable, tramped the hills with Bauer measuring off, step by step, the slopes bordering the road. Bauer took the land visible from his fenced estate; Greef claimed for Tweedy the basin-side acreage.

Eighty acres east of the lake, privately acquired by a Tweedy member, W. A. Gillette, was turned over by him to the corporation and Greef, the practical dreamer, acquired more than 500 acres

Tweedy

that he bought at \$5 an acre through his script rights as a veteran. Other small parts and parcels obtained through miscellaneous deeds completed Tweedy's present size of 2,157 acres. Young Greef, president and business manager, had, as he was told by an envious realtor who was seeking to buy Tweedy, "a bull by the tail."

Through the ensuing years of depression and recession, when Rooseveltian alphabet-bureaus were being contrived to disperse payroll dollars among the jobless, Greef fretted and worried, wondering how to keep the club's many-acred "bull."

Deep-voiced Pete Kanouse, inventor, and owner of a dental supply house, was Greef's steady foil. Backing the two men was the small handful of club members who unstintedly volunteered personal services, loyally met special assessments running into collective thousands of dollars, and otherwise proved their love of Tweedy.

A swimming pool the size of a city lot had been built in 1926 under the direction of a Tweedy member, Walter A. Gillette who was famed as a road contractor with many "firsts" in road building to his credit. Gillette also earned another sort of credit, that of character-actor, having portrayed a colorful Western sheriff in a Hollywood production.

Under the direction of members Kanouse and Orbison, Tweedy's well was sunk. A flow of hot sulphur water was struck at 450 feet and drilling stopped. At another location the drill was sunk to 525 feet and the clear cold water brought up was analyzed by Tweedy Member Arthur R. Maas in his toxicological laboratories. "Its low mineral and organic content and freedom from bacteria makes it a very desirable water for drinking and all domestic purposes," Maas reported in 1927.

An airplane landing field was graded on Tweedy by the other Maas brother, Harold. In 1929, during Tweedy's annual picnic, sixteen planes including a tri-motored Bach, Eaglerock, Travel-Air, Bellanca, Waco, Moreland and Fleet, established the air time from Los Angeles to Tweedy at twenty-five minutes. Roy Wilson, Hollywood stunt man and a Tweedy member, with Mr. Benson landed the first airplane. Wilson, operator of a Burbank airport, played "Baldy" in *Hell's Angels* and flew in other Hollywood air

sagas. He met his death at Muroc Dry Lake while stunting for Columbia Pictures, the same company that filmed "The Sky Raider" at Tweedy.

Members continued to come and go at Tweedy; barns, cabins, and buildings were moved about or torn down, but the land remained unchanged. The original seven cabins raised in the twenties were joined throughout the years by others, some of them elaborate granite lodges, resulting in the present total of twenty-three. The first, a two-room redwood owned by the late Dr. C. O. Greef, was dragged on rollers by a team from its site and deposited at the edge of the pool where it was partitioned into dressing rooms.

The tunnel under the north ridge opened by Elmer Lancy in 1906 to provide water for the Manzana Irrigation Colony, a never-realized development in Antelope Valley, was re-discovered on Tweedy and figured in a suit on water rights in 1925. A Superior Court ruled in favor of Tweedy. Just three months prior to his death, Lancy recalled that the defunct Manzana organization proposed to tap Tweedy lake via the tunnel and gave Lancy the job of digging it.

Strictly a one-man, pick-shovel-and-wheelbarrow job, the closed tunnel today lies under Tweedy's north ridge, just twenty-five feet short of the lake's normal edge. It is 291 feet long, four by six feet wide and high, cut out of decomposed, unshored granite. Asked why he had not finished his staggering project, Lancy replied drily, "They didn't pay me!"

Some cabin owners have sunk private wells, some pipe directly from the windmill storage tanks, or ply between their cabins and the pump house with giant water tanks mounted on ingenious chassis. Other week-enders tote water to their cabins in cans.

Shooting and trapping are popular sports at Tweedy and numerous metal blinds have been sunk along the lake shores.

From Los Angeles, Tweedy is seventy miles via Elizabeth Lake canyon; seventy-five miles via Bouquet canyon; eighty-eight miles via the Ridge Route. Another less-used way is San Francisquita canyon, notorious for the dam disaster of the same name.

In the late twenties, Pete Kanouse with a friend was returning from a Tweedy game hunt by the San Francisquita route. It was late afternoon and the men were horrified to see the wind slapping

Tweedy

rivulets across the top of the dam. As the car reached the road below, Kanouse's friend pounded him on the back imploring him to drive faster. Just hours after the men had passed, massive chunks of concrete parted in the ominous quiet of night, releasing a raging behemoth of water that gouged out walls of rock and snuffed the lives of uncounted slumberers in its torrential rampage to the sea.

On August 21, 1927, when Kanouse was visiting in Salt Lake City, papers carrying Los Angeles date lines reported a forest fire reportedly started by a careless cigarette dropped near Sandburg's on the Ridge Route. The fire swept across the tiny settlement of Three Points at the foot of Sawmill. Mrs. Cal Kanouse, reading the Utah papers, still remembers the helpless feeling of knowing that Tweedy was doomed. Cabin after cabin was destroyed, the fire freakishly playing leapfrog, sparing one cabin for another. Owners hurried from their homes "down below" to scrape the earth around their cabins; they stood on the roofs swatting sparks with soaked gunny sacks. In the end, six cabins were razed, also the horse barn at Deer Lodge and the red barn near the apple orchard. Another horse barn of seventeen units was erected and the children of Tweedy kept their own mounts for riding.

Dr. and Mrs. Wesley Bailey, both silvery-haired, have rebuilt on the site of their fire razed cabin, mortaring every cement block themselves. Dr. Bailey is in his late eighties and is starting an orchard with tank-hauled water. Besides being a lapidary, he also turns out fine violins, hand-carved, seasoned and polished.

To cover the blackened scars and stumps of charred timber, stands of Digger and Coulter pine were planted over Tweedy in 1928. Today they are thirty and forty feet high. Trees planted where trees had stood took root and grew, but stubbornly and unaccountably, the gravelly soil rejected saplings that had been planted where trees had never grown. The rolling brown bareness of Tweedy basin is Nature's own decision.

Likewise with wildflowers. Seeds brought from nurseries "down below" usually fail to germinate. Native seed from golden stars, California hyacinth, golden tulip, California poppy, wild buckwheat, Mariposa lily, prickly poppy, flaming poppy, orange wall-

flower, yellow and cannon lupine, deerweed, filaree, and many varieties of white and yellow daisies, fall by the time of snow.

Shy plants requiring search in hidden places are wild pansy and the wild pea known as Pride of California. Also prickly pear, Indian paint brush, chia, milkweed, wild heliotrope, popcorn flower, thistle sage, trumpet nightshade, black nightshade, scarlet bugler, gourd, and humble one-petaled flowers, scarcely removed from the algae and the dry mosses that hug the sandy soil.

Trees, other than the century-old oaks and native pines, are spruce, deodar, incense, yucca, chamise or greasewood, mesquite, tobacco tree, buckthorn, and both the white and blue lilac. In a lonely deer-tracked canyon grows a solitary madrone, similar to the manzanita that spills seed that resemble chocolate candy balls.

Mustard and wild radish are present, and the seeded wireweed and buckwheat washed with winter rain, rusts Tweedy landscape into a brownish-red carpet that in time vanishes under drifts of snow. The record snow at Tweedy was thirty-seven inches in 1932.

The water of Tweedy lake itself was the ancient attraction of wildlife, notably deer, cottontails, and jacks; and badger and mountain cat, even today, often track the muddy shore. Also dove, mallard, skunk, water snake, sometimes rattlers, ground and tree squirrel, owl and bullfrog. Killdeer flutter "wounded" along the shore to lure you away from their eggs in the tangled wildrice. Clumps of sage explode with quail and the roar of wings subsides into floating glides as the top-knotted fowl seek refuge in bird-trampled sage. Meadowlarks skim from the lake willows to skeleton pine or sometimes to the Wilson's television tower.

Summer-blue, winter-dark, or starry clear, the vault of the sky is intimately close. The low-hanging Evening Star has more than once been mistaken for the headlight of an airplane; and red Mars, like a tinted jewel, hung its closest in the summer of '54. Silhouetted against the cooling skies at sundown are the skittery shapes of bats.

A certain March afternoon, preceding the arrival of the famous swallows at San Juan Capistrano on the southern Pacific coast, a giant flock of swallows settled around Tweedy lake. Ralph Greef, who more than once has observed this phenomenon, wonders if Tweedy can be an occasional stopover of the legendary birds?

Tweedy

Indian artifacts are still picked up at Tweedy. In 1954, an obsidian arrow head, apparently discarded because of its broken shank was found by Fritz Mollinet who, besides being Tweedy's caretaker, is a present-day Thoreau.

The pavement from Palmdale to Lake Hughes was completed in 1930 and paving begun in Pine canyon west from Lake Hughes. Four years later, gold was discovered on land bordering the north line of Tweedy, not far from Big Chief, a gold mine formerly included by Tweedy, that had been worked intermittently by various claimholders.

Tweedy's directors were besieged with people wanting mining leases and sixty-seven leases of twenty acres each were laid out on Tweedy. Old Neenach town came to life as a mining center.

Assays up to \$14 were reported on lease No. 7 where 300 feet of tunnel with tracks and an ore bin were built. Lease No. 6, held by Baker and Clare Bros. assayed \$14 to \$16. Mason and Mellett's No. 12 went in 120 feet, then cross-cut hoping to strike ore at 250 feet, corresponding to an outcrop on the surface. Other miners were sinking, cross-cutting, and "glory-holing" high-grade streaks.

The original strike was made by Bill Rogers, an old miner who, until he acquired a hilly site with a \$50 down payment, had been ranching near Fresno. While digging in a moist spot to scoop a spring, his curiosity was aroused leading to a discovery which, for him, was fabulous.

Most of the diggings eventually petered out although the gold boom continued through 1935 and 1936 with prospectors swarming all over the mountains, and newspapers and mining journals continuing to post fascinating notices of the proceedings. Some mining still continues today, but prospector Rogers is gone, reportedly having invested up around Bakersfield. At Big Chief, tucked far back in a canyon, rusty hinges of abandoned machinery creak in the wind and the slim-gauge track leads to nowhere.

In Tweedy basin, sunshine remained the plentiful gold. A new generation of toddlers, grandchildren of Tweedy's founders, are arriving to splash in the pine-shaded pool and to learn their first swim strokes. Childish eyes see Tweedy much as it was seen by their young parents when they were children, as it was seen by the Digger

Indians who camped on the lake and left bowls and pestles — as primitive as it was and should remain, as unchanging and as ever-changing as a bit of glowing color-film run over and over again.

It is this ageless charm of freshness and age, beauty and awe, storm and sunshine that draws Tweedy folk willingly back. Tweedy's census of permanent dwellers increases and now includes the Pete Kanouses, Dr. and Mrs. Wesley Bailey, and the late Roy Wilson's mother and brother, a former barnstorming stunt flyer. Most recent year-rounders are Ralph and Kitty Greef who have retired permanently to the place they helped preserve in its primitive state — to Tweedy where frogs nightly converging from the fields, splash in the tranquil pool, and where deer, unconcernedly posing in the orchard, munch apples in broad daylight.



Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

By Maymie R. Krythe

PART III: THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

More than the usual amount of powder was burned, but no blood spilled. And everybody supremely happy and noisily patriotic. With gunpowder, a chance to parade, and an opportunity to speak, what more could any reasonable American require to make a successful holiday?



WITH THIS PARAGRAPH, THE EDITOR of the Los Angeles *Star* ended his description of a typical Fourth of July in the fifties, not long after the pueblo of Los Angeles had become American territory.

Several Yankees, who had settled here under Mexican rule, and who had been obliged to change their citizenship in order to get certain land grants, were pleased to take part in the first celebration of the "Glorious Fourth" that occurred in 1847, after American troops occupied the pueblo. On this occasion Fort Moore was dedicated. Now with the removal of the height to make way for a freeway, all traces of the 400-foot breastworks have been obliterated. Gone, too is the boulder which for years marked the site of the old fort, and which bore this inscription:

FORT MOORE
ERECTED ON THIS SITE IN 1847
BY UNITED STATES TROOPS
THE FIRST
CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY
IN CALIFORNIA WAS HELD HERE
JULY 4, 1847
MARKED BY ESCHSCHOLTZIA CHAPTER
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
JULY 4, 1916

This hill had played a vital role in the history of the pueblo. Before the American conquest, the *calaboza*, or jail, stood part way up the slope. Jailers took their prisoners from the prison to a spot on the hill where the gallows waited "with its horrid arms extended." A herald walked through the dusty streets and summoned Angelenos to see the executions — one of the most dramatic of these being the death of a notorious young bandit, Juan Flores.

Here, too, Lt. Archibald Gillespie with his small band of American soldiers was besieged by angry Californians. Finally the Yankees were allowed to march down the hill, with drums beating and colors flying, to proceed to a ship at San Pedro Bay. The last bloodshed in the American conquest took place on Fort Hill after Commodore Stockton and General Kearny entered town in January, 1847, when the height was cleared.

During the unsettled period that followed, rumors circulated that General Flores was preparing an attack; and later that General Bustamente was approaching from Lower California. Consequently the Americans decided to fortify the height. Lt. J. W. Davidson of the First United States Dragoons, planned a fort capable of holding 200 men. The construction was done by the noted Mormon Battalion, gathered together by Major Philip St. George, and led across the desert by him.

In addition, two companies of Col. Stevenson's New York Volunteers had come down from San Francisco. The Colonel sent this order to Los Angeles:

The field work at this fort having been planned and the work conducted by Lt. Davidson of the First Dragoons, he is requested to hoist for the first time on the morning of the Fourth an American standard.

Extensive preparations were made for this dedication of Fort Moore. Colonel Stevenson had ordered this name given to the new fortification in honor of gallant Captain Benjamin D. Moore, who lost his life, December 6, 1846, at the Battle of San Pasqual in San Diego County. When the California Lancers rushed the Americans, Captain Moore charged, leading his men, and received 17 wounds from California lances. He was praised as "One, on the then western front, well-renowned, so kind and genial ever; stern, prompt, and forceful when duty called."

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

In order to get a pole for the flag-raising on the Fourth of July, Juan Ramirez and a small army of Indians, with ten Mormon soldiers to protect them from hostile tribes, went to Mill Creek near San Bernardino. On this expedition they got into a fight, and killed three Indians. When the group didn't return at the expected time, some anxiety was felt in the pueblo.

However, a great cloud of dust was seen later arising on the road that led from San Gabriel Mission into town; "creakings and groanings" were heard as the two enormous logs, one of 80 feet and the other 90, were slowly brought to the pueblo. They were fastened to the axles of 12 Mexican *carretas*, to which 20 oxen were hitched, each having its own Indian driver.

Carpenters spliced the two logs together to make a pole 150 feet tall. This was set up on the hill at the southeast corner of what was, until recently, North Broadway and Fort Moore Place, where "it could be seen by all men."

At daybreak, on July 4, 1847, there was great excitement in town as the American soldiers marched out to see a beautiful flag raised, at sunrise, for the first time, on Fort Hill by Lt. Davidson. Nine deafening cheers were given; the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and a resounding salute thundered from the height.

Again at 11 A.M. that morning, the Mormons, Dragoons, and New York Volunteers met and formed a hollow square. The Declaration of Independence was read in English by Captain Stuart Taylor, and in sonorous Spanish by Stephen C. Foster, one of the early mayors of Los Angeles. Meantime, many Californians sat on horseback, back of the American lines, and heard the important document read for the first time.

Following this, Colonel Stevenson and his staff, Adjutant Bonnycastle, Dr. Griffin, and Lt. Davidson, dedicated the fort. In his address the Colonel praised the gallant conduct of Captain Moore; he stressed what a loss his death was to the country, describing him as "a perfect specimen of an American officer, whose characteristics for every virtue and accomplishment that adorns a gentleman were equalled only by the reputation he had acquired for his gallantry as an officer and soldier."

When the formal program was over, the soldiers were served wine; a national salute fired, and to the tune of "Hail Columbia," the men marched off gaily for a day of festivity. That evening the enlisted men entertained some ladies "not of such high social scale" as the lovely *senoras* and *senoritas*, who were the guests of the officers at "a magnificent ball" given at the same time.

This took place at Lt. Davidson's headquarters, where the rooms were decorated in "tasteful style," and the ceiling draped with the flag that had been raised that day over Fort Moore. There was a picture of George Washington, surrounded by lights, and festoons of evergreens. The colors of the companies were massed, and stacks of muskets stood in the corners, with the bayonets serving as candleholders. Along the walls were cutlasses arranged in the shape of stars, with candles burning in the centers.

This party was graced by the presence of such California belles as the wife of General Flores, Pio Pico's wife, and other *senoras*. A gorgeous wreath of flowers had been prepared for presentation to the belle of the ball. Because of the presence of so many beautiful ladies, the decision was a difficult one for the judges to make; but the charming, dark-eyed young sister of General Flores's wife was selected. After dancing until midnight, the guests were invited to the supper room, arranged along a porch that had been screened in. After the bounteous feast, and drinking of many toasts, dancing was resumed and kept up until dawn. This first celebration of the Glorious Fourth was never forgotten by the Californians and their Gringo friends.

The *Star* (July 5, 1851) reported another memorable Fourth, which began the night before, with the firing of crackers and fire-arms, and the light of blazing bonfires on Main Street. Next morning the Angelenos were awakened by the pealing of bells in the old Plaza Church, and the firing of guns. General Bean (brother of Roy, known as "The Law West of the Pecos") of San Gabriel, with about twenty citizens, paraded along the streets, and paid their respects to the Mayor and Councilmen. When they stopped at the American Exchange, the Declaration was read both in English and Spanish, followed by florid orations in the two tongues.

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

Twelve prisoners at the jail were allowed to sit in the corridor to enjoy the program. Their jailer, a Mr. Robinson, gave them "a sumptuous dinner" — roast and boiled beef, rice, potatoes, cakes, pies, and wine. Later the inmates amused themselves with guitar playing, dancing, and singing; although the prisoners were not Americans, they thought this Gringo celebration was the best they had ever heard of.

At the so-called "bullfight" in the afternoon, the chief feature was the daring horsemanship of the native Californians. A "brilliant ball" was conducted that evening, by B. D. Wilson, Alexander, and Wheeler, at the Abel Stearns home. The large room there was crowded with the elite of the County, and included seventy ladies. Of course they all wore their best "bibs and tuckers." One lady wrote this description of her costume to a friend:

My dress was pink tarleton, chastely trimmed, balmorals (shoes) with patent leather tips, and two long rows of eyelets, through which ran a brand new cord tied in a double bow at the top. What could be in better taste, all things considered?

Because of this successful observance of the holiday, another was planned for the next year, 1852. The committee consisted of John Wheeler, Joseph Lancaster Brent (a Southern lawyer, who later left California to become a general in the Confederate Army), J. G. Downey (afterwards, a governor), W. T. B. Sanford, and Dr. A. P. Hodges. The townspeople gathered at the Bella Union Hotel, on Main, near Commercial, where William Sanford (whose sister, Rebecca, married Phineas Banning), read the Declaration of Independence, followed by the Spanish version of Don Narcisso Botillo. Flowery orations in two tongues were given by Lewis Ranger and M. C. Rojo.

Then came the parade, of about a mile, to the vineyard of Julian Chavis, where dinner was served in the shade, with barbecued meats and other California dishes. Many ladies were present and assisted in singing patriotic songs. The wife of Judge Ben Hayes, in her diary, tells that many of the participants went back to town, and spent the afternoon drinking, and riding wildly around the pueblo. The Hayes family attended a dinner at the home of

B. D. Wilson that evening. A ball also took place, while a salute of one hundred guns ended the day's festivities.

In 1853 the Angelenos didn't celebrate in the pueblo, but went down in full force to San Pedro Bay, twenty miles to the south, where Phineas Banning and his partner, Alexander, put on a three-day, never-to-be forgotten affair. Phineas Banning (always noted for his patriotism) and his partner decided both to celebrate the Fourth and to advertise their new place of business. A clipper ship, the *Laura Bevan*, had arrived in the roadstead; therefore the firm purchased large quantities of food and liquid refreshments from its stores.

On July 3, stages crowded with guests left Los Angeles; the coaches, after discharging their passengers, returned for others. Every kind of conveyance, including Mexican *carretas*, was pressed into service. Many gaily dressed horsemen rode down to help the Yankees celebrate, and by night several hundred were in attendance. There was at that time, only one building at San Pedro, the old Mission hide house, on the bluff. Here a long table was spread for everyone to help himself to food and drink. It was amazing how Banning and Alexander contrived to show such liberality and true Southern California hospitality under the circumstances.

Everyone stayed up all night, as there was, of course, no place to sleep. Musicians alternated in entertaining the crowd, while dancing and speech-making helped pass the hours. Patriotic songs were sung by the Americans, while guests of other nationalities responded with their own songs.

According to the account given by Major Horace Bell, "Uncle Dave Anderson was bubbling over with patriotic music." At this three-day affair, all had a wonderful time and "paid their respects to their liberal entertainers, who until the evening of the fifth, dispensed a hospitality more than princely. It was superlatively royal. It was grand, full-handed, and without stint."

On the morning of the Fourth there was a procession with more than a thousand people in line; they marched around a liberty pole, from which the American Flag waved. A hollow square was formed; each one was given a bottle of champagne, with which they toasted Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States. When

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

the parade was over, some went out to the *Laura Bevan*, and took a ride around the bay.

Others rowed to Deadman's Island, where José Sepulveda mounted the "Old Woman's Gun," which had been used against the Americans in the Battle of Dominguez Rancho in 1846. Americans who lost their lives in that encounter were buried on Deadman's Island. So this salute by the Californians was not only a tribute to the dead heroes, but showed how the former enemies had now become friends. Everyone cheered as the salute was given over the graves of Captain Mervine's men; José Sepulveda shouted "*Viva los Unidos Estados! Viva Mexico! Somos Amigos!*"

After the establishment of Fort Tejon, about a hundred miles north of Los Angeles, Fourth of July celebrations in the pueblo became more colorful by the presence of troops from the post. Colonel Beall, his officers, and the Dragoons with their band, came down, to assist in the ceremonies. Ralph Emerson, a cousin of the poet and philosopher, acted as marshal for the parade that included the visitors, and two local military companies, the mounted Lancers and the Southern Rifles. The procession marched from the Plaza to Dr. Hoover's vineyard where the program consisted of patriotic addresses by General Phineas Banning and Judge Myron Norton. After a notable military ball that evening, and a band concert next morning, the visitors left for Fort Tejon, after an outstanding celebration.

The eighty-third anniversary of Independence Day in 1859 was planned by the boys of A. F. Tilden's school of calisthenics. After they had collected \$400, the Messrs. Emerson, Beaudry, and Dr. Myles added enough to the fund to pay for a band and "an abundant collation" at noon. At dawn there was a salute of thirty-four guns, thirteen at noon, and a final salute of twenty-one at sundown.

Early in the morning the boys gathered at their school, pinned on large red, white, and blue rosettes, and marched to School House No. 2, to escort Miss Hoyt's "young ladies" to the gardens of Don Luis Sansevain. Each of three seventy-foot tables was decorated in the national colors, and loaded with good things. The exercises opened with a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Boardman; and Master Charles Till read the Declaration. With a roll of drums, many German citi-

zens arrived; after all had heard a speech by A. F. Tilden, American, German, and French songs were sung.

During the Civil War period, Los Angeles was divided into two camps, with the Southerners decidedly in the majority, for many of the early American settlers had come from the South. In spite of this, the Union sympathizers gathered at the Garden of Paradise to pay honor to the Fourth of July, in 1860.

Next year, after the war had started, the federal adherents — the minority group — paraded with the Fort Tejon band to the Sansevain garden. After the Declaration of Independence had been read "in good voice" by C. H. Brinley, patriotic speeches were made by Captain Winfield S. Hancock, Joseph R. Gitchell, and James Mohun. A "square" dinner was served; there was "much food and wine flowed in abundance."

A correspondent of the *San Francisco Journal*, who was staying at the Bella Union Hotel, declared the hotel was a "hot-bed of secession," and that people who attempted a Fourth of July celebration, while feelings were running so high in the town, were "semi-insane." Apparently this San Francisco reporter didn't think too highly of the actions of some Angelenos on this holiday, as he wrote, "Orator tight, Reader ditto" and he named two prominent citizens "who looked like a pair of boiled owls."

In 1862 there was no local observance of the Fourth, but several Unionists, including the Messrs. Frohling, Sansevain, Hoover, and Wolfskill, went to visit Camp Latham. By 1863 it was necessary to have some of the troops from Drum Barracks at Wilmington in town to calm down the too vociferous Southern sympathizers.

A quiet Fourth was observed in 1864, with an evening display of fireworks from Fort Hill, put on by the Messrs. Buffum, Northrup, and others. But when the war was over, in 1865, there was great rejoicing, with music by the German singing societies, dinner at the Round House Gardens, a military ball, and a speech by the Honorable H. E. Lovett. However, some very "unusual weather" in the form of unseasonal rain, prevented the carrying out of all the planned program.

Angelenos and other Southern Californians joined with the people of Wilmington at a celebration there in 1866. Phineas Ban-

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

ning, head of the committee on arrangements, invited everyone from miles around, and a large crowd responded. There were salutes at sunrise, noon, and sunset. At 10 a.m. all assembled at a large building, that had been fitted up for the occasion. Here the Rev. Mr. Eakins led in prayer, followed by the Declaration, and patriotic songs. Then General Phineas Banning delivered an address glowing with patriotic fervor. This excerpt is from the *Wilmington Journal*:

General Banning delivered an eloquent address overflowing with patriotism and filled with beautiful similes. Our readers will regret that the speaker's modesty prevents him from consenting to its publication. We were able to catch the following sentence:

"We should now remember and give our support to the grand old hero, the President of the United States, who so ably now conducts our Ship of State, so richly freighted with our country's liberties, through the perils of reorganization; and as in years past he fought and vanquished the traitors and rebels of the South — so may he in time to come be victorious over the mischief-makers and evil doers of all portions of our beloved country."

After the song, "Our Flag's Still There," by a soloist, and "Our Fatherland" by the Teutonia Society, the visitors went to various hotels and restaurants that had prepared to feed the large crowd. That afternoon there were many diversions; and toward evening they were entertained by the "Fantastic Company," a strange-looking cavalcade, riding fiery steeds and carrying banners. Some ensigns were inscribed with such signs as "Poor, but honest Arizona miners," etc. A few riders were dressed as Chinese, and other nationalities, with some women on men's saddles, and vice versa. They performed such maneuvers as getting off and on a horse in three seconds, fired off firecrackers from cannon, and generally amused the many visitors from the pueblo. Several Wilmington citizens entertained their Los Angeles friends at dinner that evening; this was followed by a ball at the Wilmington Exchange Hotel.

After the Civil War period, Fourth of July celebrations came back into general favor; and a lively one was observed in 1869. It was an important year for the pueblo, for Phineas Banning constructed the first railway in Southern California, from Los Angeles

to Wilmington. By the Fourth of July the tracks had been laid from Compton to the Bay; and the General invited the Sunday School children of Compton to take the first ride to Wilmington. The youngsters climbed into flat cars — then the only ones available — and had an exciting run on the new line. Banning took them for a ride on his steamer, *Cricket*, around San Pedro Bay. A tired but happy bunch of children climbed aboard the train for the return trip, after their novel Independence Day celebration.

In 1872 B. D. Wilson was President of the Day and Phineas Banning, Grand Marshal, for the Independence Day festivities. The streets were crowded with spectators who watched the procession, made up of various benevolent organizations. At the grounds of Mrs. White's home, the parade disbanded; after an oration, General Banning responded to the toast, "The Day We Celebrate," and singing of patriotic airs followed. Meals were served in the skating rink by the Methodist ladies. That afternoon many Angelenos watched the races at Agricultural Park; while a ball and fireworks were put on in the evening.

The Committee on Arrangements for the Fourth of July celebration in 1873 looked over the Round House grounds, and the owner, Mr. Henne, allowed these gardens to be used for the affair. Seats were erected for 2,000; and carriages were asked to deposit their passengers at the Spring Street entrance. Seats in front of the grandstand were reserved for the ladies; the committee requested that, for once the gentlemen would separate themselves from their "lady friends" so "the best places may be occupied by the fair sex."

A funny incident occurred on this holiday, and was reported in the *Express*, July 5, 1873:

Hon. B. D. Wilson, president of the day made a short introductory speech. The Rev. A. M. Campbell . . . came forward and commenced a prayer to the throne of grace . . . but the underpinning of the platform began to snap, and finally the whole structure dropped to the ground, a distance of about 3½ feet. Fortunately no one was hurt . . . Some one cried, 'Three cheers for the platform committee' . . . When order had been restored, the chaplain proceeded with the prayer, standing amid the fallen planks, which now only raised the speakers a shade above the level ground . . . When the Rev. Mr. Campbell concluded, some of the audience for the moment forgot themselves, and started to applaud.

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

But the crowning Independence Day of the Sleepy Pueblo period was the one observed in the National Centennial year — 1876. Native and foreign-born Angelenos tried to outdo each other in making this the greatest day the pueblo had ever seen. Both public and private buildings, and homes were tastefully decorated. The entire front of Pico House was hung with wreaths of evergreens and lines of small flags of all nations. The manager had erected a column with these words on its four sides:

1776 - 1876 — NOW FOR 1976

TO THE PATRONS OF THE PICO HOUSE, MAY

YOU LIVE 100 YEARS

NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST. A FOURTH OF JULY FOR ALL.

INDEPENDENCE DAY. A WELCOME TO ALL OUR GUESTS

The other hotels, the Grand Central, the St. Charles (formerly the Bella Union) and the LaFayette, were gay with flags and festoons of greenery, while the last-named displayed on its balcony a picture of the Father of His Country.

The theatres, business buildings, Mayor's office, Post Office, Court House — all were decked in bunting, and other decorations to honor the day. There was a triple arch across Main Street, with statues of Columbia, Washington, and President Grant. Flags, shields, the American Eagle, and the California coat of arms were all in evidence. Two of the Volunteer Fire Companies, the 38's and Confidence Company No. 2, also erected arches at their own expense in front of their houses.

Early in the morning guests from ranchos and outlying towns began to arrive on foot or horseback, in buggies, carriages, wagons,

and by trains. The Southern Pacific depot was handsomely decorated. When the Wilmington train, "decorated with flags and garlands of flowers, came thundering in," it brought hundreds of passengers, eager to "see the big doings." Also the Colton and Anaheim cars were decked out in patriotic colors, and they too carried many visitors.

The parade was the longest the city had known, and it took thirty minutes for it to pass the reviewing stand. First came the Grand Marshal, Major H. M. Mitchell, with his aides, Capt. H. M. Smith, Major E. M. Ross, J. A. Graves, and J. H. Howard. Following were the Woods Opera House Band, the Los Angeles Guard, and the Rifleros. There was a car with the Goddess of Liberty, attended by Peace and Plenty — three pretty young ladies.

Many veterans of the Mexican War were in line, with the French Benevolent Society and their "triumphal chariot" containing a trio of attractive girls, representing the Goddess of Liberty, France, and America. Carriages with such distinguished persons as General Phineas Banning, President of the Day, the Poet, Orator, Chaplain, and other guests followed. The Volunteer Fire Companies made a fine showing; on one of the steamers sat a young girl, as America. Under a decorated canopy, on one car, were seen Columbia, Uncle Sam, "Mose," "Young Continental," and other characters. Wilmington, too, was represented among the fire companies.

Patriotic and benevolent orders made up the Third Division, which contained a car with thirteen girls, one for each of the original colonies. In another division was a Car of State, with 38 young ladies, representing all the states. Captain Jack of the Modocs, General Washington and his wife also appeared in the parade. Many business firms were represented, with advertisements of their products. One company, the Reinert Cooperage, displayed this sign:

SHOW US A LEAK IN THE UNION, AND WE WILL TIGHTEN IT.

Many citizens, in carriages, on horses, or afoot, brought up the rear of the parade, which disbanded at the Round House Gardens. Here seats were reserved for 1500 people; but many others stood during the literary exercises, which included the following numbers:

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

1. Music, *Hail Columbia*, Band
2. Prayer, The Rev. Mr. Packard
3. Opening remarks by President of the Day,
General Phineas Banning
4. Hymn, *America*, by the United church choirs
5. Music, *Washington March*, Band
6. Reading of Declaration of Independence,
Thomas Saxon
7. Solo and Chorus, *Red, White and Blue*,
united choirs
8. *Centennial Poem*, Hon. James G. Eastman
9. Music, *Yankee Doodle*, Band
10. Oration by Hon. James G. Eastman
11. Music, *Star Spangled Banner*
12. Benediction, The Rev. Mr. Edelman

This program was carried through successfully; and in the reading, by Professor Saxon, "his fine elocutionary powers were brought out."

As was then the custom, James G. Eastman delivered a long, flowery oration, ending with this climax:

And when upon the last day, before the great Founder and Ruler of all governments, the nations of the earth are summoned to bring the record of their stewardship — when England shall come with offerings of manufactures, her commerce and her proud statesmanship; France, with her centuries of refinement — her proud achievements in letters, wit, thought and science; Spain, with her conquests and song; Germany, with her broad philosophy, grand poetry, and wondrous learning; Italy with her ages of music and art; America, robed in equal rights, radiant with universal love and liberty, shall approach the throne Divine, and depositing as her offering the trophies of peace and benedictions of mankind, shall be crowned with the approval of the Everlasting God!

In those Good Old Days the Angelenos in that Sleepy Pueblo hadn't yet heard of safe or sane Fourth of July days; and more noise they made, the happier they were. Therefore, everyone, young and old, looked forward to this holiday; and fairly bursting with patriotism and old-fashioned oratory, they celebrated their rip-roaring Independence Days in great style.

The Changing Role of The Port of Santa Barbara*

By Marvin W. Mikesell



GIFT OF A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS PLUS CITY FUNDS secured a modern breakwater for the port of Santa Barbara in 1930, but by this time maritime activity had ceased to be the main commercial reliance of the area. Ironically, in the days when there was neither breakwater nor wharf, Santa Barbara was definitely a seaport town.

Prior to the construction of the breakwater, the slight indentation of the coast at Santa Barbara was an "open roadstead." In the calm of summer and fall, when the air was disturbed only by steady westerly winds and the gentle ebb and flow of a sea breeze, this indentation offered safe anchorage. But during the tempestuous months of winter and spring, ships were obliged to anchor three or four miles offshore and transfer their cargoes in lighters. The months of November through May formed the season of the dreaded "south-easter." The storms of this period seldom lasted more than a couple of days, but the gales that accompanied them often spelled disaster for ships caught near the shore. During the colonial and early American phases of settlement, the combination of sudden storms, adverse currents and fog claimed so many wrecks off San Miguel and Santa Rosa Islands, Point Arguello and Point Conception, that the western entrance to Santa Barbara Channel was known from Alaska to Panama as a "graveyard of ships."

During this period only five California ports could be considered safe throughout the year. The most important of these were San Diego and San Francisco. The remainder were: the small harbor on the southwestern side of Santa Catalina Island, Cuyler's Harbor on San Miguel Island, and Monterey.¹ Since the entire mainland portion of Santa Barbara Channel was an "open roadstead," the question arises as to why Santa Barbara and Ventura were selected as mission

The Changing Role of The Port of Santa Barbara

sites. The explanation is to be found in the Royal Prerequisites of Franciscan colonization. Productive land, water, and large Indian population, experience had established, were conditions of success. The first two prerequisites were adequately satisfied and the third was more than satisfied along the Channel Coast. Moreover, the subsistence orientation of mission livelihood was such that directness of maritime contact could be overruled as a primary condition of settlement.

The commercial history of the Santa Barbara area can be divided into two broad phases. The first phase, extending from the time of the founding of the mission colony in 1787 to the Mexican Revolution in 1810, was marked by intermittent contact with New Spain. Santa Barbara, in common with all California ports, was strictly enjoined from trading not only with foreign vessels but with any agency other than authorized government supply ships.² These vessels, the *Princesa* and the *Favorita*, plied the coast annually or semi-annually offering items ranging from farm implements to altar cloths in exchange for hides, tallow and the surplus of local gardens.

With the Mexican Revolution, the run of the supply ships ceased. The new regime was slow to re-establish the old pattern. No ships were sent from 1810 to 1816. In 1813 two Spanish ships from Lima appeared in California waters, and the missionaries eagerly bartered hides and tallow for the miscellaneous goods offered, but after 1814 even this contact ceased.

But the opportunities of California were too attractive to be ignored. Russian vessels, manned by Kodiak and Aleut Indians, had been carrying on sea otter hunting among the Channel Islands since the beginning of the 19th century.³ By 1810 American vessels were active along the coast. To the skippers of these craft, trade restrictions were something to be ignored or at best circumvented. The arrival of American vessels thus encouraged contraband trade. The forbidden business had an important center at Refugio Cove, about thirty miles west of Santa Barbara. Reasonably well sheltered, too distant from the presidio to be subject to close surveillance and a natural point of entry for the missions of La Purísima and Santa Ynez, the cove proved to be an excellent place for the purpose.

Traffic moving inland followed the trail through Refugio Pass rather than the more closely policed *Camino Real*. With the presidio in its midst, illicit trade affected the vicinity of the Santa Barbara pueblo only indirectly, although even here midnight meetings were held between local merchants and Yankee captains. For this purpose the sheltered inlet at what is now Goleta slough served well.

By 1816 effective efforts were no longer being made to limit foreign trade. Four years later the demand for California goods exceeded supply. The result was a commercial acceleration, spurred by the final removal of trade restrictions in 1821. California soon became a favorite destination for foreign ships.⁴ Boston traders generally sought hides but also took some tallow and furs. Mexican, Peruvian, and Alaskan merchants wanted tallow, while Hawaiian buyers preferred otter or seal skins, and horses. Cattle hides, commonly known as "California currency," provided the principal medium of exchange. Silver *pesos* also circulated but were sought mainly by merchants engaged in trade with the Orient.

In exchange, the Californians received a host of commodities never before generally available. A cargo listed by Richard Henry Dana⁵

. . . consisted of everything under the sun . . . spirits of all kinds (sold by the cask), teas, coffee, sugar, spices, raisins, molasses, hardware, crockery ware, tin ware, cutlery, clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes from Lynn, calicos and cottons from Lowell, crapes and silks; also shawls, scarfs, necklaces, jewelry and combs for the women; furniture; and, in fact, everything that can be imagined from Chinese fireworks to English cartwheels . . .

Of food products, rice and sugar were most in demand and after them tea and coffee. Spirits sold only moderately well, since home-made wine and *aguardiente* suited the local taste, but Havana "segars" were highly prized. Although these items were sold at figures about 300 per cent above Boston prices, vessels were welcomed with unrestrained enthusiasm. The arrival of a ship at Santa Barbara meant the termination of all productive activity, as the residents of the pueblo and the coastal hinterland flocked to the beach to haggle for goods unclaimed by previous contracts.

The ease with which goods could be landed depended upon

The Changing Role of The Port of Santa Barbara

weather conditions and the roughness of the surf. Even during "calm" periods landing through the surf was an ordeal. A few hundred yards off-shore lighters would wait, bows pointed toward the beach. Then, as a swell sped them toward land, the crews would throw their oars clear. As soon as the boats touched the beach, they were run up high and dry. Light cargo was then transported overland by hand or on pack animals, but bulky goods were moved in the uniform conveyance of the land — the cumbersome ox-cart. In this manner goods moved the short distance to the mission and pueblo, or over winding trails to distant *ranchos*. On return trips, carts carried awkward loads of stiff cattle hides, heavy bags of tallow and, occasionally, ship's stores.

The return of the lighters was, if anything, more of a trial than the landing. Loaded craft could not be moved safely through the breakers. This meant that boats had to be transported empty beyond the line of rough surf. Cargo was then carried on the heads of stevedores, who floundered through the surf, struggling to keep the wind from turning their stiff cattle hides into "sails."⁶

All things considered, the port did not enjoy a favorable reputation. Dana's far from melancholy farewell can be taken as a summary of existing opinion:⁷

We pulled off with a will, saying to ourselves 'Good-by Santa Barbara! This is the last pull here! No more duckings in your breakers, and slipping from your cursed south-easters! . . . ' Each one was taking his last look at the mission, the town, the breakers on the beach, and swearing that no money would make him ship to see them again . . .

Nevertheless the ships kept coming. The strangely assorted cargo that arrived on the Santa Barbara beach and the mounds of hides that accumulated on New England docks more than compensated for the inconvenience of a port nature had not destined for commerce.

Completion of a wharf in 1869 removed many of the problems of landing and loading, but by this time subdivision of the large land grants had undermined the foundation of the hide and tallow trade.⁸ By 1870 the once prosperous commercial town had lapsed into a state of somnolence. "Business stagnation," to quote a contemporary editorial, "stared the community in the face." Martimine

communication still had local significance, for the imposing barrier of the interior mountains, the vagaries of stage schedules, and the danger of bandits discouraged overland travel. What passed for roads at this time were trails, for the most part only wide enough for travel on horseback. Gaviota and Las Positas Passes, the only real outlets on the north, were frequently blocked by landslides, and the route to Ventura was passable only at low tide. Coastal steamers, accordingly, handled the small agricultural surplus of the area, carried passengers, and delivered mail. But the days of intense activity and quick fortune were over. By 1878 the port had degenerated to such an extent that the wharf fell into disrepair. Passengers were again carried ashore on the backs of sailors, after having been warned that a generous tip was necessary to prevent a ducking!

The relative isolation of Santa Barbara proved to be a source of embarrassment when the town embarked upon a program of community promotion. Under the enthusiastic auspices of local businessmen, pamphlets were circulated in the eastern states which hailed Santa Barbara as the "Riviera of the West" — a paradise where "rain was scarce," "frosts were unknown," "cabbages weighed twenty-five pounds," and where a "mysterious element in the air insured perfect sleep."

Conscious of the limits inadequate communication placed upon their plans, local residents sent a petition to Congress in 1869, asking \$100,000 for the construction of a breakwater.¹⁰ The request was refused. Undaunted, Santa Barbara boosters fortified their arguments and in 1873 asked for the same amount for a breakwater or for the dredging of the *estero* which then occupied the southeastern margin of the coastal plain. Santa Barbara was indulging its highest hopes for a return to commercial greatness. Congress was assured that with the proposed harbor Santa Barbara could become the terminus of at least one of the transcontinental railroads. In a series of articles advocating such a rail connection the local press took off all restraint. "We have claimed," wrote the editor of *The Index*, "and now reiterate it, that Santa Barbara a few years hence will be the most important town of Southern California."¹¹ It was expedient at this time to ignore the barrier of the Santa Ynez and San Rafael Mountains. In the zeal of railroad promotion, the natural failings

The Changing Role of The Port of Santa Barbara

of the port also were ignored. In the same newspaper the public was assured that Santa Barbara had "the safest place for transacting business with sailing and steam vessels that there is on the Pacific Coast. The whole of Santa Barbara Channel may be designated as the harbor." Viewed in these terms the "harbor" was imposing indeed, with an east-west dimension of over seventy miles!

But local promoters spoke differently to the Government. Continued demands for a harbor appropriation eventually moved Congress to request an official report. Government engineers put the cost of *estero* conversion at \$1,400,000. In the face of so staggering a sum, efforts to gain either the dredged harbor or the breakwater were reluctantly put aside. But after the great storms of 1878, a fresh petition, asking \$100,000 for a breakwater only, was addressed to Congress.

Fifty years later a private contribution enabled the city to build the long desired breakwater, but by this time the illusions of commercial greatness had been forgotten. Completion of rail and highway connection with Los Angeles had long since solved the problem of an outlet for local agriculture. The harbor served instead as anchorage for fishing and pleasure craft — a role well in keeping with Santa Barbara's growing prosperity as a tourist and retirement center. From a commercial standpoint, modern Santa Barbara proved to be something less than the "southern San Francisco" local residents had so enthusiastically prophesied. Geography and the strange currents of California history are to be thanked for this "lack of attainment."

(See next page for reference notes.)

NOTES

- *Presented at the annual meeting of the Association of Pacific Coast Geographers, Santa Barbara, June 19, 1953.
1. The marginal notes on the lower sheet of the U. S. Coast Survey's 1853 *Reconnaissance of the Western Coast of the United States* contain a wealth of information on early California ports.
 2. Owen H. O'Neill (Editor), *History of Santa Barbara County, State of California: Its People and Resources*. Santa Barbara: Harold M. Meier, 1939, p. 53.
 3. See Adele Ogden, "Russian Sea Otter and Seal Hunting on the California Coast 1803-1841," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. 12 (1933), pp. 217-240.
 4. For an interesting account of early California trade see Adele Ogden, "Hides and Tallow — McCulloch, Hartnell and Company 1822-1828," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. 6 (1927), pp. 254-265.
 5. Richard Henry Dana, *Two Years Before the Mast*. New York: The Modern Library, 1936, pp. 78-79.
 6. The problems of landing and loading at Santa Barbara are vividly described in Dana, *op. cit.*, pp. 59-62.
 7. *Ibid.*, p. 269.
 8. The circumstances surrounding subdivision of the large land grants, and the effects of subdivision on the cultural geography of the area are considered in Marvin W. Mikesell, *The Santa Barbara Area, California: A Study of Changing Culture Patterns Prior to 1865* (M. A. Thesis in geography, University of California, Los Angeles, 1953), pp. 113-124, 154-159.
 9. Santa Barbara was by no means the only southern California community to make extravagant claims of its assets. Mr. Harold S. Chase has shown me material from the neighboring Santa Ynez Valley which is even more enthusiastic. Carey McWilliams gives a delightful account of community propaganda under the heading "The Folklore of Climatology" in *Southern California Country*, New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1946.
 10. O'Neill, *op. cit.*, p. 222.
 11. *Loc. cit.*



Rancho Los Palos Verdes*

By W. W. Robinson



THERE WAS VAST EXCITEMENT in the mining town of Los Alamos, Sonora, the morning of February 2, 1781. Settlers recruited to found our city of Los Angeles had been assembled there and were ready to start that day on their now historic journey north. Men, women, and children — all dressed and outfitted for the trip and for frontier settlement — were milling about. Saddle mules and pack mules were kicking up a lot of dust.

And with the party was the escort of seventeen soldiers, gaily garbed in new blue jackets bright with epaulettes and yellow buttons. Their wives and children were on hand ready to go north too.

One of the soldiers, a thirty-nine-year-old man from the town of Sinaloa, had his hands full. He had a wife, María Candelaria Arredondo, and six children, ranging in age from six to seventeen, the largest of the soldier families. His name was Sepúlveda — Francisco Xavier Sepúlveda.

Sepúlveda made a successful journey to San Gabriel with the settlers and with his own family and in due course he became the ancestor of both the Santa Monica and the Palos Verdes branches of the Sepúlveda family. He was the father of Francisco, who in 1828 acquired the rancho that includes Santa Monica, and the grandfather of José Dolores — often referred to as Dolores — whose cattle as early as the year 1822 were ranging the hills of Palos Verdes in what is now Los Angeles County. For genealogical data I rely, of course, on that fine research historian, Thomas Workman Temple II.

In the interval between the founding of Los Angeles in September of 1781 and the time when it was possible to acquire ranchos, the Sepúlveda family was in or near the Pueblo of Los Angeles and the young men became soldiers. An interesting reference to them I find in a Bancroft footnote (Volume II, page 349). Francisco and Dolores Sepúlveda, destined to become great landowners, are there listed among the landless citizens of the pueblo who either cultivated the Pueblo commons or who had their own gardens or who lived and worked with relatives.

The name "Palos Verdes," meaning green trees, had its origin in the "Cañada de Palos Verdes," a small canyon shown in the San Pedro area on early day maps. This canyon lies between the present Sepúlveda and Lomita Boulevards, east of Vermont and west of Figueroa. It gave its name to the huge rancho, the highest point of which, El Cerro de San Pedro, rises 1500 feet above the sea.

Today Palos Verdes is synonymous with the whole glamorous peninsula which geologists tell us was once an island. The island origin is as obvious to present visitors who follow its winding drives as it has been to discerning navigators. What Mary Foy calls the fascinating skyline of Palos Verdes, with its series of clearly marked marine shelves, former beaches, is the result of uplifts over the ages. The low connection with the mainland comes through former ram-paging action of the Los Angeles and San Gabriel Rivers disgorging on the ocean floor their heavy accumulations of debris.

It was Manuel Gutiérrez who invited young Dolores Sepúlveda to keep his horses and cattle on a portion of what then was old Rancho San Pedro — and apparently in the year 1822. Gutiérrez had become executor of the will of the first owner of Rancho San Pedro — Juan José Dominguez — on the latter's death in 1809. He had a life interest in the rancho itself and, with his majordomo, Avila, ran it in the twenty-year absence of the Dominguez family.

In the days when land had no value except for pasturage, when property meant cattle rather than land, and when rivers were always changing their courses, it was natural that there should be disputes in the San Pedro area between families in possession: Dominguez, Nieto, Sepúlveda, Machado, Gutiérrez, Avila, Guirado, and Santiago Johnson. Full settlement of difficulties, however, came in 1834 when, with Governor Figueroa acting as judge-arbitrator, the rights of Sepúlveda in the Rancho Los Palos Verdes and of Dominguez in the Rancho San Pedro were assured. Representatives of the families signed, gave mutual releases, and, presumably, lived happily ever after — with titles to both ranchos being equally good in the eyes of the Mexican and United States Governments. Final confirmation and survey showed 31,600 acres in the Palos Verdes and 43,000 in the San Pedro — enough acreage to take care of all the cattle anyone could want.

Rancho Los Palos Verdes

José Dolores Sepúlveda, first ranchero of the family, lived briefly as a cattleman at Los Palos Verdes. On a trip back from Monterey in 1824 he was unfortunate enough to stop in at Purisima Mission in the Santa Ynez Valley. The neophytes were in revolt and Dolores Sepúlveda was one of four white men killed by Indian arrows.

This tragedy left five little Sepúlvedas without a father. There were four boys, Juan, José, and Ygnacio, and one girl, María Teresa, a baby of a few months. Fortunately the mother was to live for many years. She married later into the Machado family.

While delving in old archives in the Los Angeles City Hall some years ago, I came across the inventory, made in 1828, of the clothes and valuables left by José Dolores and which then, in that leisurely age, were still undistributed. They included a trunk with lock and key, two coats of first class broadcloth with thirty-five silver buttons, a pair of pants with gold buttons, a case for barber's razors with two serviceable razors, a good shotgun, a pair of used garters, a decorated saber of silver, and a pair of silver buckles for good spurs. The inventory also listed the belongings of the five children, to be transferred to their guardian, Enrique Sepúlveda. Juan was then fourteen, old enough to ride horses, and he had saddles, bridles, reatas, and, of all things, a wig. Diego, aged seven, had a pair of pants and a shirt. Ten-year-old Ygnacio — who later would die in the Battle of La Mesa, defending California against the Americans, had three books, "two of them useful." Teresa, a four-year-old young lady, was well equipped with everything including a silver-ornamented tobacco case. Another interesting inventory of the Sepúlveda family has come down to us, for years later the will of the mother, María Avila Machado, distributed not only horses, cattle, and furniture but, of special importance, two carretas with iron hoops on their wheels, valued at \$30 each. The children grew up and the rolling land and hills of Palos Verdes became the cattle ranch of the Sepúlveda family. José and Juan Sepúlveda obtained Rancho Los Palos Verdes in their own names — with a grant from Pío Pico in 1846 and a patent later from the United States. Diego went to Yucaipi and became one of the grantees of the great San Bernardino Rancho. Later he returned to the Palos Verdes to receive an interest in the rancho and to make his home there. Teresa, who

married Nathaniel Pryor, a man of importance in early Los Angeles history, died in 1840, Diego in 1869, José in 1879 and Juan — last of the five children of José Dolores — in 1895. Their rancho was partitioned and passed to other owners, among those with the largest holdings being Jotham Bixby of Long Beach and, later, Frank A. Vanderlip of New York.

I like to think of Rancho Palos Verdes in all of its aspects. The geological is one. The Indian aspect is another. The harbor aspect is a third, with the ship captains of Spain, Mexico, and the United States — some of them frankly smugglers — coming in to trade the cargoes of the world for hides brought to San Pedro by ox-drawn carretas from missions and ranchos. Especially, however, I like to think of Palos Verdes as a rancho and in the days when the three Sepúlveda brothers had their homes there and when Sepúlveda stages were carrying ocean-bound passengers from Los Angeles to Sepúlveda's Landing. Entering the rancho near its northeasterly corner, the harbor-bound stages took the canyon road — Gaffey Street — which curves between the hills on the right and the lakes on the left. Don Juan's home came first into view. From its high location, near the present intersection of Gaffey and Anaheim Streets, it overlooked Machado Lake. The next to loom up was Don José's on the right, and then came Don Diego's place. Diego had been the last of the brothers to build, his large, two-story adobe with upper veranda being erected in prosperous 1853. It and the two immense pepper trees in front of it were long a landmark. As the stage swung by Don Diego's house, followed by its cloud of dust, the whole household waved it on its way and boys on horseback raced it to the Landing.

Today there are many descendants of the first Sepúlveda who came in 1781 with the settlers who founded Los Angeles. Some are with us today in the Hotel Statler, to help us all pay a tribute to Francisco Xavier Sepúlveda. We are grateful to him, to his sons and his grandsons and their descendants. Because of them all, Sepúlveda is one of the best known names to come out of California's pastoral age and because of them rancho days in California take on special and added significance.

*Editorial Note: "*Rancho Los Palos Verdes*" was a talk given by Mr. Robinson September 30, 1954, on the occasion of the annual *First Century Families' Luncheon*, presided over by Miss Mary Foy.



—Photo Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company

DIEGO SEPULVEDA
Son of Jose Dolores Sepulveda



—Photo from Clarence Cullimore Collection

BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND STAGE ROUTE NEAR FORT TEJON

This photograph, a copy of an original taken in 1890, shows the old road that served Fort Tejon and which later became a part of Golden State Highway No. 99

Fort Tejon's Centennial

By Clarence Cullimore



DURING THE PAST FORTY YEARS I have been preparing for this occasion, and consequently have, in a sense, come to love every adobe block of Fort Tejon, each unmortared rock of foundation, and the forthright roof-trusses pinned together with wooden pegs that speak eloquently of the superior quality of the art of carpentry as it was practiced in the fall of 1854 in the days of the Fort's construction. These ruins are fascinating, but not more intriguing than the stories that have come down to us about the Fort in its heyday.

If you will now permit me to spin the crystal ball counter-clockwise, so that you may peer with me into the past, we will take a look at the sutler's store that, a century ago, stood on the upper side of the present Highway 99. From its porch, as we stand there on that day long past, we have a fine view of the Fort's parade ground, the adobe buildings that surround it, and the Peter Lebeck Oak at the right, obstructing a part of the Hospital and Commissary building.

It is now three o'clock in the afternoon, the off-duty period. At daybreak this morning, Reveille sounded as usual — Stable call ten minutes later. At 5:30 there was policing of quarters, and there had been breakfast at 6:00. Boots and Saddles for mounted drill summoned at 6:30, and Call to Quarters at 8:00, Howitzer Drill from 10:00 to 11:00 and dinner at 12:30 — and now the off-duty period until 4:00 p.m. Then there would be dismounted drill until 5:30 — feed and clean horses at 6:00 — Retreat at sunset — supper immediately after — Tattoo at 9:00 and Lights Out at 10:00. That was the day's work at Old Fort Tejon.

Turning, on the porch of the sutler's store, we push open one leaf of the double door and look inside to see a group of blue-clad Dragoons, some seated and others standing around a pot-bellied iron stove. Their attire is striking, verging on a style that might almost be French. In deep blue frock-coats, buttoned tightly across the chest

with nine gilded buttons, these soldiers compel attention. Orange-colored cloth trims the stiff-standing collar and cuffs. The sky-blue trousers are loose, to permit tucking into boots. But that hat! That puts on the finishing touch — makes the Dagroons the show troops of the whole United States Army, with its leather chin-strap holding it at a jaunty angle, as the orange pompon quivers at its front and center.

Kasper Cohn, manager of the store, strokes the handle-bars of his drooping moustache. He has just put a chunk of oak-wood on the stove's waning coals, and banged shut the door. Lieutenant Castor is the center of interest, as he recounts incidents of his recent bear-hunt in the canyon above the Fort. And Lieutenant Castor is a soldier to be listened to. He is a native of Pennsylvania and a graduate of West Point. He was in charge of the first contingent of Dragoons to occupy the Fort. Hunting with two other young officers, he bagged a five-hundred-pound grizzly bear, thereby replenishing the protein content of the larder of Company "A." But the tidbit, the most delicate morsel of all the bear's anatomy, declares the Lieutenant, was revealed only when the outer skin of the bear's paws was peeled away and the barbecued delicacy exposed. There will never be a viand to excel barbecued bear paws.

Newmark, part-owner in the store, clenches his pipe-stem between his teeth, and with thumb underneath its bowl with a face moulded on its porcelain front, presses down the tobacco with his forefinger. Now he removes the pipe from his lips. "Speaking of bears," he says, "Williamson of the Railroad Survey, when he came this way before the Fort was started, wrote that the place was infested with grizzly bears. Acorns, he said, were what attracted them. And there's that inscription carved on that oak seventeen years ago: 'Peter Lebeck, killed by a bear in 1837'. I'd like to know who this Lebeck fellow was. His name sounds sort of Frenchy, but Corporal O'Shannecy insists that Lebeck was Irish — that his complete name was Patrick, Peter, Lee, Beck." Newmark laughed. "O'Shannecy sees that no one gets ahead of the Irish."

And now I will give the crystal ball another spin. A martial strain strikes our ears, and the cymbals crash. We see the glitter of brass horns on a moving field of blue. It is the full complement of

Fort Tejon's Centennial

Fort Tejon's military band marching across the parade ground. It is their last rehearsal before the program that they are to present on the 4th of July for the cultural advancement of the dwellers in the Village of the Angels.

And now that our vision is focused on Los Angeles, we see a posse of armed Dragoons from Fort Tejon answering a call for help emanating from the Safety Council of the Los Angeles villagers, who have requested aid from the Fort's garrison in searching-out South-land outlaws.

And while we still look southward, we see the Episcopal Bishop Kip with a few companions climb into a wagon and leave Los Angeles in this conveyance drawn by powerful mules. The party is heavily armed as they toil towards the Fort, for the way is known to be infested with bandits. Two days later, in the barracks building, that stands today restored, Bishop Kip holds Sunday services and baptizes the children of two officers of the Fort. The same morning he read the funeral service for a soldier who had died at the Fort.

And now we hear the thud, thud, thud of strange hoof-beats. The camels! The camels are coming! We recall that in 1853 Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, came intimately in contact with the troubles of military transportation in the arid sections of the Southwest and resolved to give the camels an opportunity to lessen the difficulties. It was partly through Davis' efforts that the first and only United States Army Camel Corps was established. About thirty camels arrived from their sandy haunts to disembark at Indianola, Texas. Lieutenant Beale was employed to open a wagon road from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to the frontiers of California, and a part of the herd of camels was put at his disposal for this expedition. The journey occupied forty-eight days through an unexplored wilderness of forest and plain and desert. Beale spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of the work performed by the camels on this difficult trek. On the desert they carried water for the mules; traversed stretches of country covered with the sharpest volcanic rock without injury to their feet, climbed with heavy packs over mountains where the unloaded mules found it hard to go, even with the assistance of the dismounted riders; and to the surprise of all the party plunged into rivers without hesitation and swam them with ease. Lieutenant

Beale concluded that he would rather have one camel for such work than four of his best mules.

A Los Angeles news item in the weekly paper has this to say of the Camel Corps: "The dromedaries arrived by way of the Mojave. They created a great curiosity, and scared all the horses and mules and children. When the docility of the animals was proved to the wonder-stricken senses of the natives, they were all anxious to take a ride on the humps of those awkward locomotives, and as long as they remained in town, throngs of boys and men followed their motions. They remained but two days, however, and went to join the remainder of the train which had followed up the east side of the mountains to Tejon."

Again let us spin the ball and behold the peaceful Fort on a crisp February morning in 1857. We are jolted by a sharp and awe-filled convulsion of the earth's surface, shaken by an earthquake of no mean proportion. Violently it wrenches at the Fort buildings as if to tear the roofs from their moorings, as if to pull brick from adobe brick. The Dragoons rush outside and see chimneys and some walls fall. The earth of the parade ground opens in a crack and closes. The gray dust of devastation rises. The barracks buildings and the hospital building withstood the earthquake with minor damage, but there was much loss to some of the other structures. The Dragoons are permitted to sleep their nights in the open while minor quakes are continuing, but the repair work on the Fort is soon under way. This is in the year 1857.

Spinning the ball again, we hear the screech of brakes and the Butterfield Overland Mail coach drawn by six steaming horses careens to the alighting block cut from an oak stump in front of the sutler's store. The stage disgorges its passengers, who stretch in relief and shake pulverized scenery from their linen dusters. This is the first lap of their journey from San Francisco through Visalia to Fort Tejon, and then they will go down to Los Angeles and on, on, on to St. Louis. They have hopes of breaking the record to the Missouri metropolis, the record of twenty-three days and nine hours.

For ten years after its inception the colorful Dragoons occupied Fort Tejon, but it was abandoned on the morning of September 11, 1864, and soon became a part of the extensive Tejon Rancho. This

Fort Tejon's Centennial

rancho was originally a Mexican grant and was later purchased by Edward Fitzgerald Beale. His purchase included miles of mountain country, thousands of acres now in lush agricultural development, and vast fields, at present producing petroleum products. It is said that Beale purchased this property for a sum approximating five cents an acre.

In the 1870's the Fort's condition was already pathetic. The buildings were going to decay. The parade ground was a sheep corral, and the officers' quarters were sheep-herders' houses. The disintegration of the Fort continued in varying degrees.

And now let me recall the first time I saw the Fort. It was in the winter of 1914 when Dwight Griffith (recent Bakersfield High School football mentor) and I were returning from a trip to Los Angeles in our Model T Ford with flapping side curtains. It began to snow. We were soon in a snow flurry, almost a blizzard, but could still follow the tracks of a wagon that preceded us. Now the tracks turned into a private road. We followed until we practically bumped into the old Barracks Building. Hurrying inside out of the storm we were surprised to find that the place was pretty well occupied by horses and cattle who had come there for a purpose similar to ours. There was plaster on the ceiling then, except in spots, and the window sash and some doors were intact, but the wooden floors of the main barracks room had been removed to furnish lumber for other ranch structures, much in the same manner as the hospital building had been taken down brick by brick to be transported to the Tejon Ranch headquarters fifteen miles away, there to be incorporated in other ranch buildings.

Early in January, 1940, the State of California acquired title to five acres of the Fort site for a State park. The property included the site of only part of the original Fort property, and did not take in the Lebec Oak or the foundations of the Hospital Building or several lesser structures.

A plan is now under way to acquire additional acreage to include the entire site of the original Fort, and the Fort burial ground several hundred yards beyond the parade ground. It appears that this acquisition and a partial restoration will provide an opportunity to serve a great number of people by helping them gain an insight

into the historic background of the Fort. It suggests the living-museum idea as a powerful dramatic and educational factor in picturing the development of California.

But this occasion, the one-hundredth anniversary of the occupancy of Federal Fort Tejon, is more than a centennial celebration centering on a group of adobe buildings stemming from the earth under foot and laid up, brick upon adobe brick, in mud mortar by the hands of Indians who lived hereabouts. It is more than a belated tribute paid to the memory of Edward Beale who petitioned Congress to appropriate funds to establish, among these oaks, hemmed in by these glorious hills, a fort that should have as a part of its purpose the protection of Indians who were rapidly headed for extermination, and who through proper consideration might be taught the arts and crafts of civilized life. Our meeting here has roots that extend beyond the confines of the Fort of the boundaries of this county or the State of California. We are gathered here today to pay tribute to the Dragoons who manned this Fort, but in a broader sense we honor every member of the United States Army who took part in the development of our great West.

California, through its Division of Beaches and Parks, has not forgotten. The State of California is going to restore, in part, Old Fort Tejon, to make of it a place of interest and a source of patriotic inspiration for hundreds of thousands of travelers who will draw into this quiet dell to contemplate this little bit of California in the 1850's.



Joseph Scott

By Marco R. Newmark

Joseph Scott was born in Penrith, England, on July 16, 1867. He went to Cuthbert's School and then attended Upshaw College, in Durham, and next enrolled in London University, from which he graduated with the A.M. degree, as gold medalist of his class.

In 1889 he emigrated to the United States, arriving in New York in May of that year. He looked for a position in the journalistic field, but in spite of letters of introduction to publishers from a number of men of influence, including the renowned journalist and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, his quest proved unsuccessful.

Then, with only two dollars left in his pocket, he took a job, one Tuesday in February, as a hod carrier. Apparently he already possessed the forceful personality for which he was later to become so famous, for the very next Thursday, he was teaching English and rhetoric at St. Buenaventura's College, in Allegheny, New York. (In 1914 the college awarded him the honorary degree of LL.D., and incidentally, in 1907 Santa Clara College conferred on him the honorary degree of Ph. D.).

In 1893 he retired from his position at St. Buenaventura's College and came to Los Angeles, where he began the study of law in the office of the prominent firm of Anderson and Anderson. In 1894 he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of California, and later, before the United States Supreme Court.

On June 16, 1898, he married Miss Bertha Ross, who has shared with him both his joys and sorrows and his many successes and triumphs.

He was internationally known as an orator. Charles F. Lummis said of him, "I have lived in Los Angeles for a third of a century and I do not recall another man whom six thousand people will listen to for two hours."

He has addressed International Eucharistic Congresses in Chicago, Budapest, Manila, Buenos Aires and Cleveland.

When President William Howard Taft visited Los Angeles in 1909 Mr. Scott was chosen to be the principal speaker at the banquet in his honor; and in the same year he served as toastmaster at the banquet honoring the admiral and officers of the battleship fleet during its voyage around the world.

He served as a member of the board of education, 1904-1915 (President, 1907-1912). When he started this service teachers were often appointed for political reasons. During his term as President of the Board of Education, the schools were taken out of politics and since then teachers have been selected on the basis of merit alone.

Joe, as his friends affectionately address him, was president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in 1910. During his term he was asked to go to Washington to secure for San Francisco the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which was to held in 1915 to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal (on August 15, 1914). In recognition of his successful accomplishment of this mission he was elected Honorary Vice-president of the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company.

During World War I President Woodrow Wilson appointed him Chairman of District Draft Board Division One.

In 1918 Notre Dame University awarded him the Laetore Medal for conspicuous work in the cause of education and for his nationwide appeal to eliminate all prejudices. In the same year of 1918 he served as a special commissioner for the overseas work of the Knights of Columbus. In 1920, because of this service Pope Benedict XV created him Knight of St. Gregory. In 1928 he was president of the Southwest Museum. In the same year, also, as a delegate to the National Republican Convention in Chicago, he nominated Herbert Hoover for the presidency. After the nominating speech he received the following letter from Mr. Hoover. "It is difficult for me to convey to you by letter my gratitude for your devoted support. I listened to the speech. I do not believe much of it myself, but I was convinced that you did, and I will treasure that all my life."

Now, at eighty-seven years of age, "Joe" Scott is still as busy as ever in the practice of his profession. His interest in communal affairs is still unabated, particularly as Chairman of the Executive Committee that conducts Boys' Week. During the week the boys of the public schools sit beside city officials and judges of the superior

Joseph Scott

court while they are performing their official duties. There is a Father and Sons Night, radio programs and other features. The week closes with a luncheon at which some of the boys are asked to speak and is climaxed with an address by Mr. Scott.

The week is designed to inspire worthy ideals in the boys and to instill in them a love for their country; and, in anticipation of their maturity, to imbue in them a sense of the responsibilities of citizenship.

This biographical sketch may fittingly conclude with a quotation from a speech delivered by Charles F. Lummis at a meeting at Shrine Auditorium held in observance of Lincoln's birthday anniversary after Mr. Scott returned from Europe during World War I:

"The sincerity which was clearly from the marrow of his bones; the exalted patriotism; the swift wit which played spontaneous as lightning — these fitted with the thought and the occasion. I have heard the greatest, from Wendell Phillips on; but I shall always remember Lincoln's birthday in Los Angeles, and Joe Scott's talk with that text."

In the Historical Profile of Antonio Franco Coronel in the June issue, the name of Don Antonio's mother was erroneously printed as Dona Mariana. Mr. Newmark points out that her name was actually Francisca Romero Coronel.

Book Reviews

By the Staff

COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES. By Josiah Gregg. Edited by Max L. Moorhead. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma (1954) pp 469. Maps. Ills. \$7.50.

One hundred and ten years after Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies* first appeared in Philadelphia, it is again available for the present day reader. A wealth of material gathered by a meticulous observer and student. It is written with a love and understanding of what he was seeing and so becomes a work interesting to read. Once before his work was published as a series with annotations by Reuben Gold Thwaites. But in the present volume, the editor Max L. Moorhead, has given us a word picture of the author, having done careful study himself to give us this biography. This is found in the Introduction which is as vivid a picture of the author as is the telling of the book.

Emphasis is laid upon the then new Santa Fe trade. Filled with adventure of the times, the daring of the men who covered this territory and the dangers they met. The author tells, too, of the foliage, animals, terrain and the people of the area travelled by him. Here is a wealth of information handed down through the years as source material. He tells of the clothing and customs. Little misses his keen eye. His book was used by travelers following his trail and today is sought by those interested in history and literature. It is a volume to be proudly set on our bookshelves near at hand. There is a glossary, index, Gregg's bibliography and the present editor's sources.

— A.L.C.F.

A COUNTY JUDGE IN ARCADY. Selected Private Papers of Charles Fernald. Introduction and Notes by Cameron Rogers. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California. (1954). Ills. Index Pp 268. \$7.00.

From letters to and by Charles Fernald, along with other papers and remarks interspersed throughout by the author, the reader becomes acquainted with this outstanding figure representative of the American period in California's exciting history. Coming from New

Book Reviews

England at the time of the Gold Rush, but recognizing the fact that gold was not to be garnered by every immigrant, Fernald finally settled in the beautiful town of Santa Barbara where he became known and honored for his honesty in all matters including politics. At twenty-two years of age he became a member of the Bar and subsequently followed positions of sheriff, judgeship and mayor. He refused a salary as mayor for the reason that at the first forming of incorporation of Santa Barbara as a city, it was stipulated that the mayor should serve without salary. Later, this had been amended but not in a forthright manner, so Fernald did not approve and refused salary. His interest lay "with the common-weal, with no thought of pride or pocket" as Rogers put it.

Letters from his courtship with Hannah Hobbs of Maine are incorporated into the book, and she becomes his wife and mother of four children. She survived her husband by thirty-seven years, dying at the age of ninety. The Judge had died at a little more than sixty-two of a coronary thrombosis, having given to each office he had held none but the best.

VANCOUVER IN CALIFORNIA, 1792-1794. Edited by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur. Published by Glen Dawson, Los Angeles. Pp. 320. Ills. Maps. \$7.50.

Two hundred and three years since Sir Frances Drake claimed the New Albion on the Pacific Coast of North America for his Queen, Elizabeth of England, before the Spanish King Carlos in 1769 colonized this land as Alta California, there was a Governor as civic guide and Padre Serra as the spiritual leader.

It was the foundation in California as a Spanish colony, that Captain George Vancouver came in quest of Queen Elizabeth's New Albion. Here the Captain received true California hospitality. He and his men were feasted at both the Presidios and Missions. He forgot dirt floors and very humble dwellings .

Alta California is well described in his report. He tells of the padres' fatherly care of the Indians and of the well filled granaries and of verdant vegetable gardens. He reports of the many cattle roaming over the hills and valleys, relating that he and his ship profited by both.

Vancouver's account of the Spanish settlements in California is the first major record of its kind to be published. This book of 320

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

pages of history, with sixteen pages of maps and illustrations, is indispensable to the serious student of California. *Van Couver In California* originally issued in 1798 and 1801 was in three volumes. These have been ably edited and annotated by the noted historian Marguerite Eyer Wilbur. They are bound in one volume and published by Glen Dawson as one in his series of the most worthwhile "Early California Books." The price is \$7.50 and it can be purchased at Dawson's Book Shop, 550 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles 17, California. — A.B.P.



Current Happenings

173rd Birthday of Los Angeles

September 4, 1954

For the first time in many years the official celebration of the City's birthday was held at the spot where it properly belongs, namely the Old Plaza. Traffic was diverted from the adjoining streets and a beautifully decorated speakers' stand and tables for a thousand guests were placed on Los Angeles Street, south of the Plaza. Barbecue pits were located on the cleared ground between Los Angeles and Alameda Streets.

The festivities were preceded by Vesper Services at the Old Plaza Church. At 7:30 the arrival of the first railroad train in Los Angeles was re-enacted by the Southern Pacific. After a bountiful barbecue dinner, addresses were made by Mr. Joseph R. Knowland, Mr. John Anson Ford, and Mayor Norris Poulson. All three speakers stressed the particular significance of the occasion, namely the dedication of the Plaza as a State Monument.

Music and other entertainment were furnished by the Southern Pacific Band and by the Los Angeles Tipica Mexican Orchestra. Thousands of citizens who could not be accommodated at the barbecue, remained to hear the speeches and music and to participate in the fiesta spirit. The arrangements for the festivity were made by a city-wide committee of representative citizens, headed by Mayor Norris Poulson as Honorary Chairman and Dr. Gustave O. Arlt as Chairman.

Activities of the Society

"A Week With Our Pioneers"

AUGUST 30 THROUGH SEPTEMBER 4th, 1954

Honoring the Hundred and Seventy-Third Birthday of Los Angeles City, the *Historical Society of Southern California* presented at their headquarters a historical exhibit, "A Week With Our Pioneers."

Here the pages of time were turned back over the years with pictures of our City's outstanding citizens of another day and era. Each was paid homage as to his place in the community, and fitting tribute was given to both men and women who had much to do with the building of Los Angeles. Of special interest was the large bronze Memorial Plaque bearing names of some of California's most prominent persons. Descendents of these pioneers have subscribed to the Society's Memorial Fund to help the organization in its work of preserving the history of the State, the Southland and especially Los Angeles.

Hundreds of colorful items illustrated more than thirty subjects. Among these were old maps, pictures of early Southland days, antiques of glassware, silverware, cloths and dolls. A costume of 1882, from hat to shoes, garbed a life sized model through the courtesy of Mr. James C. Reynolds of Coulters. The costume was a gift to the Society from Mrs. Reba Cole McCrea, whose mother, Mrs. Nathan Cole originally wore the gown.

Many of the guests who attended the exhibit paused to sign their names in the Society's bound Guest Book. Here, too, are found the names of many recently enrolled on the *Historical Society of Southern California's* membership roster. This week-long exhibit climaxed its successful showing on the City's Birthday, September 4th, 1954.

Gifts to the Society

In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.

The Society is making an especial effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.

Many members having treasured ancestral keepsakes were impelled to give them to the Society because of the realization that in private possession they would, sooner or later, disappear or deteriorate, whereas, in the custody of the Historical Society of Southern California they will be preserved indefinitely.

MARCO R. NEWMARK,

Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests

* * *

MISS FRANCES E. DUNHAM: Portraits. One of Miss Dunham, the donor, and her mother; also one of Miss Dunham and her sister. Costumes: A black taffeta full skirt and a white lace coat. A black feather trimmed picture-hat. White linen hand-worked under garments of another day. Bedroom furnishings of linen, a cane-bottomed chair, curtain fasteners, an antique butter dish and other household wares.

MR. JAMES C. HANLEY: A bound book of the compiled Ordinances and Resolutions of the City of Los Angeles by W. W. Robinson, an outstanding citizen of his day. The first entry appears as 1878 at which time the Mayor was F. A. McDougal. In 1888 the roster of the City Council's Standing Committee is entered. Herein is shown Mayor W. H. Workman with his municipal officers; while an entry the following year of 1889 shows many changes in personnel. Also presented by the donor is a copy of the Ramona Roundup of the N.S.G.W. dated July, 1931. Also a letter from their president signed Charles G. Young.

MRS. REBA COLE McCREA: A flowered all wool challie dress trimmed with maroon colored velvet; a dark blue calico dress of 1882, seventy years ago, and in perfect condition; a ribbon and flower trimmed straw hat of the same period. All this apparel was worn by the donor's mother during her lifetime, Mrs. Nathan Cole, Jr.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

MRS. MARCO R. NEWMARK: From the possessions of the donor's mother, Mrs. Max Meyberg (Emma Hellman), came these gifts: A practical house-keeping book containing many rare recipes. This book delineated the activities of each room of the house with this comment in dedication: "To those plucky housewives who master their work instead of them to master them" (1886). A Pompeii mantle clock in black and gold with a mythological goddess adorning the top. Two pairs of hand-tucked and embroidered pillow shams of the 19th Century. Two linen bureau scarves. One dozen glass punch cups.

MR. MARCO R. NEWMARK: Three books. Two loose leaf price lists for merchandise sold by the M. A. Newmark Company. One book covers the year 1911 and the other 1931, twenty years later. The third book is "MR. JORY," a novel by Wilbur Hall, with the growth of Los Angeles as a background.

MRS. ISABELLE F. PICO: A gilt glass sugar and creamer set, a wedding gift.

STANDARD FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION: A brochure, "California Here I Come." Travelling the El Camino Real, stopping at each Mission along the way pictured and captioned.

MR. CLYDE M. WELCH: Six historic photographs of the first commercial canning enterprises in Los Angeles. (1889). The company made their own tins at that time in which to pack their vegetables and fruits. Employees were drawn from the immediate neighborhood.

MRS. CATALINA PICO WELLER: A group photograph of General Jose Ramon Pico and his family, a descendent of the Pico who came with De Anza to help colonize San Francisco in 1775. Marriage certificate dated 1868 of the General to Mrs. Desea Todd who were the parents of the donor. Also a baptismal notice of the christening of Catalina America Pico, daughter of the General. The godfather was Ex-Governor Pio Pico. Clothes: a French kid, hand sewn baby shoe and a pair of grey silk, high-laced gold heeled wedding shoes; also a white fringed hand embroidered wedding cape.

MR. DONALD W. WHITTIER: Biography of the Pioneer Mericos H. Whittier. This volume contains the story of a California oil pioneer, civic leader and humanitarian, whose noteworthy career won for him honor among men.

Publications
of the
Historical Society of
Southern California

2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California

DUnkirk 2-5582



1892 — Annual Containing the Sutro
 Documents with translations - - each \$3.00

1931 — One Hundred Fiftieth Anni-
 versary Special Publication
 (Annual for 1931) - - - - each \$5.00

All other numbers of Annual
 Publications - - - - - each \$2.50

A limited number of sets of Annuals
 (1892 - 1934, inclusive) are
 available - - - - - per set \$50.00

These sets do not include An-
 nuals for 1895, 1924 or 1933,
 which are out of print.

THE QUARTERLY — One full year to
 members - - - - - per run \$8.00

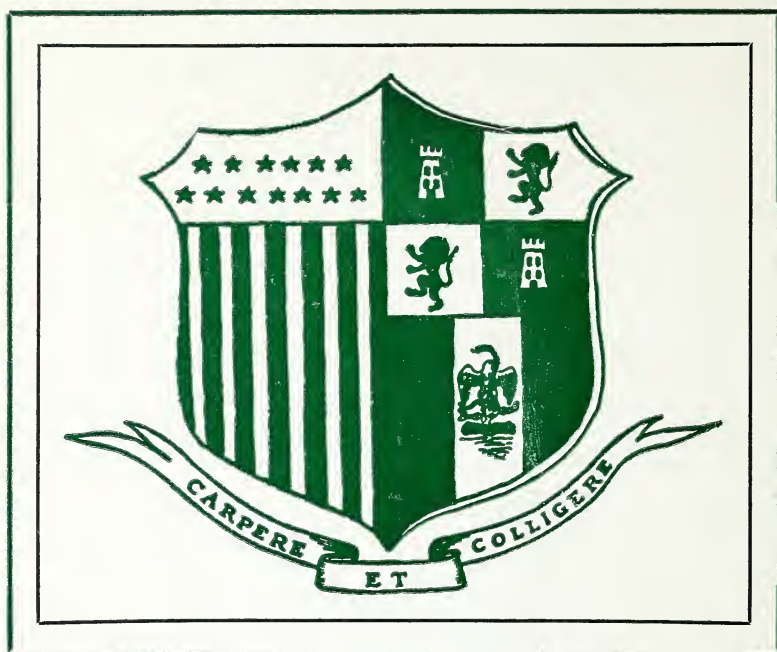
Individual single numbers to
 members - - - - - each \$2.00

Individual double numbers to
 members - - - - - each \$3.00

THE QUARTERLY — One full year to
 non-members - - - - - per run \$10.00

Individual single numbers to
 non-members - - - - - each \$3.00

Individual double numbers to
 non-members - - - - - each \$4.00



December, 1954

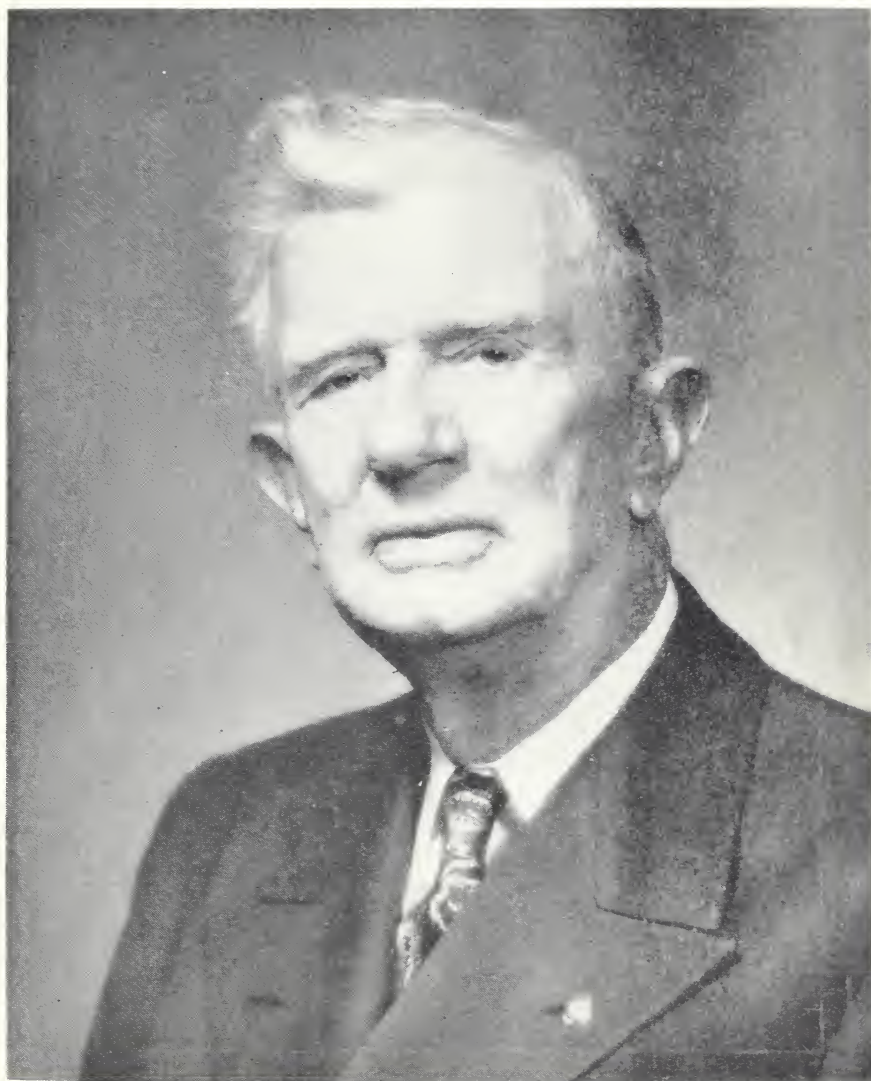
Vol. XXXVI — No. 4

The

Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

Contemporary Historian



ROCKWELL D. HUNT

See "Changes in California in My Time"—Page 267



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

* * * * *

Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the QUARTERLY, and general Society correspondence to:

THE SECRETARY,
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY



HOME OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

VOLUME XXXVI

DECEMBER, 1954

NUMBER 4

CONTENTS:

CHANGES IN CALIFORNIA IN MY TIME - - - - -	267
<i>By Rockwell D. Hunt</i>	
A GOLD RUSH DIARY - - - - -	287
WHEN EAST WAS EAST IN THE OLD WEST - - - - -	292
<i>By Helen Rocca Goss</i>	
BEANFIELDS, BUILDERS, AND BOOKS - - - - -	312
<i>By Lawrence Clark Powell</i>	
DAILY LIFE IN EARLY LOS ANGELES (PART IV) - - - - -	322
<i>By Maymie R. Krythe</i>	
THE DISCOVERY IN 1901 OF THE LA BREA FOSSIL BEDS - - - - -	338
<i>By Mary Logan Orcutt</i>	
JOHN C. AUSTIN: A HISTORICAL PROFILE - - - - -	342
<i>By Marco R. Newmark</i>	
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -	344
<i>By the Staff</i>	
ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY - - - - -	346
GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY - - - - -	347
INDEX FOR VOLUME XXXVI - - - - -	349
<i>Compiled by Carroll Spear Morrison</i>	

The HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY, official publication of the *Historical Society of Southern California*, 2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 3, California, is issued four times each year during the months of March, June, September and December. Annual membership \$10.00. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California.

The Historical Society of Southern California

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

1954

OFFICERS:

JOHN C. AUSTIN, *President*
GUSTAVE O. ARLT, *First Vice-President*
FREDERICK F. HOUSER, *Second Vice-President*
EDWARD A. DICKSON, *Treasurer*
ANA BEGUE DE PACKMAN, *Secretary*
MARCO R. NEWMARK, *Curator*

DIRECTORS:

GUSTAVE O. ARLT	FREDERICK F. HOUSER
JOHN C. AUSTIN	OSCAR LAWLER
HOMER D. CROTTY	MARCO R. NEWMARK
EDWARD A. DICKSON	ANA BEGUE DE PACKMAN
EDMUND F. DUCOMMUN	MRS. FREDERIC C. RIPLEY
JOHN E. FISHBURN, JR.	W. W. ROBINSON
JOHN ANSON FORD	ROGER STERRETT
PHIL TOWNSEND HANNA	MRS. MARSHALL STIMSON

STANDING COMMITTEES:

Publication Committee: EDWARD A. DICKSON, *Chairman*; Dr. Robert G. Cleland, Phil Townsend Hanna, Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley, W. W. Robinson, Roger Sterrett, Dr. Henry Wagner.

Finance Committee: OSCAR LAWLER, *Chairman*; Edward A. Dickson, John E. Fishburn, Frederick F. Houser, Maynard McFie.

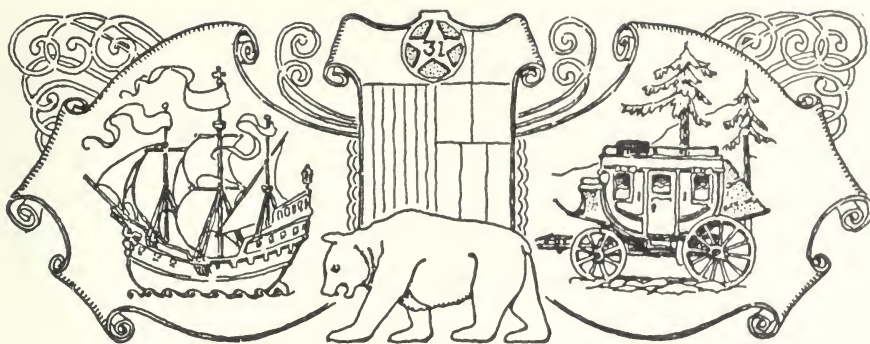
Program Committee: FREDERICK F. HOUSER, *Chairman*; John B. T. Campbell, Rev. Msgr. James E. Dolan, John E. Fishburn, Jr., Sam Green, Neil Petree, Reese H. Taylor, George Healey Tondel.

Membership Committee: MRS. FREDERIC C. RIPLEY, *Chairman*; Charles G. Adams, Eugene W. Biscailuz, Dr. Robert L. Borland, Miss Clementina de Forest Griffen, D. S. Hammack, William Robert Kilgore, Frederic C. Ripley, Mrs. Marshall Stimson.

Landmarks Committee: EDMUND F. DUCOMMUN, *Chairman*; Homer D. Crotty, Phil Townsend Hanna, Frederick F. Houser, Marco R. Newmark, Frederic C. Ripley, Mrs. Florence Dodson Shoneman, Roger J. Sterrett, Miss Grace Stoermer.

Gifts Committee: MARCO R. NEWMARK, *Chairman*; Mrs. Frederick Kingston, Mrs. Oscar Lawler, Mrs. Lucy Gage Rand, Mrs. Marshall Stimson, Mrs. John C. Wolfskill.

Executive Committee: JOHN C. AUSTIN, *Chairman*; Gustave O. Arlt, Edward A. Dickson, John Anson Ford, Oscar Lawler, Mrs. Frederic C. Ripley, W. W. Robinson.



GUSTAVE O. ARLT, *Editor*

The Historical Society of Southern California QUARTERLY for December, 1954

Changes In California In My Time

By Rockwell D. Hunt



SQUARE LOOK AT THE FIGURES startled me—I almost had a shock! For my time in California began on the third day of February, 1868, when as a state California was less than eighteen years old, having been admitted September 9, 1850! “My time” is therefore more than four-fifths of the total time till now of my native state. Plenty of opportunity for changes!

Sacramento is my native city: born in the capital (only a few blocks from the Capitol building) and living in various parts of the state, as well as visiting each of the fifty-eight counties, I am not a northerner nor am I a southerner, but claim to be just a Californian, a claim strengthened by the fact that my parents were early pioneers.

The changes that have occurred during my lifetime are so numerous and so bewildering as to suggest the question, has anything at all remained the same? Then, it is obvious that many of the changes in California have been parts of much wider changes—national and even world-wide. This fact must be kept in mind, though it would not be reasonable to omit all mention of changes in California that were also of wider scope.

Some things have not changed. Mt. Shasta, noble guardian at

the northern gateway, stands there in majesty; beautiful Lake Tahoe, which annually attracts increasing numbers of admiring visitors; Yosemite Valley, our first National Park; the giant Sequoias of the Sierra and the towering Redwoods fringing the Pacific—these, and countless other natural features that constitute our priceless physical heritage, are as they were at the time of my birth and during preceding centuries. For this I am grateful.

But the people change—and swiftly multiply in numbers. At the time of my birth there were only about half a million persons in all California; and that notwithstanding the hordes of gold hunters from all corners of the earth. As these lines are written the population numbers twelve and a half million souls! Where can one look for a parallel to that? It was not until 1890 that the census reported a population in excess of one million. Now the state is second only to New York. The great human tide flowed into our pleasant, fertile valleys; wide expanses of uninhabited and sparsely settled districts were transformed into densely populated sections; desert lands have been reclaimed, as if by some magic hand; thriving cities have sprung up everywhere. It's a far cry from the year of my birth to the spring of 1954, when California's increase in population reached the rate of 1,000 persons a day, or more than a third of a million per year. And there is no sign of diminution in sight.

The character of the state's population has undergone significant changes. During early gold-mining days the excess of men over women was very pronounced; but as mining for gold dropped into secondary place and as transportation facilities improved, this disparity was rapidly corrected. And it is only necessary to turn to such books as John Hittell's *The Resources of California* and Titus Cronise's *The Natural Wealth of California* to note the emergence of agriculture and the general diversification of occupations during the second and third decades of the second half of the nineteenth century.

But here I must disclaim any intention to present a statistical analysis or burden the reader with quotations from the government census or chamber of commerce reports. This is rather an attempt to present informally my personal observations and reflections bearing on significant changes, not neglecting the canons of truth-

Changes In California In My Time

telling when dealing with factual matter. Nor am I proposing a jejune chronicle of events, year by year, that have taken place during the past eighty-odd years. A mere catalogue of dated events, however meticulously marshalled, or a mere statistical analysis, however accurate, cannot tell my story, which is essentially vital and human.

While there were evidences of a Chinese question in California before I was born, the agitation against the Orientals rose to its zenith in my time. I can still recall seeing and hearing Denis Kearney orating to a Fourth of July picnic crowd in a Napa grove near which I lived at the time (about 1879) as a boy. He always ended his sand-lot harangues with the slogan, "*The Chinese Must Go!*" It was not until 1882 that the first national exclusion act was passed. I have witnessed the succeeding phases of the Chinese question, a significant chapter in our history.

It goes without saying that the entire drama of the Japanese immigration question was enacted before my eyes—its real beginnings came with the opening of the twentieth century; its peak was reached in the memorable act of 1924. Of less importance, though by no means negligible, was the Philippine question. The full significance to California of these racial issues in the light of recent world conflicts, cannot yet be accurately assessed. Viewed in perspective, the most startling change of all is that which permits persons of Chinese or Japanese birth to be admitted to American citizenship by adoption, since World War II.

The palmy days of early mining passed quickly. The maximum gold production was reached in 1852, when upwards of eighty millions of dollars was reported. With the decline of this industry came the gradual shift to farming. During the first decade of my life the wheat growing industry reached astounding proportions. Even in 1868 Horace Davis wrote: "The history of wheat culture is one of the most wonderful chapters in the Annals of California." Production of wheat in 1850 was virtually negligible (17,000 bushels); in 1860 it was still under 6,000,000 bushels; but in 1870 the figure had jumped to 16,000,000 and in 1890 to 40,000,000 bushels. San Joaquin Valley had become the center of the wheat belt. The seemingly boundless fields of ripening wheat were a sight

to behold and wonder at. The rippling rhythm of the vast fields of ripening golden grain, mile on mile, at twilight time fascinated the sensitive son of the great West. There was poetry in it, if men only had eyes to see—poetry of epic design. Madge Morris felt the thrill of it in "*The Wheat of San Joaquin*":

A thousand rustling yellow miles of wheat
Gold-ripened in the sun, in one
Vast fencless field. The hot June pours its flood
Of flaming splendor down, and burns
The field into such yellowness that it
Is gold of Nature's Alchemy; and all
The mighty length and breadth of valley glows
With ripeness.

Then a rolling of machinery
And tramp of horse and scream of steam
And swishing sighs of falling grain,
And sweaty brows of men; and then—
The Sampson of the valleys lieth shorn.

The Octopus, Frank Norris' stirring novel (published in 1901), and *The Pit* (1903) depict the plight of the wheat grower in the face of the overshadowing railroad and point to the political reforms of a decade later. Gone are the oceans of wheat from California's great central valley; the transformation in my time being nothing short of complete metamorphosis—the passing of an era.

Meanwhile the production of barley, 8,700,000 bushels in 1870, rose to 17,500,000 bushels in 1890 and to 25,000,000 bushels ten years later. By the date of my birth California's capacity for producing a wide variety of crops had been demonstrated; but the real era of horticulture had not yet arrived. In my time the production of numerous varieties of fruits and vegetables is amazing. California leads the world in olives, prunes, pears, peaches, oranges, lemons, walnuts, raisins, and half a score of other products.

For a long time there existed a strong prejudice against irrigation—a point was made that a given acreage could produce crops "without irrigating"; "dry farming" was extolled. All this is changed. Great arid and semi-arid regions have been transformed into garden spots simply by the introduction of water. Nowhere can

Changes In California In My Time

be found a more spectacular example than in Imperial Valley, whose story has been so graphically told in Harold Bell Wright's *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. Scarcely less impressive is the change in San Fernando Valley, a semi-arid region until the end of the twentieth century's first decade. Because of water brought in from distant Owen's Valley by Bill Mulholland and his associates the population of a few hundreds has pyramided to something like a half a million!

Today the incredible, undreamed-of production of fruits and vegetables of all kinds is largely dependent on the numerous irrigation districts of California and the rain-making devices that have changed somber brown areas into perennial green. "Rain for Rent" is a familiar sign now seen by the motorist along the valley highways.

When I became a resident of Los Angeles in 1908, there was virtually no large-scale industry in Southern California, no harbor for sea-going commerce. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, under the dynamic secretary, Frank Wiggins, backed by influential leaders like General H. G. Otis, was moving heaven and earth to bring factories to the sunny southland. "Look at San Francisco!" they said; "then look at us—dubbed a lot of freak one-lungers, come out here from the East to loll awhile, and die."

I've witnessed the change—and what a change! The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and men like Senator Stephen M. White and Tom Gibbons got busy and *created* a free harbor! A marvelous achievement it was: Southern California was no longer to dwell in isolation, but was to take a place in the commerce of the world. Then came factories, and industry, one after another, and soon trooping together—as if by the waving of a magic wand. It's a thrilling story!

But the invasion of industry, augmented and intensified of late by war and threats of war, has become so great that old-timers are crying out, "It is enough!" but they are as helpless to stop the onrushing tide as old Canute was to sweep back the ocean. And the inundation is spreading to other parts of California—it is creeping, creeping everywhere.

With it has come the coining of a new word, "smog," a word

that hints at another change coming in my time. It is air pollution. By the exhausts of our millions of automobiles and all kinds of contraptions on wheels propelled by gasoline, or something worse, with the belching clusters of tall smokestacks of factories and the endless piles of burning private trash and public dumps, the air is being polluted in ever-widening circumferences. While politicians argue endlessly about smog control and scientists conduct laboratory experiments, the smog goes right on increasing—just as the new freeways prove incapable of meeting the demands of increasing traffic on the highways. Not only in metropolitan Los Angeles does the smog obscure the sun and thus tend to vitiate a time-honored attraction, but it becomes increasingly problematic in the populous San Francisco Bay area, it finds an echo in the peat-dust from the delta land around Stockton, and in the smudge-pots of the citrus belts. Here is a change that is decidedly unwelcome—whose future it is not for me to prophesy.

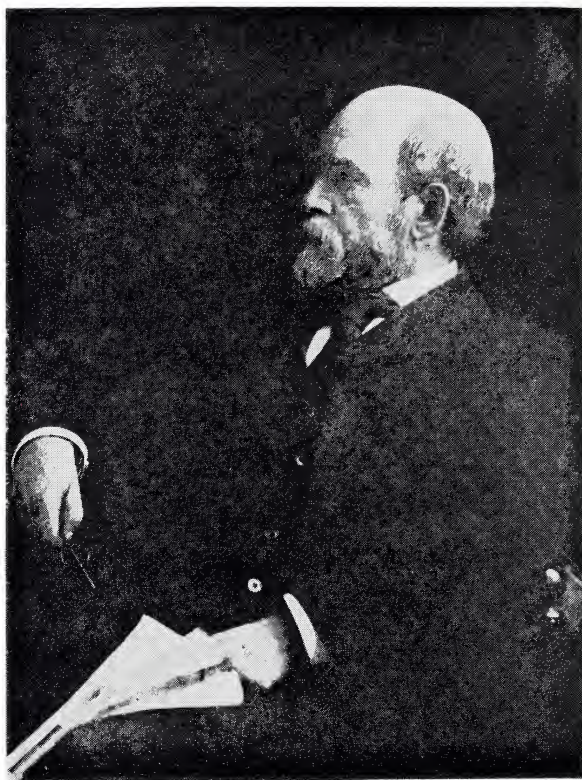
The petroleum industry of California falls almost completely within my time. The fabulous value of the “black gold” produced since 1895 so greatly exceeds that of the yellow metal as to render the comparison meaningless, although Professor Benjamin Silliman’s assumption that “California will be found to have more oil in its soil than all the whales of the Pacific Ocean” was viewed with skepticism when he spoke the words; the actual production makes the legendary wealth of Croesus pale into utter insignificance. The simple story of California oil during the past half-century reads like the highly fanciful romance of the fabled island of the Amazons in which the name “California” itself first appeared. The saga of men like Edward L. Doheny, Lyman Stewart, and Captain John Barneson belongs to the ages!

My contemporaries have witnessed the marked development also of many other rich metallic resources of California, including silver, copper, lead, aluminum and tungsten: while non-metallic resources present bewildering variety — industrial material like asbestos, clay, sulphur, and silica; saline products like common salt, borax, potash, and soda; structural materials like marble, onyx, basalt, cement, asphalt, and lime. More than a half a hundred mineral substances are found in California’s commercial list.



—From the Author's Collection

DAVID STARR JORDAN



—From the Author's Collection

HENRY GEORGE



—From the Author's Collection—

JOHN SWETT



—From the Author's Collection

DENIS KEARNEY

Changes In California In My Time

Among all the industries of the present generation, aviation has taken a most astounding lead. Ridiculous indeed would be any attempt to describe its growth and present magnitude in a single paragraph. Spurred by war and the threat of war, as well as by the demands of peace, it has mounted to unbelievable proportions, outstripping all else in capital invested and labor employed. Statistical proof of the perfectly obvious is superfluous. Here is an industry, centering in Southern California, that has attracted multitudes of people and afforded employment to thousands upon thousands.



I have seen the striking developments in the field of labor—part of a very general movement, to be sure, but with its unique features in California. There were some unions among bricklayers as early as 1852, but it was not until considerably later that organized labor began to operate effectively. The common labor day was twelve to fourteen hours. Agitation for an eight-hour day began in 1865, but the first eight-hour law was enacted by the legislature of 1867-68, thanks to the efforts of A. M. Winn. As a young man, for one or two summers I was employed as a farm hand in the early 1890s at the rate of \$30.00 a month “and keep” (estimated at 50¢ a day)—the day was pretty close to “dawn to dark.”

In my early boyhood days a full-sized salmon could be bought from the Portuguese fisherman for “two bits” (25¢) along the Sacramento. When mother made her purchase from the traveling “meat man,” he naturally “threw in” a quantity of liver and suet, with perhaps a soup bone, and some bones for the dog. The store man would swap a stick of candy for an egg; and with a new suit of clothes the clerk would gladly add a pair of suspenders. My dad—I wouldn’t have dared to call him ‘dad’ then — purchased the winter’s supply of sweet potatoes for 85 cents per hundred pounds. These we buried in a bin of dry sand for safekeeping.

Wrapped up with the employment situation for some critical years was the Chinese cheap labor question; then Henry George brought forth *Progress and Poverty* (1882), and in some form the single tax has been an issue in state politics right down to now. George was by many thought to be “hare-brained, impractical, and

a dreamer"; but eventually, by virtue of pure motives and sheer devotion to truth as he saw it, he won the respect of even those strongly opposed to his theories, and his book is recognized as a classic in its field.

Today there is no real proletariat in California. Instead of the old slogan of the days of my youth, "A dollar a day is mighty good pay," the paltry dollar now falls far short of being good pay for an hour! The work-day often is below the eight-hour standard, and more and more the five-day work-week is being ushered in. But atop all these there are important workers' benefits — insurance, medical aid, vacations with pay, pension, and all the rest, including the "coffee break" at mid-morning. Clearly the iron law of wages, once thought inexorable, has been repealed. The typical working man, instead of being a wage-slave, is a self-respecting citizen with his electrical devices, his automobile, and all sorts of modern comforts. Perhaps the contrast between then and now is made more graphic by a specific reference. My childhood country home was better equipped than those of most of our neighbors; yet there was no running water in the house, no hot water except in the copper receptacle on the back of the kitchen wood stove, no bathroom or toilet facilities, no kitchen sink or drainboard, no such thing as Kleenex or toilet tissue, no telephone or electrical appliance of any kind, no vacuum cleaner, no gas range, and the Frigidaire and deep freeze had never been dreamed of.

Mention of the automobile a moment ago brings up the subject of transportation: could anything be more revolutionary than the exciting over-night changes in ways of getting about! Here again California's experience is representative of a more general movement. But California is no mere follower—she leads the nation. Only a hundred years ago my own mother required three laborious months in the covered wagon trek from Illinois to Sacramento. Just the other day I flew in a luxurious airplane from New York to Los Angeles in part of an afternoon! It's commonplace today, but what has happened in my time in transportation, and the suddenness of it all is fantastic—almost dizzying to contemplate.

I was born before the first transcontinental railroad was completed. Already there had been the Overland Mail, the Pony Ex-

Changes In California In My Time

press, and the grotesque Camel Corps. Also there were the beginnings of the electric telegraph. But there was no telephone, no wireless to jump the "talk bridge," no electric streetcar, no automobile, no gasoline-driven vehicle of any kind. There was the good old horse-and-buggy, the newly-painted spring wagon, the sturdily-built stagecoach, the town hack, the lovely phaeton and stylish barouche for such as could afford them—all in my time. Parenthetically, it was a great day on the farm when our spring wagon appeared with a fresh coat of paint, embellishments on the bed and bright stripes on every spoke!

All this is so completely changed that today only a few have ever seen a phaeton—and that probably in the basement of some out-of-the-way museum! And it's the same with steamboats on our navigable rivers. My favorite steamer of early boyhood days was the *Whipple*, the beautiful side-wheeler with steam calliope on her deck, that could out-distance all rivals between the northern bend and Beach's Ranch, on the Sacramento. Gone is the *Whipple*, and the *Capital* and the *Chin du Wan*; gone, too, are the later *Modoc* and *Apache*, the still later *Delta Queen* and the *Delta King*—noble steamers all. And there's nothing to take their place on the Sacramento (called by Julian Dana, "River of Gold")—nothing but the unsightly little tug and motley collection of private pleasure craft. Of late, too, the wilderness trees and vines—oaks, sycamores, buckeyes, cottonwoods, climbing wild grape—that formerly lined the banks of the river with a fringe of romance are being ruthlessly removed by the federal government and replaced with thousands of tons of stark rockfill—as a protective measure against erosion and threatened undermining of the levees.

Ours is an auto-conscious generation. The outmoded bicycle is now for little children, the motorcycle for daring youth and motor cops! Not only must the average family own—or at least possess—its automobile, but there is an ever increasing number of two-and-three-car families. The travel-minded head-of-the-family may own more cars than he has children. The automobile, the motor bus, and every conceivable kind of truck all require paved highways. The entire highway system as we know it in California is a product of my time. Today's statistics become obsolete tomorrow. Sometimes

in a traffic jam, the line of cars bumper-to-bumper seem to reach all the way from here to Kingdom Come! Even more impressively in California than elsewhere is it plain truth that the automobile and other motor vehicles on the ground and the air have altered our total manner of living and working almost beyond recognition. I dare not prophesy as to conditions in my grandchildren's time—sufficient unto the day is the wonder thereof.



Old methods of merchandising have gone by the board. The country store, with its pot-bellied stove, its wall hanging full of pots and other utensils, its rawhide-seated chairs and dry-goods boxes comfortably filled by the neighbors in for an hour's gossip or game of backgammon, and on the floor surrounded by a carpet of sawdust the inevitable spittoon, easy target for the "chaw-ers." All this has vanished. In my day in town the clerk drove around to your house in the morning, took your order for groceries, and delivered same at your door that afternoon. Today we have the self-service supermarket. Many packages come tumbling out of a big concern at the drop of a coin. Other things are in gaudily-labelled cans or neatly packaged cellophane—which causes me to wonder how I survived so long in total ignorance of cellophane! In earlier days the store stood on its own; now it seldom stands alone—it is in a chain, Safeway, Penney, Rexall, May, Sears, Montgomery Ward, or one of many others. And the same applies to banks and still other types of business—the chain's the thing. It has become increasingly difficult for small independent firms to stand alone.

The impersonal corporation is matched by the modern newspaper. There was a time when the San Francisco *Chronicle* meant Mike DeYoung, the Sacramento *Bee* meant James McClatchy, the Los Angeles *Times* meant Harrison Gray Otis, the Fresno *Republican* meant Chet Rowell, and the San Francisco *Examiner* meant William Randolph Hearst. But now, who knows who writes what editorials? It may be contended the change was inevitable; but that does not prove that something has not been lost in becoming impersonal, whether in the newspaper, the store, the bank, or the university.

Changes In California In My Time

Still another change that savors of the impersonal is the housing movement of recent years, both private and public. To meet the unprecedented demand for some kind of habitation suburban subdivisions are being built upon the Ford assembly plan—long lines of hundreds or even thousands of practically identical houses, on identical price level, looking for all the world more like communism than anything I've heard of in Russia! The best exhibition of this I have seen appeared far below me, like a vast array of little playthings, as my plane circled for a landing at Los Angeles International Airport. On closer view it is found that most of these modest homes are "pinned to the sky" with television antenna—therein lies a touch of the truly modern.

The first constitution of California, drafted in 1849 before statehood was achieved, was still in effect during the period of my childhood. The constitution of 1879, never wholly satisfactory to any major group of citizens, has during the years become a "crazy patchwork" because of the many and miscellaneous amendments adopted from time to time. Either a completely new constitution or a thorough overhauling of the present one is long overdue.

Significant political changes have been the elimination of the Southern Pacific "machine" and the establishment of the principles of direct legislation. As a forerunner to the great reform movement was the launching of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League in 1909 by Chester Rowell and Edward Dickson. For these legislative achievements much credit must go to Hiram Johnson, Progressive Republican, who was governor from 1911 to 1917. The initiative referendum, and recall have been firmly established and a great body of social legislation has been enacted since 1910. In this Dr. John R. Haynes is well remembered. Not only so, but California has without doubt contributed generously in the field of national politics in this regard. The appearance in the political arena of Upton Sinclair, one of the most prolific writers of any age, has been more than merely picturesque. Twice defeated for the governorship on the Socialist ticket, he won the Democratic nomination in 1934 and with his platform of EPIC (End Poverty in California) conducted what was probably the state's most colorful, though unsuccessful, campaign. The Golden State has perhaps dealt with — or dabbled

in—more political isms and nostrums than any other state in the same length of time. The “ham-and-eggs” proposals repeatedly advanced by the Allen Brothers under slightly different formulae, the bigger pensions ideas of Dr. Townsend, and the McLain old age benefits may be regarded as symptomatic of a widespread desire for better living conditions: they mesh rather naturally with George’s Single Tax and Sinclair’s EPIC.

Another feature prominent in practical politics has been the recent cross-filing in gubernatorial elections. Sinclair, a leading socialist, was able to obtain the Democratic nomination; still more noteworthy was Earl Warren’s ability to capture both Republican and Democratic nominations and to head the state administration in such manner as at length to bring him the exalted position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. It is as Josiah Royce said half a century ago, “The California community has been a notable theater for the display of political and financial, and on occasion, of intellectual individuality, of decidedly extraordinary types.”

So-called “rugged individualism,” along with the passing of frontier justice and unrestrained *laissez-faire*, has come in for many an abridgement with the passing of time and the massing of population. In the old times the Nimrod knew no game limit on ducks, geese, swan, deer, or antelope; the Isaac Walton encountered no restraining law against filling his creel with trout; there was no patrolman to tag the horse-and-buggy speeder on the road in a friendly “brush” with his neighbor; if one celebrated the Fourth of July in the city with giant fire crackers, was not that his own business? But now the motorist is subject to all manner of controls—in the first place, he must have a valid driver’s license, he must watch his speedometer, proceed only on the green light, and even signal with hand and arm when he intends to turn or stop. If I wish to build a house in town I must, at whatever expense and inconvenience, obtain various and sundry permits before proceeding. I must send my children to school, go across the street only at the marked crossing, keep my dog on leash, and obey a lot of health ordinances.

Such changes, however, are in the best interest of the community; it is by virtue of wise regulation that each citizen obtains the maximum individual freedom compatible with the general wel-

Changes In California In My Time

fare. It has become axiomatic that "the welfare of every individual is the concern of all." It is highly significant that during my time the drift of population in California has been away from the sparsely-settled rural community to the urban centers. The preponderance of population today is found in a very small number of metropolitan centers.

What has happened in the fields of sport and entertainment? In my boyhood days we had games—baseball, marbles, tops, and many others—but we farmer boys needed no games just for the exercise; morning and evening chores and tasks in the field provided ample exercise. There were occasional parties, perhaps a singing school and a lodge meeting of some kind—in one community I remember the Sons of Temperance; the Independent Order of Good Templars had many chapters in the state. The country dances were not particularly refined. The "teen-ager" of today would pronounce the social life very dull, perhaps an intolerable bore. Of course the magic lantern was unknown and such a thing as the motion picture or the radio was undreamed of. The best concert given in our little school house was by the group known as the "McGibeny Family." In early college days the tableau, with its red lights, was often presented as the climax of a program. Only rarely did we hear of an illegitimate child—among young men the word "bastard" was freely used. "Juvenile delinquency" was never heard of, though *Peck's Bad Boy* was not the only youngster needing disciplinary measures. At length we are coming to realize it is the parents who are "illegitimate," the father and mother who are "delinquent" in the case of many a wayward child.

Changes in entertainment forms have come trooping along. From the "Pinafore" of Gilbert and Sullivan we came to the stirring marches of Philip Sousa, then came "jazz," with variations, on to Al Jolson in the Follies; then Rudy Vallee with his irresistible appeal, when something called "be-bop" took over, next enter Frankie Sinatra, who caused susceptible maidens to swoon and then to mob him. Meantime we witnessed the rise and fall of the "flapper." The words "boogie-woogie" and "jive" have found their way into the dictionary: there I am content to leave them.

All of which is but a hint of the changes I've seen. However,

Shakespeare still lives, summer brings symphony under the stars in Hollywood, grand opera survives, affording opportunity for the first ladies to display their wealth of costume and jewels and for the best-dressed men to play second to the ladies. The motion picture theater, with its technicolor, its cinerama and cinemascope holds first place in collective entertainment; but the radio seems smothered by the millions of television sets, while people clamor for the color T.V. and look for something still newer and more glamorous.

Similar is the story of sports, from alley pee-wee to Olympic Games, from old tom-ball to Big League baseball—but it is so familiar as to need no rehearsal here. Inter-collegiate football is a product of my time—and now it flourishes in California.



Having myself been engaged in educational endeavor, I have been sensitive to the changes in the field of education in my native state. Although the constitution of 1849 contained provisions for education of the people, the development of actual schools was at first very slow, due largely to the restlessness of the gold-seeking population. The State University itself was not established until the year of my birth. This year it is asking for an appropriation of taxpayers' money in excess of \$62,500,000.

Previous to that, however, we had elementary schools, both private and public, also the first high school and the first normal school, both in San Francisco. But there was no system of high schools in the state, and the one normal school was moved to San José, where it opened in 1872. The kindergarten, also, while its feeble beginnings go back to the early 1860s, dates its firm foundation from the year 1876, when Emma Marwedel came to Los Angeles and attracted the attention of Kate Douglas Wiggin. Other champions of the cause who followed included Madame Severance, Sarah B. Cooper, and Phoebe A. Hearst. The kindergarten has long since become a valued vestibule to our elaborate educational system.

Among the more outstanding additions to the system of public education is the junior college, whose entire history falls within my time. It was not until 1907 that the legislature passed an act permitting "postgraduate courses of study for the graduates of high schools," to approximate the curricula of the first and second stand-

Changes In California In My Time

ard college years. Under the leadership of Superintendent C. L. McLane, Fresno was the first city to avail itself of the new law and establish a junior college, in 1910. In 1913, the Fullerton Junior College was the first to be supported by a school district. So popular has the movement proved, that now (1955) there are flourishing junior colleges in all parts of the state, something like seventy in all. Many of them have dropped the "junior" from their names — we hear of Pasadena College, Stockton College, etc.

Another innovation was the "intermediate school," or junior high school, of which John Francis of Los Angeles was a foremost founder. This called for a new grouping of grades, embracing the seventh, eighth and ninth grades and proving to be a forerunner to what is known as the six-four-four plan; *i.e.*, six elementary years, four intermediate and four senior, normally bringing the student to the regular junior standing in college. The newer alignment, however, has never won universal approval — sentiment, like the tides of the ocean, ebbs and flows. It does suggest the perennial problems that have vexed professional pedagogues in succeeding generations. What is the best method of maintaining discipline in school? Should the weak student be compelled to repeat his grade? Which is better — an introductory course in general science or a more specialized course in some one science, as physics, chemistry or physical geography? What is the meaning and place of "progressive education?" Over and over again questions like these have been discussed at institutes and written about in school journals, with every indication that they will still be current in the next generation, and the next.

It has been in my time that the names of nearly all of the really great educators have appeared. To be sure, John Swett, champion of the public school, appeared a few years earlier; but much of his mature work and all of his important writings came later. It is sufficient simply to recall the names of Joseph LeConte, a real founder of the State University, a man to match our mountains; David Starr Jordan, first and greatest president of Stanford University, whose *Days of a Man* tell the story of a truly great educator; Benjamin Ide Wheeler, whose classical learning and chaste phrasing added needed grace and charm to his administration at the University of Califor-

nia; Joseph Royce, a native son of the Golden State, who rose to pre-eminence as philosopher and humanist. Scarcely second to this illustrious group, omitting those who still dwell among us, one calls to mind the names of Howison, Henry Morse Stephens, Gayley, Rieber, George E. Howard, Hoose, Farrand, Bolton, Davidson — but the list is too long to be given here.

One of the greatest of all changes in the pulsating field of education — and one that is easily overlooked by perplexed present-day leaders — lies in the fact that now we have acquired “great mountains of knowledge” that were totally non-existent when I went to college. This piling up of newly-discovered facts in almost all areas of study, added to our earlier heritage of culture and demanding radical readjustments in much of our thinking and planning, has brought bewilderment to teachers and rendered established programs of study inappropriate and inadequate if not obsolete. The human brain, with all its limitations, has remained virtually unchanging since Plato and Aristotle: it has not been able successfully to cope with the mass of new material thrust before it by recent kaleidoscopic changes.

As in education, there were promising beginnings in the field of literature before 1868. A few books had appeared, and several magazines of pretension had been launched, including *The Pioneer*, *The Hesperian* (later *Pacific Monthly*), and *The Californian*; but none of these had adequate support, all were short-lived. It was in 1868 that Anton Roman began the publication of the *Overland Monthly*, giving absolute editorial control to Bret Harte; it was in *Overland Monthly*, “devoted to the development of the country,” that California’s first literary tradition reached its culmination.

In 1915 Ina Donna Coolbrith, hailed as “the Sappho of the West,” was given the honorary title “Loved Laurel-Crowned Poet of California” by the State Legislature. She was the only woman of a group of distinguished writers including Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller. First to hold the title *Poet Laureate* — and, I may add, most eminent — she was succeeded in turn by Henry Meade Bland, John Steven McGroarty and Gordon Norris, present incumbent.

In the realm of fiction the *Ramona* by Helen Hunt Jackson

Changes In California In My Time

still reigns supreme, although the annual crop of novels seldom fails; most prolific are Upton Sinclair and Gertrude Atherton. In history the monumental works of Hubert Howe Bancroft hold a place all their own, though the more recent record of Herbert Eugene Bolton, inspiring teacher as well as research scholar, is of commanding interest. Collectors of Californiana have sprung up all over the horizon. The Bancroft Library at Berkeley and the Huntington Library at San Marino are without exact counterpart anywhere: the State Library at Sacramento has become invaluable.

Contemporaneous California presents abundant literary efflorescence north, south, east, west; though the cynical onlooker may at times be disposed to call it a rash — writers, writers, everywhere. It must be confessed there exists today in the great flood of printed material no literary magazine of general circulation that takes the place of *Overland Monthly* in its hey-day, even though potential readers are multiplied many fold.

Probably the most accomplished California artist before my time was Charles C. Nahl, whose famous painting, "Sunday Morning in the Mines," hangs in the Crocker Art Gallery in Sacramento; here we have "a theme picture of the first decade." But the master painter of them all is William Keith, intimate friend of John Muir, whose first enriching visit to Yosemite occurred in 1869. In 1872 he entered upon an extended period of work of the highest excellence. Never did the Sierra Nevada Mountains lose their appeal to Keith, "Master of California Landscape." Eminent in sculpture, in a later period, was John Gutzon Borglum, a single item of whose workmanship is seen in the marble bust preserving the features of Jessie Benton Fremont. Numerous schools of fine arts are to be found in the state. Among special collections, visited by many thousands of admirers each year, are the Henry E. Huntington Art Gallery at San Marino, Los Angeles County Museum in Exposition Park, and the DeYoung Gallery in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

In architecture the rococo of the 1870s when Ralston was host *par excellence*, with variations of gingerbread following along, has yielded quite completely to plainer, more utilitarian forms in recent years. Employment of the adobe brick has long since all but gone. Even the craze for the bungalow cottage of a generation ago has

moderated in favor of the rambling one-story home with low ceiling, built for family comfort and, where possible, fitted into the surroundings. The deadening esthetic effects of rows upon rows of low-cost subdivision homes is yet to be assessed.

Fashions and styles in costume in California have been about as varied and whimsical as would be the weather of Mojave Desert and Siskiyou Mountains in unhappy combination. There has been change a-plenty. The crinoline hoop-skirt of the long-ago is brought to mind by this old advertisement: "A lady having enjoyed the pleasure, comfort and great convenience of wearing our Duplex Elliptical Steel Spring Skirt for a single day will never afterward willingly dispense with their use." It has long since disappeared and more lately its exact opposite, the hobble-skirt, followed. What prevails today in women's raiment would require a sharper pen than mine to describe. Girls used to become old enough to wear long dresses: now they put on boyish overalls, while their mothers wear slacks much of the time. Little boys are now strangers to short pants and their dads have suffered a loss of dignity with the discarding of their Prince Albert coats as Sunday best. The prevalent use of cosmetics, especially the lipstick, among women, could scarcely have been imagined in the days of my youth; but the "flapper look" of the 1920s has been safely survived. Amazing new fabrics are being introduced — rayon, nylon, dacron, orlon, and still many others.

The stability of the family has suffered serious decline — not infrequently in our day divorce cases outnumber marriage licenses. Two factors popularly charged with aggravating this condition are the Reno marriage mart and the "Hollywood" type divorce. Among the so-called elite, the size of the family has suffered marked diminution.

When it comes to the question of the moral conduct of youngsters of today in comparison with that of the days of my youth, it is best to show moderation and exercise due restraint. Juvenile delinquency has without doubt increased appreciably since the second World War, for which it would not be difficult to assign cogent reasons. But to say that the youngsters of today are intrinsically worse than those of a generation, or two generations, ago, would be neither charitable nor precise. The old milieu of the nineteenth century, in

Changes In California In My Time

which children were more protected, simply does not exist today: the framework within which kids were formerly raised has radically changed. Mere mention of crime and horror books, of many television programs, of easy access to liquor and dope, and of many broken families, will help to make clear my meaning.

The conduct of large numbers of teen-agers has unquestionably undergone marked changes in my time: to reply that this is understandable does not nullify the fact, nor does it reduce the gravity of the social problems involved. But after all, the actual ratio of the delinquents to the total numbers is quite small — the great mass of growing youngsters are law-abiding, wholesome kids. There's no sufficient cause for undue alarm.

As elsewhere, in California medical and dental facilities have increased immeasurably, and the life-span substantially increased. Some of the most dreaded plagues of an earlier generation have been completely conquered. But with the advances in specialized medicine has come a decline in the honest old family-type doctor. As a life-long member of the profession wrote: "It is a very sad thing — to come to a time when the fundamentals seem to be largely discarded; and those who read papers seem to have in mind only the method of treatment, forgetting that the disease belongs to the human being."

The government is doing incomparably more in social welfare service than before. Care of the defectives, dependents and delinquents has indeed become a grave financial burden to the taxpayers; but humanitarian demands have enjoined this as a rightful function of the state. In a dynamic society there can be no definite, permanent line of demarcation between private initiative and governmental activity.

Similarly, both private and public research have increased and expanded in all branches of activity far beyond the dreams of our fathers. In industry, in politics, in all branches of science, objective research has become a chief foundation stone of human progress.

From all the changes in California in my time, so inadequately and so incompletely presented in this essay, it follows, as the day from the night, that California's geographical isolation is gone forever.

The Historical Society of Southern California

In the light of the changes during a single lifetime, it is entirely clear that further changes are inevitable in the foreseeable future. As we have witnessed transforming inventions and improvements in the past, so there will be inventions and improvements in the future, probably even more revolutionary, a situation that clearly demands resilience, mental and emotional elasticity, as well as stability. Adjustment, accommodation, flexibility in meeting new situations — these are key words for the future. It is better to accept changes and harness them to worthy ends than stubbornly to be overwhelmed by the tide we are unable to hold back. Happy are we if we prepare ourselves for the greatest of all changes for the future, as recently expressed by Bishop Edward L. Parsons — “A heightened sense of responsibility for the welfare of all the people.”



A Gold Rush Diary

Editor's Note: This little document, that was brought to us by Dr. Robert A. Rutland, of the Department of Journalism at the University of California at Los Angeles, is actually not a diary, but a long letter, laboriously written in a little black, oilcloth-covered notebook. After much effort, Dr. Rutland succeeded in discovering something of the vital statistics of the writers and their immediate family and he even gave us their pictures.

The "Gold Rush" Diary was written by S. J. Lewis (born 1828) and Nathaniel C. Lewis (born 1830) to their parents, Dr. and Mrs. James Lewis, who apparently then resided in central Illinois. The Diary now belongs to Mrs. Gwyneth J. Davidson, the great-niece of the writers, who came into its possession when the family accumulation of papers was distributed at Afton, Iowa, some years ago.

Dr. James Lewis had a family of about 10 children, (Mrs. Davidson is not exactly sure,) and it appears that S. J. Lewis must have remained in California since a picture of his wife bears the trade name "Gove & Allen, 187 J. Street, Sacramento, Cal."

Mrs. Davidson is not sure of what eventually became of the diarists, but she speculates that they "must have lived a long time, for all the Lewises did." Her grandmother, sister of the writers, was born in 1838 and died in 1925; and she was "a little below the average" Mrs. Davidson says.

As the reader will notice, we have subjected the Diary to a minimum of editing. It seemed almost sacrilegious to correct the writer's unique notion of English spelling. He seems to have a special genius for dealing with geographic names from "Ilanoise" to the "Sirenivada" Mountains. These characteristics of the original we have retained. But we took the liberty of breaking the account into sentences and paragraphs and putting in periods and occasional commas. The original patters blithely on in an unbroken stream of words, without a single punctuation mark from start to finish and with no indication where one sentence ends and another begins. For these emendations, which are made solely to make life easier for the reader, we apologize to the memory of the Lewis brothers.—G.O.A.

Rockcreek, January 24, 1853

Dear Father and mother We with pleasure take this time to adress you. We are all well at presant hoping that these few lines may find you enyoying good health. We received your letter Dated November the 11 whitch gave us some satisfaction to here from you. We got your letter yeserday. You said you had received all our letters. If you have read hem over again and you will find where I gave you A history of the road. I supose that you have not got them all. I will give you and mother. We started from st Jo with 10 waggons, Barkers 2 and Shafer 2, Cross 2, J Heaton 2, Greatman 1 and ours makes the ten. The rest of the trains was from Peoria.

We travaild on to the sumett of the Rockey together. Ther

Shafers wife was confind and there not grass enough to fed A half our horses, so we went on to salt lake. Ther we stoped for them some over week. They came on and that was the reason we got parted. We went on together to the Sirenivada mountains. There we left our wagon and pact in. We all met in Ringold the 15 August. There we all parted to different parts. I went to hunt Taylor, could not find him. Caldwell was with me and J. Wakefield. We got to hangtown. Jo he went of to work on A ditch. I went of to find Taylor, cold not find him, got straped, had to go to work for fifty dollars per month. I did not know where Sam was. I wrote to Sacramento to him. We was there. He came to me. Then Sam Caldwell, B Snyder was together. Barker and Sam went in the city with the train. I saw Barker in the city myself with an Martin and Doc. Donnelson. There dock was talking of going to Sanoria about 75 miles south of here. Barker is on feather river. Dan Martin in green Cassel. Dick is here on Rock crek, About $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from here. Jo was here last wensday, I havent seen him since. I expect he has gone home.

You wanted to know how we agreed on the road and how they all acted. We all ageed very well only we would have a quarrel About three times A day. they acted on they road like old women. When they got in here they acted like men. We had enough provisions to last us here except meat. We got 1 hundred pounds more flour, 2 venison hames. We had enough to last us where we could get them. When we got across the Missouri river we had them 2 gold Dollars, that was all the money we had. When we got across the desert nance gave out. We sold here for \$45.00. That and \$10.00 tokt us through. We got the others in till match. They were almost dead horses. In the city was high, it would cost us about half of them to get them wranched, so sam sold them. He got three hundred fifty dollars for them. He got one hundred and 80 Dollars for Charley.

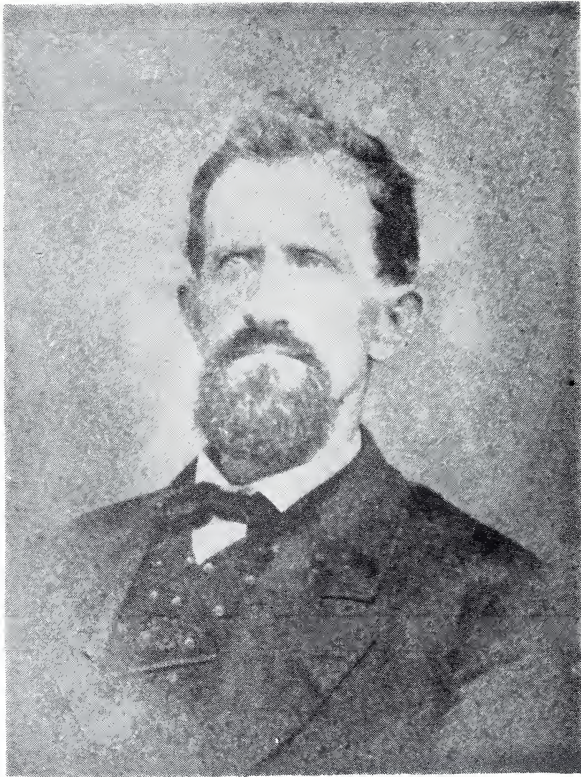
We had enough closes to do us through. Boots I had to give \$8.00 for A pair of boots, that was all. I will give you the market prices: Flour is worth \$40.00 per hnd, potatoes \$25.00 hnd, Bacon, pork ham, 50 to 60 cts lbs, sugar 30, Buter 80 cts, Clothing in proportion. We pay from 8 to 12 Dolars for boots. Other things in propotion.



—Photo Courtesy Mrs. A. E. Davidson

S. J. LEWIS

Born November 18, 1828



—Photo Courtesy Mrs. A. E. Davidson

NATHANIEL C. LEWIS

Born March 1, 1830

A Gold Rush Diary

It has rained for about one month so that we could not work but 3 days. It rained 2 weeks without stopping. The water is higher than ever was known. We have not made anything as yet. We have spent all that we made and 2 hundred more we will have to spend something over one hundred more before we will make anything. We are flooding Rockcreek. Caldwell, John Scrogens, Sam, and we are in company together. We have built us a house, moved in it. Got to work getting out timber for building our float. If we can't make our pile in this creek. It is a poor sight in California. We all expect to come home this fall together if we make anything.

I have given you the particulars of our trip here. I will say that any of the boys coming to California to come on their own hook for there was not a train ever came across the plains that could agree. It is the greatest place for fussing that I ever saw. I would advise them to stay at home.

You said that Luther had sold his farm, Bound for California. He intended to stop on the Humboldt. I wouldn't give the farm for the Humboldt from the head to the mouth. I would not thank Uncle Sam if he would give it to me. This river is the meanest river that I ever saw. The water is salt, lots of alkali about it. He can't raise anything there, it is so dry and sandy. Illinois is the best country that I have seen. James and Col Braden is in Oregon. They don't like it. I don't know he would from report you can hear from Oregon anytime here. We see some most every day. California Oregon is about alike from what I can learn.

You wanted to know how the Election went. Peirce carried this state by four thousand majority.

I wrote in the letter before that I would send you some money but it is out of our power. We can't do any thing here without money for we have to buy lumber to float with. Sacramento City was burnt up the day of the Election. The loss was estimated fifty millions of Dollars. It is flooded water now. They go all through the city with boats.

We have written you Eleven letters, one to Cas Ciz, one to Jon, one to Will. We have received but four from you, one from Jon, and Bob Braden. I don't think you have much room to grumble at us. I think we have room to grumble at you a little, for we are as anx-

ious to here from you as you can be from us. You grumble at us for not writing something about all the folks that come throug with us. I think that we have some reason to groumble too. You write of your health and the healthe of the family, says nothing about any body else without it is some old folks or other. We are young and would like to here something about the young folks. You rote that Lee Simpson and that girl at bil Slen and you said momore. I would like to know what they did do. Ther is no women here that will see your letter. Let us know what they did. Do the same about Bill please.

I have give you all the particulars. We buried two men out of our train on the carson river. The widow Shafer is married already to a man worth one hundred thousand Dolars. I cannot tell you what all the boys is doing, but dick is mineing and is well. Now I have gove you all th particulars that I can think of. I have written them before. You think I suppose that we wer asshame to write the particulars but we are not. We would like for you to know the best of it and the worst of it. I have not done thing that I am Ashame of nor dont expect to. I have to say that Barker treated the boys that he brought throug mean. I have written to you how Archy had done and how we got shet of it was by barkers meanness that made Archy act so. You would like to here how he acted. He was never satisfied for the time we left burlington till we left him at platt river. He stoped there of his one hook. We was glad of it. We had a god time of it.

So I will close for it is getting late. So I will say nomore at present. Give my love to all the family, to all engiring friend. You said the boys were lonesom since we left. They would be a great deal lonsemer if they were here. If they feel sutch an interest in our welfare tell them to write to. We have not received a line from them yet. I f they want to here from us tell them to write. So I will close. Give my love to William, Susan Brown, Uphanna, tell them I wish them but still.

Remains your
affectionate
son unill
Deth

A Gold Rush Diary

You must not think hard of what I have written for if I would get you spunky once you would write oftener. So fare well for this time. We entend to write 2 month and have done it. Direct to Cal-oma Eldorado Co. Calafornia.

P P writen to

James Lewis and Rebecca Lewis and Family. Be a good girl Carline till I come home. I will bring you some Candy.

G. S. Lewis

S. J. Lewis

we write to gether time about.



When East Was East in the Old West

By Helen Rocca Goss



IN A DELIGHTFUL BIT of light reading entitled "My Ming Collection," Stewart Edward White presented in a few brief pages one of the most accurate pictures in existence of the Chinese in California in the latter part of the nineteenth century. His piece, however, was confined to the creation of a charmingly sympathetic monument to the loyal Chinese servant of that era in San Francisco. Another large group of Chinese of a very different type — those employed in the quicksilver mines of northern California from the middle of the 1870s to the early 1900s — have thus far received little attention from any writer and for a glimpse of them one must search in contemporary local newspapers. My family has its own "Ming Collection" of these Chinese—our treasured memories of "the Chinamen," as they were always called and in focusing on them we hope this study may achieve some measure of the faithfulness with which Mr. White portrayed his placid and individualistic servants.¹

In the autumn of 1876, my father, Andrew Rocca, became superintendent of the Great Western Quicksilver Mine, a post he continued to hold until May, 1900. The mine, which was one of the most important in California throughout those twenty-four years, was in Lake County, about fourteen miles from the railroad terminus at Calistoga and approximately eighty-five miles north of San Francisco. Almost all of the labor at the mine was Chinese, the number of them usually varying from two hundred to two hundred and fifty. Only the foreman, the office employees, the storekeeper, the teamsters, the engineers—about twenty-five men in all — were white. The Chinese lived in two camps, the earlier and larger one always called the No. 1 Camp, the second sometimes referred to as the No. 2 Camp, but, for a reason which no one remembers, more often designated "The Brown China Camp." The men came from different parts of China, and, of course, spoke various dialects, but those in the No. 1 Camp were mostly from the Canton area. There

When East Was East in the Old West

were two distinct types of Chinese at the mine — the coolies, who spoke little or no English and lived very primitively in the “China camps,” and the superior, educated men who managed their business affairs for them, held the more important underground jobs, worked in the store, or in the superintendent’s home.

The camps themselves were a mere jumble of huts of the rudest construction, completely lacking in sanitation and surrounded by so much filth and debris that the odors were almost overpowering even to a passerby. A few of the structures were barracks-like buildings made of rough lumber, but the bulk of the houses were a rambling hodge-podge of shacks built by the men themselves of anything they could lay their hands on — scraps of lumber, old shingles, broken-up packing boxes, and flattened-out kerosene cans. Pigs wallowed in the muddy ditch in front of the No. 1 Camp, and a few ducks generally quacked among them. There was no central eating place in either camp, and each man made his own small fire to cook his rice and heat the water for his tea. If one chanced to pass either camp at meal time, he could look through the open doorways and see the squatting men eating their bowls of rice with chopsticks. The men generally wore what a member of the family describes as “a kind of dungaree costume similar to the work clothes of sailors,”² plus the characteristic large woven straw hat which identified them even at a distance.

Each camp had a leader or boss who kept time for all of his own men and acted as their business representative on all occasions, especially on pay day. At that time the boss would come to our home to work out with Father the amount to which each man under the boss’ jurisdiction was entitled. The entire sum was paid to the boss, and he was then responsible for paying the individual workmen in his camp. The necessary calculations in arriving at these sums were made on the abacus, an aspect of pay day which was a source of fascination for the children in our family. If we remained very quiet, we were permitted to watch this mysterious and enchanting process.

The camp bosses also served as mediators in disputes among their men, disputes which were by no means infrequent.³ Next to the men who presided over the Chinese section of the mine store, the

bosses were the best educated of the Chinese. One of them in particular, Ah Shee, who served as boss of the Brown China Camp for many years, was a very capable and outstanding man, a great friend of my father's and, indeed, of all the family. Ah Shee was not only his camp boss but he was head timberman as well, and many of the enormous timbers used in the mine—some as much as three feet in diameter — were so well placed under his direction that they still stand in a section of the Great Western where they have been preserved by the mineral water dripping over them. Ah Shee was larger than most of the other Chinese at the mine, a fairly well-educated man, and one of the best of the workmen as far as character and trustworthiness are concerned. His wage of \$1.50 a day was the highest paid to any Chinese working underground. Only Ah Tie, who was paid \$1.75 for about fifteen hours of duty in the store, earned more.

Ah Shee entrusted his savings to his employer, who kept a special account for him at the Bank of California in San Francisco. By the time he was ready to return to China, Shee had saved nearly \$6,000. Once he came to the house to withdraw \$100, explaining that the sum would be sent to his son in China for the purpose of buying a wife. It would, he added, buy a "a heap fine" wife. After we left the Great Western in 1900 and moved to the Helen Mine about ten miles away, Ah Shee kept up his friendship with his old employer by walking across the hills to visit us as often as he could.

He never arrived empty-handed, always bringing some choice Chinese gift, such as a package of the finest China tea for Father, or an exquisite silk handkerchief for Mother. Ah Shee's gentleness, his unfailing courtesy, and his strength of character won him the respect and friendship of all mine inhabitants, Chinese and white alike, and he was a special favorite of the children.

It was Ah Shee and Ah Key, for a long time the boss of the No. 1 Camp at the Great Western, who used to bring us the long strings of firecrackers, the bounteous supplies of candy, nuts, and the like at China New Year. Ah Key was a small, neat man with a less interesting personality than Ah Shee, under whom he served as first assistant in timbering. Key was a very valuable man, though, in helping to keep the peace among the various factions, not only in his own camp but in the other camp on occasion. Once there was a bad

When East Was East in the Old West

flare-up of tempers in Ah Shee's camp, and the superintendent hurried over there as soon as he learned the trouble. When he returned home he remarked that by the time he arrived Ah Key was there and had restored order, adding: "You can always depend on Ah Key." As this incident suggests, keeping the peace in the camps was an ever-present concern of the superintendent and the Chinese bosses. To prevent friction, or reduce it to a minimum, the cliques were separated as much as possible at their work, but in spite of every precaution, the Chinese did do bodily harm to each other from time to time.

The most serious outbreak of violence among the Chinese at the Great Western took place in the early years of Andrew Rocca's superintendency, the quarrel apparently being over no more important a matter than a hat. The details of the "bloody row" were given in a letter which the superintendent wrote on January 29, 1880, to his fiancée. About one hundred and twenty-five men were involved. he wrote, "one company against the other," and four or five of the men were "badly cut." One was expected to die, but the others would probably recover. The disturbance was ended by the superintendent arriving with a rifle, which, however, was not fired. "As soon as I got on the ground," he wrote, "they went in the house. But had I not been here there would have been thirty or forty of them killed."⁴

Occasional newspaper items refer to less serious disturbances. For example, the *Middletown Independent* of September 7, 1895, reprinted from the *Calistogian* of the previous week an item to the effect that

A fight took place at the Great Western Mine Tuesday between a couple of Chinamen in which one beat the other almost to death. He was brought to this city and while being shipped to San Francisco Wednesday, the injured celestial died on the train and was taken off at Napa for burial. . . . No one saw the affair at the mine but the cries of the injured man attracted the attention of the other Chinamen and the highbinder fled.

My father often related another incident of a clash between some of the Chinese workers when a winze was being sunk from the 600 to the 700-foot level. One day all of the men but two were on the skip ready to be hoisted. The two remaining men were lighting

the fuses, which would set off the powder blasts. Water had wet some of the fuses so that they would not light, while others were already burning. Quite rightly, all of the men on the skip were becoming extremely nervous as one of the fuse lighters still persisted in trying to light a wet fuse, although his partner urged him to come along. When he did come, the other man jumped on the skip and gave the three-bell signal to hoist, leaving his partner there with about a dozen holes to explode.

The superintendent happened to be at the top of the hoist when the crew came up, minus its one member. After waiting a short while, they went down, expecting of course, to find the missing man blown to bits. Instead they found what Father described as a "raving, swearing Chinaman," his only thought being to get to the top so that he could kill his partner. The man had protected himself by gathering planks and getting behind them in a corner where the fuses did not light. He remained there through the terrific concussion of the other blasts and was not seriously damaged by his experience. He was thwarted, however, in his desire for vengeance. His partner had already left camp and was never again seen at the mine.⁵

On another occasion when the shaft was being sunk, one of the Chinese workers fell through the floor and plunged down 110 feet. Although he fell into very shallow water — only about two feet deep — he, too, came out of his ordeal alive and recovered completely.⁶

There were no real doctors among the Chinese at the mine, but they used their own herbs and remedies for minor ailments. When one became seriously ill or suffered grave injury, he went or was sent to San Francisco, sometimes dying en route. The *Calistogian* of February 1, 1882, said:

A Chinaman was placed in a wagon at one of the quicksilver mines this morning for the purpose of bringing him to Calistoga and sending him to San Francisco to be treated by a Chinese doctor. While on the way here, it was thought proper to see how he was getting along, and it was found that he was dead, having died without making any noise or a struggle.

One of my sisters remembers going through the No. 1 Camp with her father and seeing a sick man who said he was going to San

When East Was East in the Old West

Francisco to see a doctor. "He must have had some form of dropsy," she writes, "because when he opened his shirt and pressed his fingers into the flesh, they left great holes. 'See,' he said, 'no come up.' He did go to San Francisco, but he died only a few days later."⁷

That their ignorance of even the rudiments of physical care and their insistence on treatment by those of their own race frequently had dreadful results for the Chinese is further illustrated by the case of Ah Wing, who appears in several entries in my mother's diary, or in letters she wrote, in 1896. Wing's leg was broken when a timber fell on it, and he went to San Francisco for treatment by a Chinese doctor. The bone was evidently not set properly, because it still had not knitted many months later. Then Wing had one of his friends break it over again by jumping on his leg.⁸

Once there was grave concern at the mine when a Chinese who had often boxed with one of the White engineers went to San Francisco for medical advice and word came back that his malady had been diagnosed as leprosy.⁹ Undoubtedly the fear of contracting leprosy from the Chinese was accentuated by the unpleasant references to them in the local newspapers. For example, the headline to a long article on the Chinese exclusion question in the February 25, 1880, issue of the *Calistogian* was: "The Leprous, Almond-Eyed, Heathen Chinese Must Go!" And on May 18 of the following year, the same paper said:

Thirty "moon-eyed lepers" came to town last Friday, being on their way to the Napa Consolidated Quicksilver Mine. . . . The Chinese seem to be almost indispensable in a quicksilver mine, though we hope they may never find their way into a mine in this vicinity.

The newspapers of the day were also fond of using other disparaging terms — such as "pigtail wearers" — in ordinary news items about the Chinese.

One Chinese at the mine who had suffered a serious underground injury preventing him from mining ever again was taught a new type of work in which he became very proficient. He was Gui Sing, the lame blacksmith's helper, whose specialty as general assistant to the white smith was sharpening drills and shovels.¹⁰

Besides the miners and the furnace men there was a small group of Chinese who carried on a particularly disagreeable and

hazardous occupation. These were the so-called "soot men," who crawled into the hot condensers and cleaned out the soot, an inhuman task, which, in a later era, would almost certainly have been prevented by law. Eventually most of them became so badly salivated from inhaling the powerful mercury fumes that they were what one member of the family calls "shaking, toothless wrecks."¹¹ Ah Cat was one of these men whom we saw most often, because he liked coffee and used to come to our house to ask Mother for it. Older members of the family remember seeing "poor old Cat put his face to the cup on the back steps and then hardly be able to hold still enough to drink."¹² Happily, Ah Cat sometimes did pleasanter work than cleaning the condensers, since he is frequently mentioned in my mother's diary as helping her with the gardening. It was also Ah Cat who suggested in all seriousness to our parents that they drown their third child, because, like the first two children in the family, she, too, was a girl!¹³

Another more amusing Chinese who sometimes helped with the gardening was Ah Quan, a very small man whose English was limited to one or two half-sentences. As Ah Quan labored patiently among the roses and chrysanthemums, he was generally trailed and pestered by several sunbonneted youngsters. My oldest sister writes:

when he grew weary of nursemaiding, out would come one of his two English sentences, repeated again and again: "Your Mama callee you." Like most of the outdoor workers, he carried liquid refreshments, which we children were diplomatically taught to regard as cold tea. It was probably some kind of Chinese wine, and it was in a lovely urn-shaped pottery jug. These discarded brown jars made handsome bud vases and, if available, would be correct anywhere today.¹⁴

For a time Ah Quan worked nine and one-half hours a day, leaving his work half an hour early to do the cooking, or some of it, for his China camp. He received an extra ten cents a day for his culinary efforts — a total of \$1.35.¹⁵ In addition to cooking, his duties included buying some of the supplies from the mine store. Ah Quan was not one of the brightest of the Chinese, and he knew the English names of only a few articles. To avoid forgetting his errand before he reached his destination, he would sing the items over and over as he walked along. Kerosene was usually at the top

When East Was East in the Old West

of his list, and the whole camp became familiar with Ah Quan's favorite theme song — "Littee-bitee-coalee-oilee," repeated dozens of times.¹⁶ He was one of the nine Chinese who went with us to the Helen Mine in 1900, and there, too, he was the errand boy, coming to our home at regular intervals to get kerosene. Because I was a small child when we left the Great Western, my memories of the Chinese are largely from the early 1900s at the Helen Mine. One such memory stands out sharply — playing outdoors in the still twilight of a warm summer evening and hearing Ah Quan approach. At first there was just a faint, muffled sound in the canyon far below us as he set out on his mission, then as he climbed up the steep trail and came nearer, the words of his cheerful but monotonous little song became distinguishable — "Littee-bitee-coalee-oilee." Finally, a tiny, gnome-like figure emerged over the brow of the hill below us, and there was Ah Quan, smiling happily if somewhat vacantly, holding out his empty kerosene can and still intoning his bit of sing-song.

As these stories of Ah Quan suggest, most of the members of my family conversed with the Chinese in a kind of pidgin English. Father, however, had begun to learn some Chinese during his years in the California gold fields. He added to that knowledge at the Great Western until he was able to speak a good deal of the language by the late 1880s. The Chinese he spoke, was, of course, only the common garden variety of dialectic Chinese, picked up from the uneducated workmen themselves. From a practical standpoint, however, that version of the language suited his purpose better than classical Chinese would have, since his end was to facilitate communication with his employees. All of the Chinese called him "Bossy Man," while Mother was "Missy Lock" to them — the nearest they could come to saying Mrs. Rocca.

Andrew Rocca's ability to converse with the men in their own language naturally endeared him to them, and he in turn had real affection for them. That the relationship between employer and employees was not unlike that between a parent and small children was particularly evident in one phase of "The-Chinese-Must-Go" campaign in California. The State Legislature had begun passing discriminatory legislation aimed at the Chinese as early as the

middle of the '50s, and the Constitution adopted by California in 1879 invited even more stringent laws of this kind by requiring the legislature to set up the conditions under which objectionable persons might reside in the state. One of the laws passed under this provision prohibited corporations holding state charters from employing "any Chinese or Mongolian" and established heavy penalties for violation of the law.¹⁷

The legislation had an immediate and paralyzing effect on the quicksilver mines, which depended almost wholly on the Chinese for their underground labor. In a letter of February 14, 1880, Andrew Rocca wrote his fiancée: "May, it made my heart ache . . . when I had to discharge all my Chinamen right in [a] snow storm, too . . . but I had to do it." He added he believed "the poor creatures would sooner go to [their] death than be discharged."

The president of the nearby Sulphur Bank Mine deliberately defied the law so that he would be arrested and tried.¹⁸ In the test case against him, the Circuit Court, on March 22, 1880, handed down a strong opinion, which held the law in contravention of both the Burlingame Treaty and the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.¹⁹ Two days later Andrew Rocca reported in another letter to his fiancée the good news that about one hundred and fifty of "his Chinamen" were already back at the mine and that he would add another hundred Chinese as soon as possible.

The miniature Chinese-American department store at the mine was divided into two parts, all American goods on one side, all Chinese on the other. Ah Tie, a benevolent and distinguished-looking Chinese gentleman, presided over the Chinese section. He was of a distinct type from the other Orientals at the mine, resembling the portly Chinese merchant often seen in San Francisco. He was dignified and courteous, wore large horn-rimmed glasses and woven-straw gauntlets, and was often seen working quietly at his abacus or reading the Chinese classics. One of my sisters writes:

Ah Tie's domain was piled high with boxes of tea, rattan sacks of rice, jars of ginger, all sorts of queer-looking dried objects, coolie hats, Chinese shoes, blouses, etc. He kept books in a big rice-paper volume, making the entries with a camel's hair brush dipped in ink. He made wonderful kites in the form of birds and beasts for us children and then taught us how to fly them.²⁰

When East Was East in the Old West

Among those who acted as servants in our home, Ah Date was outstanding, and he was with us off and on for many years. In earlier times, however, there had been another Chinese servant, Ah Sam, whose specialty was unusually crisp pop-overs, which he served again and again. After he had worked for the family some years, he went away, returning for a brief stay two or three years later. Those were the days of the tong wars, and it was always assumed that fear of either the tong or the law was responsible for his sudden departure. In any case, one morning about nine o'clock he went back to the China camp for a few moments. He returned to his post in the kitchen, but as soon as the noonday meal was on the stove, he announced that "Cousin sick," and nothing could deter him from rushing off to catch the outbound stage connecting with the San Francisco train.²¹

Ah Date was the cook in our home whenever other help was not available, but he much preferred to work underground. He was an enormous eater, however, and his fondness for pork chops, thick juicy steaks, and similar delicacies was all that reconciled him to his long tours of kitchen duty. Mother had taught him to cook, and the plain cooking he did was very good, though rather monotonous, since he confined himself to a few standard dishes, served all too frequently. Still, he was capable of some surprise menus. One evening his mistress asked him to make hot cakes for breakfast, forgetting that she had not taught him how to make them. To the astonishment of every one, Date served plain cake, hot from the oven, for breakfast the following morning.²² Always dressed in a clean white blouse with his queue plastered on the back of his head, Date was immaculate, and he kept his kitchen so, too. The last thing he did every evening was to scrub the kitchen floor, even if his other work was not finished until as late as 10 o'clock. But, clean and shining as he kept himself and his premises, Ah Date insisted on his own method of sprinkling clothes, described by a member of the family as "a mouthful of cold water, then "whoosh!"²³

THE L.A.

Date was not fond of children, and when we were guilty of too much intrusion, he discouraged further advances by looking very stern and sharpening intently a large butcher knife. He was taught to harness the horses, but when he tried it alone for the first time the

results were less than a complete success. Father, who was a nervous, high-strung man, rushed out excitedly that morning, because he was already late in starting a long business day in the village where the supplies were purchased, only to find Date looking slightly bewildered and the hames fastened upside-down on the horses.²⁴ But if he had difficulty learning to harness a horse, Date performed dozens of other services for us throughout the years, as the entries in my mother's diary indicate. It is full of items about Date ironing, washing, gardening, cooking our Christmas turkey, taking up or putting down rugs. And there are entries, too, bearing out family memory that when the emergency that had pressed him into kitchen service lasted too long, Date would simply "get sick."²⁵ Not all of his illnesses were faked, however, because he fell ill fairly often just from plain overeating, usually from stuffing himself with pork, which, like most Chinese, he considered a great delicacy. And when he caught measles from one of my brothers, he was seriously ill for a time.

The most intriguing item about Ah Date in Mother's diary appears on August 25, 1894, when she wrote: "Date gone to Calistoga to see a 'lady'" — a statement which leads to a discussion of the "woman question" in the lives of the Chinese. According to family memory, no women were ever in the No. 1 Camp, but for a time two women did live in the Brown China Camp. They had come from San Francisco, and on the rare occasions when they appeared, were daintily dressed in Chinese style. They were quiet, modest, lady-like, and they were known as wives, although it is fairly certain that *bona fide* wives had long since been left behind in China.²⁶ Although every effort was made to keep them out, Chinese prostitutes did appear in camp occasionally, and their presence resulted in more than the usual dissension. Once a young and pretty Chinese girl came out of the No. 1 Camp and tried to talk to one of my sisters, then a little girl. Too young to understand why, the child realized instinctively that there was something wrong about the Chinese girl being there, and instead of making any reply she ran all the way home.²⁷

There was one Chinese of our acquaintance, however, who had acquired a real wife in America, and a very strange union it was, too. This man was the vegetable peddler, Ah Sam, who in the '90s

When East Was East in the Old West

used to come to the mine in a ramshackle old wagon to sell his wares to both Chinese and Whites. There was a small Indian *rancheria* near Sam's vegetable garden, and in due time he met and married a large Indian woman. Although I believe they had several other children later, all I remember were the two older ones—a boy who looked and dressed like a Chinese, a girl whose features and costume stamped her as Indian. She later became a foster daughter in a family we knew, grew up to be a fine, soft-spoken, intelligent young woman, who was educated to be a missionary in China. The boy, who gave equal promise, was sent to China to be educated, and, I believe, never returned to America. As one of my sisters remarks: "It would be interesting to know how a Chinese who was half American Indian and who had spent his early life in the United States, adjusted to the ancestral pattern."²⁸

While it is clear that women did not figure greatly in existence of these hard-working Chinese, whose hopes and desires centered around a return to their native land, the gambling vice, which often postponed the realization of that home-going dream, did play considerable part in their lives. All of the older members of the family remember what they compositely describe as "the sleek, dainty-handed, city-looking, foppish, Chinese gamblers," who came regularly after pay day to gather in the spoils; how the monotonous sing-song of a fan-tan game would go on for hours; how Father's temper and blood pressure would mount as he heard those unmistakable sounds of the presence in camp of the traveling professional gamblers, whom he so thoroughly detested. When he could stand it no longer, he would set out for the China camps, armed with his cane.

The entry in my mother's diary for May 24, 1891, reads in part: "Mr. R. raided Chinese gamblers last night. (\$115)." To this terse statement members of the family are able to add some interesting details of what the raids were like. My older brother, for example, writes of going with his father through the No. 1 Camp when gambling was in progress. A pile of dried beans was placed on a table and then the men would bet with the professional gambler on whether the number of beans was odd or even. With a chopstick, the gambling man would then slide two beans at a time off the table, while the other Chinese sat very still and watched intently.

As he neared the end of the pile, the man would use a long finger-nail, or his little finger just under the chopstick, to remove an extra bean, if he saw that necessary in order to win the bet. "Young as I was," my brother writes, "I could see what was going on, but the Chinese workmen apparently didn't. After watching a few moments, dad took his cane, scattered money and beans all over the place, then clubbed the offenders over the head."²⁹

Other members of the family give accounts of similar raids, all of which end with the game being broken up and the cash being confiscated. But since the Chinese had such a penchant for gambling, the professional probably sneaked back later in the night and got most of what the men earned. And, because the men had no amusements of a more wholesome nature, minor gambling games probably went on all the time, with whatever funds were left after the professionals had completed their work. Various newspaper items of the day make it clear, too, that the other mines in the neighborhood had as much difficulty with the gambling problem as did the Great Western. Thus, the *Calistogian* for February 25, 1885, copied an item from the *St. Helena Times* about "a gambling row among the Chinese at the Oat Hill," during which one of the participants suffered a head wound that was expected to be fatal.

In spite of the inroads made by the professional gamblers, the Great Western Chinese seem to have had a reputation for keeping fairly large sums of money hidden away in their shacks. In reporting a fire in one of the Chinese camps at the mine, the *Calistogian* of February 7, 1883, said in part:

. . . John was out gambling and probably had left a light burning, which caused the fire. Among those who gathered about the fire was John, greatly excited, who evidently didn't care much about the cabin, but exclaimed, "G-d, for d-n! Lose more'n tlee hundah dollars in fire." The Gt. Western Chinamen usually have a fair amount of cash concealed somewhere about their cabins.

Opium smoking was also a problem from time to time, and when the children in our family played in the rubbish pile near one of the camps, they often found the empty opium tins. One of my sisters also remembers going through one of the camps with her father when she was a small child. She was puzzled by the fact that

When East Was East in the Old West

Father became very angry when they found a man "lying on a bench and smoking a very queer-looking pipe," a pipe utterly unlike those she had often seen the other workmen smoke.³⁰

The Chinese cemetery was located in a clump of pines in the pasture near our home. There, most of the relatively few Chinese who died at the mine were buried until at a later date the bones could be disinterred and shipped to China, since in their belief no true Chinese could find eternal rest except in his native land. In the earlier days, bodies must sometimes have been shipped away for burial, the *Calistogian* for February 12, 1879, carrying an item to the effect that "The corpse of a Chinaman was brought down yesterday from the Great Western Mine, and shipped to San Francisco." There were vacant spots in the cemetery from which bones had been removed, as well as mounds awaiting their turn. When a funeral was held, the road to the grave was strewn with hundreds of strips of perforated red paper, the theory being that the evil spirits had to pass through all of the holes before reaching the soul of the departed.³¹ Roast pork and many other foods were always left at the grave, and my oldest sister writes of a vivid memory she has of "Chinese with poles across their shoulders bringing a whole roast pig and other delicacies to the cemetery, either just after a funeral or on a feast day."³² The foods were taken to the cemetery in the early morning, left throughout the day so that the spirits could consume as much as they desired, then taken back to the camp and devoured in the evening.

Elaborate Chinese funerals were, of course, held in San Francisco and other large California cities. The nearest approach to those ceremonies that I discovered in reading the old newspapers of Lake and Napa Counties was one held in St. Helena, a town about twentyfive miles from the Great Western. The *St. Helena Times* for the first week in April, 1894, describes the funeral procession as follows:

There was quite a commotion on main street Saturday afternoon by the appearance of a Chinese funeral procession wending its way to the cemetery. The deceased, Lip Kin, was a member of the Chinese Free Masons, and was buried with the ceremonies of that order. A carriage containing a Chinese band, from Napa City, headed the cortege, which kept up a deafening din. Following the hearse were a number wearing regalia; then

came about 150 Chinamen on foot, who were followed by several carriages. The services at the grave were carried out as is customary with the Chinese, they leaving the usual amount of roast pig, nuts, etc. . . . This was the first large Chinese funeral that ever took place in St. Helena, and much curiosity was manifested by those who witnessed it.

The Joss House, which stood on a hill above and a short distance from the larger Chinese camp, served as both social hall and chapel for the Chinese. It was a square, barn-like building with large pictures on the walls of various Chinese rulers and deities, as well as of the devil, in front of which punks were kept burning. The religion of the men seemed to be based more on fear of the devil than on worship of any one god.³³

It was on a flat in front of the Joss House that the biggest event of the Chinese year was held — the festivities associated with their New Year, falling on a date sometime between late January and the third week in February. The white families at the mine had so large a share in this festival that they came to think of it as one of their own holidays. Each year my mother made mention of the celebration in her diary, and in one of the letters to her family in her early married life, she wrote:

The Chinamen celebrated their New Years about a week ago. We were well remembered, receiving from different ones about doz. silk handkerchiefs, a doz. live chickens and a big turkey, with any quantity of oranges, candy, nuts, preserved fruits, American cakes and *Old Bourbon & Cigars*. They are very generous at such times.³⁴

As the above quotation suggests, the superintendent's family was overwhelmed with presents at the time of the Chinese New Year celebration, and, in fact, the gifts began arriving long before the actual festival. The first thing to arrive would be narcissus, or Chinese sacred lily, bulbs, which we placed in low bowls of water, the bulbs supported by the prettiest small white stones that the children could find. Just before New Year's Day, Ah Shee, Ah Key, and a few of our special friends began arriving with the other gifts — quantities of litchi nuts, candied fruits and cocoanut, tangerines, chunks of sugar cane, jars of preserved ginger, and fireworks of all kinds. There were much more costly gifts, too, such as great squares

When East Was East in the Old West

of plain and brocaded silk to be used as handkerchiefs, umbrellas, Chinese slippers, fans, beautiful vases and bowls, figurines and hair ornaments.

When the big day of the celebration arrived, many people from Middletown, the nearest settlement, as well as all mine residents, were on hand to join in the festivities. For some reason, the fireworks were always set off in broad daylight in mid-afternoon, resulting in more noise than beauty. Long strings of dozens of bunches of firecrackers were hung by their fuses from poles, topped with figures of birds and beasts full of black powder. The string was lighted at the bottom, and after all of the firecrackers had exploded with a sharp sizzle, the powder went off with a terrifying roar. Bombs full of powder were also thrown, and rockets were sent up.³⁵ An entry in my mother's diary one year says that "110,000 firecrackers and numerous bombs" were exploded.³⁶ After the fireworks were over, the Chinese passed out gifts of nuts and candy to all the spectators. As a member of the family observes, such generosity, when their earnings were so meager, was something for even a small child to marvel at.³⁷

Although the top men like Ah Shee, Ah Tie, Ah Key and Ah Date were thoroughly honest and trustworthy, the ordinary Chinese workman had to be watched constantly to keep them from making off with all kinds of supplies. An article in the *Calistogian* for September 11, 1878, gives an idea of the extent of the problem and also indicates that the Chinese were at that time, at least, required to buy whatever they needed at the mine store. Because of awkward wording of the piece, the impression is given that opium was sold at the store, which, of course, was not true, every effort being made to keep the Chinese from getting hold of it. The article reads:

An examination the other day of the effects of the hundred Chinamen employed at the Great Western Quicksilver mine discloses the fact that they had nine hundred candles, one hundred and fifty sticks of Giant powder, nine boxes of opium, thirty pounds of quicksilver and a quantity of mining tools that they should not possess. All of these articles, except the opium and the candles had been stolen from the Company; the two last named articles the Chinamen had brought from San Francisco in some manner, which is contrary to the rules and regulations at the mine, which

require that all such articles must be purchased in the store at the mine. Superintendent [*sic*] Rocca appears to be very much annoyed over this discovery.

Older members of the family also mention the fact that the Chinese stole such things as powder, candles, caps and fuse, and they remember seeing Father pry such things out from behind the timber sets where the men had hidden them.³⁸ The Chinese were strongly tempted by lumber, too, apparently to add to their maze of shacks, and sometimes it was necessary to stack all lumber near our house, so that it could be under constant surveillance. As the men came home from work in the late afternoon, walking in single file, each one would have some kind of wood on his shoulders — timber ends, scrap lumber, etc. — and all would be talking at the same time in their droning voices.³⁹

One could go on almost endlessly, telling amusing or moving anecdotes about the Chinese. There is, for example, the story involving their use of the telephone. From the mid-'90s, the Chinese frequently came to our home to use the telephone. At first they tried to speak in their very limited and halting English, even though another Chinese was at the other end of the wire. When Father urged them to relax and use their native tongue, they were incredulous, and it took much persuasion on his part and some timid experimentation of their own to convince them that an American telephone could actually transmit a Chinese conversation.⁴⁰

The Chinese had an interesting way of telling time, based apparently on half hours, rather than on the full hour as our system is based. Thus, they did not say either two fifteen, fifteen minutes past two, but "fifteen minnie more come half passie two." And two fifty was neither that nor ten minutes of three, but rather "ten minnie more come tlee 'clock."

In spite of their stupidity in failing to detect the dishonesty of the professional gamblers, there was a certain shrewdness about the Chinese. This quality is well illustrated by an episode my father used to recount from his gold mining days. Some unscrupulous person brought a quantity of magnifying glasses to the mines, thinking he could easily trick the Chinese into buying them, because they made the chispas look so much larger. The ruse did not work, how-

When East Was East in the Old West

ever. The Chinese watched the demonstration attentively and then remarked dryly: "He lookie bigger, but he weigh alla same."⁴¹ And in spite of their great love of gambling and taking a risk, they wanted full value when they made purchases at the mine store. The storekeeper often remarked with a chuckle that, no matter how small the Chinaman, he always took the largest rubber boots in stock in order to get his money's worth.⁴²

That the Chinese were very superstitious is indicated in numerous ways. Once when there was a total eclipse of the sun and darkness fell in mid-afternoon, the frightened Chinese made so much commotion in their camps that it could be heard more than a mile away.⁴³ When an accident occurred in the mine, especially if it resulted in a fatality, the Chinese would refuse to go back to work until the superintendent went down and performed a ceremony known as "driving out the devils."⁴⁴ After the passage of the Oriental Exclusion Act, Federal officers came to the mine in 1893 and 1894 to photograph and measure the Chinese for their identification cards. Some of the men made violent objections to being photographed, believing that the devil could snatch their souls through the pictures.⁴⁵

At the Helen Mine, a large egg-shaped rock a short distance below their camp was a source of great worry to the Chinese who went with us in 1900. The rock was called Devil's Gate, and knowing the great awe in which the Chinese held the evil one, our parents were careful never to refer to the stone by its name in their presence. Once day, however, the Chinese accidentally heard the name used, and immediately all of them became convinced that a devil lived there. From that time on they pointedly avoided the place, even though they were greatly inconvenienced by doing so. When it was necessary for them to pass it in walking down or up the road, they would make a wide and difficult detour by climbing up the steep bank on one side, struggling through the thick, shrubby growth, then coming down an equally steep bank on the other side.

The Chinese passed from the scene at both the Great Western and the Helen mines in the early 1900s, being supplanted largely by Italian workmen.⁴⁶ They and their shacks have long since vanished, but, as I have said, some of their work still stands in the fine timbering at the Great Western. Sometimes, too, deep down in the

earth, even in modern times a miner chances upon a relic of the days when mining was done almost exclusively by the Chinese. When I last visited the Great Western in the 1930s, the man who owned the mine then told me that from time to time his workmen unearthed some memento of the Chinese — an article of wearing apparel generally, most often the tattered remains of what Julian Dana describes as their “huge, wide-brimmed, conical-topped reed hats.”⁴⁷ But for those of us who knew them well, no such touching souvenir is necessary to keep green our tender memories of “the Chinamen.”

NOTES

1. In preparing this article I have had generous assistance from three sisters and two brothers, who, not only verbally but in written statements, gave me in considerable detail, their memories of the Chinese. Later, all five of them read and sent me their comments on the first draft of the manuscript, the statements of each thus being checked against the memories of all the others. The names of those members of the Rocca family who assisted me and the dates of their statements are as follows: Lillian L. Stewart of San Diego, March 12, 1945; Florence G. McFarling of Ukiah, February 15, 1947; Idalene B. McCollum of Healdsburg, October 4, 1948; Andrew Rocca, Jr., of South San Francisco, May 18, 1947, August 22 and 24, 1948, October 23, 1949; and Bernard T. Rocca of Berkeley, November 15, 1948. In subsequent footnotes only the initials and last name of the person supplying the information will be used to identify those statements. Frequently, of course, several statements gave much the same information, and in such cases I have cited the one which I followed most closely. And in an effort to limit the number of footnotes, none was used in the first few paragraphs describing the camps where the men lived, etc., since the information is a summary of the various statements. Another invaluable source of information for me was the diary which my mother, Mary Thompson Rocca, kept consistently from January 1, 1891, to July 19, 1896, with a few entries after that date. In succeeding footnotes it will be cited as: M. T. R., *Diary*, and the date of entry.
2. L. L. Stewart.
3. The material in this and the next two paragraphs is mainly from the statements of A. Rocca, Jr.
4. Andrew Rocca to Mary Thompson.
5. A. Rocca, Jr.
6. *Ibid.*; *Calistogian*, April 23, 1879.
7. I. B. McCollum.
8. M. T. R., *Diary*, especially entry of Mar. 16, 1896; and letter to John Thompson, Nov. 1, 1896.
9. L. L. Stewart.
10. F. G. McFarling.
11. L. L. Stewart.
12. F. G. McFarling.
13. *Ibid.*
14. L. L. Stewart.
15. A. Rocca, Jr.
16. L. L. Stewart.
17. Foster Rhea Dulles, *China and America* (Princeton, 1946) Ch. VI, pp. 78-95; Edwin Erle Sparks, *The American Nation: A History*, Vol. 23, National Development 1877-1885 (New York and London, 1907), pp. 235-241; *Alta California*, Mar. 23, 1880. The law amended the California Penal Code by adding two new sections — Sections 178 and 179.
18. *Calistogian*, Feb. 25, 1880; *Lakeport Lake Democrat*, Feb. 21, 1880.

When East Was East in the Old West

19. *In re Tiburcio Parrott*, 1 Fed. 481. In his decision Judge Hoffman said that while Chinese immigration was undoubtedly a problem of the most serious concern, as long as the treaty was in force the Chinese had the same rights of immigration and residence as other foreigners. The declaration that "the Chinese must go, peaceably or forcibly" he characterized as "an insolent contempt of national obligations and an audacious defiance of national authority," adding that "no pains should be spared to demonstrate the utter invalidity of this law." The long article on the subject in the *Alta California* for Mar. 23, 1880, quotes at length from Judge Hoffman's opinion, particularly that section relating to the unfairness of the law to the corporations of California.
20. F. G. McFarling.
21. L. L. Stewart.
22. F. G. McFarling.
23. L. L. Stewart.
24. *Ibid.*
25. For example, these three entries in the autumn of 1894: Sept. 22, "Date cooking;" Oct. 26, "No girl yet, & Date still cooking;" Nov. 5, "Date sick and we are doing the work."
26. L. L. Stewart.
27. F. G. McFarling.
28. L. L. Stewart.
29. A. Rocca, Jr.
30. I. B. McCollum.
31. B. T. Rocca.
32. L. L. Stewart.
33. F. G. McFarling.
34. M. T. R. to Amanda and John Thompson, Feb. 27, 1882. Her reason for underlining "Old Bourbon & Cigars" was that those items were rather inappropriate gifts for Andrew Rocca, who neither smoked nor drank hard liquor.
35. F. G. McFarling.
36. M. T. R., *Diary*, Jan. 26, 1895.
37. F. G. McFarling.
38. I. B. McCollum; B. T. Rocca.
39. F. G. McFarling.
40. *Ibid.*
41. A. Rocca, Jr.
42. I. B. McCollum.
43. L. L. Stewart.
44. I. B. McCollum.
45. M. T. R., *Diary*, April 6, 1893; Feb. 2, 13, 1894; F. G. McFarling.
46. The last time members of the family remember seeing any of our Chinese friends was in February, 1906, when Ah Date and two others — all of them still in the neighborhood — attended my mother's funeral. We all remember how grieved they were on that occasion, the only time we had ever seen one of the Chinese shed tears.
47. *The Sacramento, River of Gold* (New York, 1939), p. 201. That book has an excellent brief account of the role played by the Chinese in California history, written with sympathy and understanding of their problems.



Beanfields, Builders, and Books

*The First Quarter Century of the Los Angeles Campus
of the University of California*

By Lawrence Clark Powell

In a longer and somewhat different form this essay was spoken to a meeting of the Women's Faculty Club of UCLA on October 19, 1954.



AN FRANCISCANS AND NEW YORKERS scorn Los Angeles as an agglomeration of villages. True, it is not like those other cities, and it is not easy to isolate the elements that give Los Angeles its special character. But it does have character, and it has vitality. Its past is hectic, its present shrouded, but its future is certainly bigger and better.

What has happened at Westwood in a quarter-century — the flowering of buildings where once the beanflower bloomed—is typically Southern Californian. Everything we have here came the hard way — hard, that is, on those who sought to stand in the way.

When we think of Oxford's antiquity, of Harvard's three hundred and eighteen years, and of Berkeley's approaching centennial, then what has Westwood got to talk about in a mere twenty-five years?

My answer is *Plenty!* And yet so much has happened so fast that seeing it clearly is like trying to isolate the elements in a kaleidoscope. There have been some good records set down: James Martin's book on the move to Westwood; John B. Jackson's book, *California of the Southland*; Ernest Carroll Moore's personal history, *I Helped Build a University*; and the documentary history of UCLA by Regent Edward A. Dickson, recently published by the Friends of the UCLA Library. These are the source books on which future historians will draw.

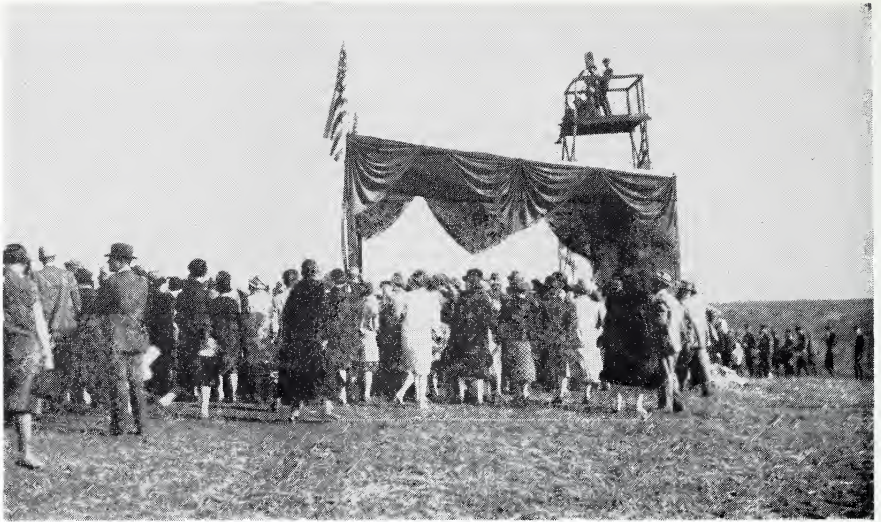
I am not a historian, but merely a collector of records for others to use, an observer, an impressionist. Yet, I have my own vision of Westwood and my own reasons for loving it; and it is of this vision and these reasons that I write. They are personal, illogical, humanistic, and very real to me.

I must confess that I was one of the scoffers who, as a student at



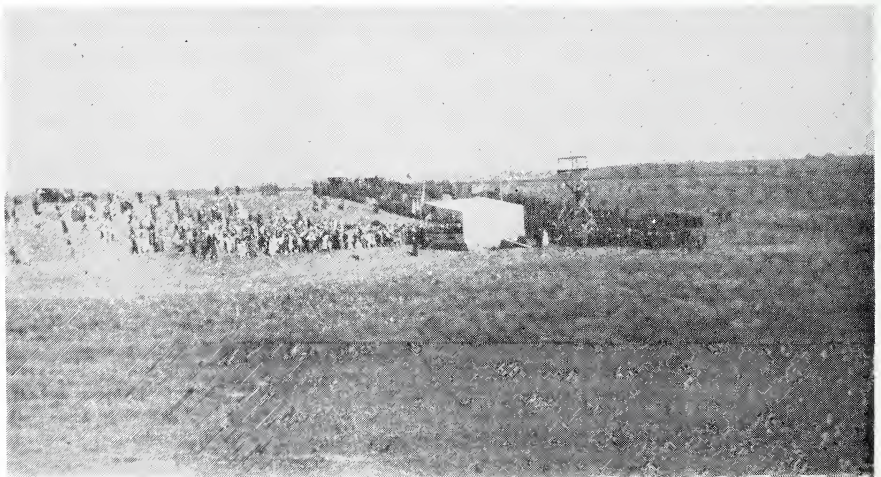
THEY BUILT A UNIVERSITY

Edward A. Dickson, Chairman of the Board of Regents, University of California;
Robert Gordon Sproul, University President; and Ernest Carroll Moore,
first Provost of the Los Angeles campus.



CAMPUS DEDICATION CEREMONIES

Two views showing the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles
on the day it was dedicated, October 25, 1926.



Occidental College in the 1920s, called the Southern Branch the “Twig,” came over to Vermont Avenue with the Oxy Tigers and watched them claw the Baby Bruins. And when those huge piles of brick somehow became Royce Hall and the Library, looming there on the brow of the bare and beany barleyed hills, we Oxy students would race by on our way down Sunset Boulevard to the beach, with a cocked snook at what we called the Southern Branch of San Quentin. There were no trees, no shrubs, and as I learned later, on my first visit to the Westwood campus, no elevator in Royce Hall.

I had come out to ask the advice of a former Occidental professor about going abroad for graduate work. I was contrary in those days, and when he urged me to follow his example and go to a German university, I turned around and went to a French one — a veritable upstart of a French university, the one at Dijon in Burgundy, founded as late as 1730.

I knew just one other person at Westwood in 1929. He was a Dutch gardener named George Groenewegen, from my home town of South Pasadena, and he had come out to Westwood in 1926, in charge of raising trees and shrubs that were to be set out. But in those days I wasn’t interested in such things, and my only desire was to escape the still bare and ugly campus and get back to the eucalyptus groves of Eagle Rock where my college was beautifully located.

It was only recently that I learned what this man had done to help make Westwood what it is today. I called on him in Santa Monica where he is enjoying retirement and found a gentleman who looks as if he had stepped out of a Rembrandt canvas.

Eighty thousand pots and cans were his responsibility in those earliest days before even the first buildings had been started. His only company were quail and rabbits — and one day the Berkeley comptroller, a young Scotsman named Sproul, who came to see the gardener in his lath-house, and stretched his long legs on a hike with him over the hills and across the arroyo.

“Did you plant those eucalyptus on Westwood Boulevard?” I asked my friend, thinking of that beautiful double row of trees that runs from Sunset to Le Conte — *eucalyptus viminalis*, they are — the willow-like gum — and it is unfortunate that the flow of traffic

makes it necessary to trim away their trailing skirts which would otherwise reach to the ground. The old Dutchman's blue eyes flashed. "I started those trees in two-an-a-half-inch pots!"

Later I came to know his boss, Head Gardener Alec McGillivray, who worked at UCLA from 1910 to 1948. In his latter years before retirement, Alec was "exiled" to be head gardener at the Clark Library, and I saw him every week on my regular visit to the West Adams campus; but the man was homesick for Westwood, his big frame cramped by the formal gardens he had to tend.

We have good builders in the gardeners and craftsmen, and I have come to appreciate what they have done to work the wonders at Westwood. Such men as Charley Whitney, former head carpenter; "Deacon" Davie, the bull-dozer, God-fearing former superintendent of Buildings and Grounds; and Plain Jim who drives a delivery truck and spends every vacation alone in the Rockies with a deer rifle and frying pan; and Eddie the Tree Trimmer who used to tip me off as to windfalls of firewood in the days when my sacro-iliac could take it and our sons were willing and able to hold their end of a cross-cut saw.

These builders were following a blue-print whose origins went back to the year 1913, when a young Los Angeles newspaper publisher and progressive political thinker and doer named Edward A. Dickson was the first Southern Californian to be appointed to the University's Board of Regents. Now forty-two years later he is still serving on the Board, its senior member and chairman, and is still creating blue-prints for others to act upon. Since 1930 he has been saying that the Los Angeles campus should have a graduate school for training librarians, similar to the one which has been at Berkeley since 1925. I first questioned the need of one, but Regent Dickson gradually convinced me I was wrong, and I am now working with all my might to add Librarianship to the other professional schools which have likewise come the hard way to UCLA.

It was Regent Dickson who first proposed that the University recognize the geographical facts of Californian life and stretch out with the long-stretching state itself. It was a hard fight to convince others of the need, but he succeeded, step by step, from Normal School to a two, and then three, and finally four year curriculum,

Beanfields, Builders, and Books

followed by the roll call of graduate schools — Education, Business Administration, Engineering, Medicine, Nursing, Public Health, Law, Social Welfare — with still more to come.

Mr. Dickson's vision also saw that the Vermont campus would soon be outgrown, and in the year 1923 it was he who looked down from the Bel-Air hills on the barley-beans-oats-and mustard-spread acres of the Wolfskill Ranch (formerly the Rancho San José de Buenos Aires) and echoed the words of Utah's founder when saw the site of Salt Lake City, "This is the place."

The hardest nuts take two to crack, and to found a university from scratch was a hard problem in planning, staffing and operating. Regent Dickson had an ideal partner to handle the inside problems as he handled the outside ones. I refer to Ernest Carroll Moore who headed the Southern Branch until his administrative retirement in 1936. Dr. Moore, who died in his 83rd year as this article was going to press, was a pillar of a man — one of the toughest-minded, stubbornly-determined, eloquent and persuasive individuals ever to grace this earth.

Academic wonders in teaching and research have been worked at Westwood because of the quality of the men and women that Dr. Moore brought to UCLA in the early years. Loye Holmes Miller, William Conger Morgan and John Adams, Evelyn Thomas, Clarence Dykstra, Henry Brush and Arthur Johnson, Bill Spaulding, Paul Périgord and Frederic Woellner, Frank Klingberg, Waldemar Westergaard and Joseph Lockey, Charles Grove Haines, Shepherd Ivory Franz, Lily Bess Campbell and Grace Fernald, Arthur Patch McKinlay, Marvin Darsie and Edwin Lee, Margaret Carhart and Charles Rieber — some are still living, many are gone; all were builders who taught their students unforgettable lessons in what it means to be educated, lessons in the privileges and responsibilities of education.

Unforgettable is the word I applied to these teachers, and I want to illustrate what I mean. Last year when I was privileged to spend a semester at Columbia as a Visiting Professor in the Library School, I called on one of UCLA's most famous graduates, Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, and got him to give his professional papers to the UCLA Library. This member of the class of 1927 has an office in the

honeycomb building which stands on the shore of the East River — the home of the United Nations. He is now second in command to the U. N. Secretary-General, Dag Hammarskjöld.

Dr. Bunche has a book-lined office on the 35th floor whose east window-wall looks out on Europe, almost. When he talked of UCLA, Dr. Bunche did not recall its physical features or the basketball team on which he starred. He talked about his teachers in general, and about one in particular — Dr. Charles Rieber, who was then Professor of Philosophy and Dean of Letters and Science.

"It was Dean Rieber," Dr. Bunche said, "who helped me feel adjusted in society, who fired my ambition, and who by the force of his personality and the quality of his character, taught me unforgettable lessons." And he went on to recall how Dean Rieber always brought inspirational poems to class, written down at breakfast on the card-board dividers in Shredded Wheat packages, fished them out of his pocket, and read them to his classes.

Up in Santa Barbara lives the writer Edwin Corle, a graduate of UCLA's class of 1928, and author of *Fig Tree John*, *People on the Earth*, and a dozen more novels and histories of the Southwest, the manuscripts of which he has given to the University Library. In preparing to write a foreword to a new edition of *Fig Tree John*, I asked Ed Corle what he regarded as the strongest single influence which led to his becoming a writer.

"That's easy," he replied. "It was one of my teachers at UCLA — the late Professor Herbert Allen. He was a simple, unpretentious man and a great teacher. After taking his course in English Composition it was clear to me what I wanted to do — and I've been doing it ever since."

Professor Grace Fernald died several years ago. She was famous the world around for her work in remedial reading. She was not pretty, yet she had a face beautiful in its homeliness. She dressed with supreme indifference. She was magnificently absent-minded, and the children followed her like the Pied Piper and learned from her how to read.

One night I was working late in my office and after the library had closed at ten a janitor came to me in alarm and said,

Beanfields, Builders, and Books

"There's a woman asleep in the cot-room upstairs. And she won't wake up."

I went to see. It was Miss Fernald. When I spoke her name, she opened one eye. "Oh," she said. "It's you."

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"Of course," she replied. "I thought if I paid no attention, that janitor would go away and let me sleep."

"Stay where you are," I reassured her. "We aim to please the faculty."

"I'm awake now," she said. "I might as well go on home. Just needed forty winks, that's all."

"You'll wrinkle your clothes," I chided her.

"My dear boy," she twinkled, "I buy clothes with wrinkles made in them!"

She too is one of the builders who will not be forgotten. Grace's brother, Henry, a famous mining engineer, and a trustee of New York University, has given the UCLA Library a collection of early textbooks in memory of his sister.

So much for the barleyfields and the buildings, and a few inadequate words about some of the builders.

Now, to the books—no books, no university. One cannot name a great university that does not have a correspondingly great library. Harvard is generally conceded to be this country's leading university, although graduates of Yale and Columbia, California and Chicago might say yes, but . . . Harvard also has the country's leading university library, both in size and in all around excellence. In Europe, Oxford is unsurpassed and its library, known as the Bodleian, from its founding in 1610 by Sir Thomas Bodley, is likewise unrivalled.

Because our founders were bookish men who believed in the basic importance of the University's Library, UCLA now ranks 17th in size among the country's university libraries, just between Ohio State and the John Hopkins. Ten years ago it was in 32nd place. Ten years from now it will probably be among the first ten.

Regent Dickson, Doctor Moore, President Sproul, Provost Dykstra, and Chancellor Allen, have all believed in the necessity of a strong library. The faculty's needs for books have been met by regu-

lar and special appropriations, and by gifts and endowments such as the magnificent Clark Library (here again a Dickson-Moore joint operation was responsible). My predecessor, the late John E. Goodwin, gave twenty years of his life to the single-minded task of assembling a basic library, and when on July 1, 1944, he turned over 400,000 volumes to my care, he took his place as one of the builders whose work is lasting.

Well-remembered is Professor Frederic T. Blanchard, who headed the UCLA English Department for many years and was an authority on Eighteenth century English literature. When he died a few years ago it was found that he had left his entire estate to UCLA, the income from which was to be used to buy books for the Library in the field of Dr. Blanchard's interest.

Each year this endowment earns about \$1,800. If life goes on, as I expect it will, a century from now the Library will contain \$180,000 worth of Blanchard books, all bearing the memorial bookplate of this far-sighted and generous professor. Thus his influence and memory will last, as long as UCLA lasts.

Athletic victories, however thrilling at the time, are not remembered beyond a single generation. Traditions such as the May Queen and the Best Dressed Man of the Year have no lasting effect on a university.

Books are memory itself; books are more lasting than the men and women who make them; books are the means by which a university's traditions are accumulated and carried forward through generations and centuries.

It is good that UCLA was founded and built by bookmen, and that its history and traditions are being written down and printed as they are made, and that there are individuals and groups who are devoting themselves to programs of collecting and recording and transmitting.

Bookshops and libraries are my favorite places on earth. I love nature too, but where would nature be without poetry? I have gathered wild thyme on the hills, and I have loved Shakespeare's "I know a bank whereon the wilde thyme blows," and this is an example of the way books perpetuate experience, and experience illuminates books. Life is short, Art is long, says the Italian proverb, and we

know that Shakespeare will not be outlived by all the wild thyme on earth—as long as there are libraries to lodge him in.

And of all the libraries I have lodged in, none is fairer than the one at Westwood. I have felt at home there ever since the day in 1935 when I first entered it in search of advice from John Goodwin about becoming a librarian. Most of my waking hours since 1938 have been spent in that beautiful building which was so well planned by Mr. Goodwin and by the librarian who is now his widow. In addition to my colleagues I have the company of some of the best people who ever lived, whose books are their immortality. “We owe to books,” Emerson said, “those general benefits which come from high intellectual action. Thus, I think, we often owe to them the perception of immortality. They impart sympathetic activity to the moral power. Go with mean people and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us who will not let us sleep.”

“For books are not absolutely dead things,” Milton wrote, “but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.”

I am not an occult person given to dreams and visions, and I have yet to see a ghost or a flying saucer, but I am never unaware in a library of Milton’s words—books are truly not dead things — and a great library is a place of much vitality and nourishment, and of wonderful experiences.

In my last book I told the story of such an experience in our Library. I believe that I can risk telling it again, for reports from my publisher indicate that there are a great many people who have yet to read my book.

It was one Sunday evening when the Library was closed. I was reading an essay about Virginia Woolf which made me want to read her books, *The Waves* and *To the Lighthouse* in particular. I drove to campus and let myself into the dark building. A flashlight helped me through the stacks to the sections of English literature. Alas, the books I wanted were out. I consoled myself with browsing among her contemporaries, and by some occult magnetism I was

drawn to a book by Sidney Keyes, the English poet who died in the Tunisian campaign at the age of twenty. Opening it at random my eye leaped to "Elegy for Mrs. Virginia Woolf" — she who had drowned herself in an English river not long before Sidney Keyes' own death on the African desert. I knew instantly I was reading a great poem. Here it is:

Unfortunate lady, where white crowfoot binds
 Unheeded garlands, starred with crumpled flowers,
 Lie low, sleep well, safe from the rabid winds
 Of war and argument, our hierarchies and powers.
 Let the clear current spare you, once
 A water spirit, spare your quiet eyes;
 Let worm and newt respect your diffidence—
 And sink, tired lovely skull, beyond surprise.
 Over that head, those small distinguished bones
 Hurry, young river, guard their privacy;
 Too common, by her grave the willow leans
 And trails its foliage fittingly.
 In time's retreat, a stickleback's
 Most complicated house, she lies:
 Colours and currents tend her; no more vex
 Her river-mind our towns and broken skies.

I sat there on the bare floor, letting the poem's music reverberate in my mind, and those four quatrains seemed then to outweigh the million books shelved above, below, and all about. I knew a kinship with Virginia Woolf and Sidney Keyes that transcended time.

Though I have talked a good deal about death and people who have gone before us, I do not view death morbidly. Working all these years with books has given me a sense of Time as a river, flowing slowly past us from out of the past to the faraway future, and navigable in either direction, so that I feel just as much the presence of the ancient Greeks and Elizabethans as of those writers yet unborn who will hammer our golden language into new and even more beautiful shapes and forms.

My office in the Library is on the northwest corner of the building, overlooking the quad, Royce Hall, the Esplanade at the top of Janss Steps, and beyond to the Tuscan-like hills of Bel-Air. It is the

Beanfields, Builders, and Books

corner room where Doctor Moore once had his office in the first years at Westwood. Up until a few months ago, when he had to forego his daily walk to campus, Doctor Moore used to visit me and I would show him some of the treasures among the myriad books arriving each week.

"Mr. Librarian," he would invariably say, "don't stop to read them. Leave that to others. Your job is to get them here. Don't let anything distract you. Books are the lifeblood of this University." And then the old gentleman would take his hat and cane and go his way, superficially fierce, fanatically true to his vision; and it would always take me awhile to recover from the rush of emotion that followed in the wake of Ernest Carroll Moore.

"Give me men to match my mountains" reads the inscription on one of the State buildings in Sacramento. That prayer has been greatly answered here in Westwood.

The barleyfields are gone, the builders themselves pass, the buildings and the books remain, to shelter and to nourish the countless generations of teachers and students who will come and go, teaching and learning, living and loving and reading.

A mere twenty-five years have passed, and yet I think the future will be hard pressed to surpass them with a more wonderful quarter-century.



Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

By Maymie R. Krythe

PART IV: ANGELENOS TOOK THEIR POLITICS SERIOUSLY



FROM THE TIME CALIFORNIA ENTERED THE UNION, Angelenos always took a lively interest in their local, state, and national political affairs. Many lawyers had reached town during the 'fifties; one of these, a Southerner, J. L. Brent, had his office at the del Valle adobe on the Plaza, where local politicians met for frequent conferences.

At the first Los Angeles County election, April 1, 1850, 377 votes were cast; among the elected officers were these well-known citizens: Judge Olvera, B. D. Wilson, Judge Ben Hayes, Manuel Garfias, Antonio Coronel, Ignacio del Valle, and George T. Burrill.

A few days later, April 4, the pueblo of Los Angeles was incorporated; by July 3 they had organized their city government, with A. P. Hodges as Mayor. The Council consisted of these members: President D. W. Alexander, Alexander Bell, Manuel Requena, John Temple, Morris L. Goodman, Christobal Aguilar and Julian Chavez. Other officials were John G. Nichols, Francisco Figueroa, Antonio F. Coronel, Samuel Whiting, and Benjamin Hayes.

The decade of the 'fifties was a stirring time, politically, in the county and state. Candidates of various parties vied with each other in their denunciations. Most of the Americans in Los Angeles, being from the South, naturally were strong Democrats. After the organization of the Republican party in 1854, a minority in town voted this ticket. In California, during this decade there was a bitter struggle between the two United States Senators, William Gwin and David Broderick; this was climaxed in 1859 by Broderick's death, in a duel with Judge Terry.

Communication between Los Angeles and the East was still slow and irregular; sometimes it was weeks before the results of a Presidential election were known. For example, when the news of Buchanan's victory finally reached San Pedro, the Banning stage, carrying the exciting news, made a record run to Los Angeles in one hour and 18 minutes.

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

If a man decided to run for office, he usually had his friends put up his name. However, sometimes a candidate appealed directly to the voters, as in the case of W. G. Hill, who advertised in the *Southern News* in the fall of 1860.:

TO THE VOTERS OF LOS ANGELES TOWNSHIP

I am a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace, and I desire to say to you frankly, that I want you all to vote for me on the 6th of November next. I aspire to the office for two reasons—first, because I am vain enough to believe that I am capable of performing the duties required, with credit to myself and to the satisfaction of all good citizens; second, because I am poor, and am desiring of making an honest living thereby.

Once in a while, a candidate would add a bit of humor to his announcement: G. N. Whitman, for instance, declared that he was offering himself, since he had *not* been urged by friends or voters to run.

When the campaign got under way, clubs were organized by friends to help a candidate's election; speakers were imported and outdoor rallies held. It is said that the first such gathering took place in Los Angeles on November 1, 1852, when Franklin Pierce was up for the presidency. There was a parade in the pueblo, under the direction of Messrs. Nordholdt, Lecke, and Goller. The little brass cannon, used by the church at the Plaza on feast days, was borrowed, to add more noise to the occasion. But unluckily, when George the Baker, tried to fire it, he received some severe burns.

At this election, in 1852, 386 votes were cast in town; and three years later, when a governor was elected, 1479 voters in Los Angeles County went to the polls.

As time passed, political meetings became quite popular in the pueblo, especially when Presidents were to be elected. The Democrats usually held forth from a platform in front of the Bella Union Hotel, while the Republicans made the Lafayette, just across the street, their rendezvous. People were called together by the booming of cannon or the sounding of anvils. The party members would parade around town, with flags flying, in a torchlight procession, while the band played martial music.

When everyone had gathered at the platform the president of

the day called the meeting to order and the forensics began. During the 'fifties and 'sixties, flowery Southern oratory was characteristic of these rallies, and how the Angelenos enjoyed these bombastic verbal efforts! Naturally the speaker who could orate the hardest and longest, and could cloud the issues the most, had quite an edge over his opponents. According to Major Ben Truman (for some years editor of the *Star*) the pueblo had more than the usual percentage of remarkable spell-binders, who could sway their audiences at will and hold them for hours, even though many listeners had to stand through the entire performance.

One of the most eloquent and dynamic speakers was the redoubtable Colonel E.J.C. Kewen, a Southern lawyer, a strong Democrat, and a master of the classics. In a single speech he would drag out all the world's most eminent generals from Joshua to Robert E. Lee. He could stun his listeners by his superior knowledge of Greek and Latin writers. However, as Ben Truman relates, there was *one* occasion when a less noted orator was able to turn the table on the doughty Colonel:

A very funny thing took place one night in front of the Bella Union. A great crowd was present to hear Kewen speak for the Democrats, and S. D. Houghton, for the Republicans. Of course, Colonel Kewen held the vast assemblage spellbound; and it looked as though Houghton would be a bad second; but he caught his hearers at the start and held them:

My friends, I am afraid I shall greatly disappoint you, after you have listened to so much eloquence, for the gallant Colonel has delivered one of the most classical speeches I have ever heard. He has resurrected Aristides, he has trotted out Demosthenes, he has soaked it into Socrates, and ripped up old Euripides—"

But before he could precede any further, the crowd had become convulsed with laughter, and the chivalrous Kewen had advanced toward the stand and taken off his hat; politely threw it at the feet of the speaker; then Houghton proceeded and made a good Republican speech, and a few months afterwards was elected to Congress.

Another famous political speaker was the Honorable Tom Fitch, the "silver-tongued orator," a strong Republican, who was a master of his art. Fitch rated as the most eloquent speaker on the Pacific Coast. He could hold his audiences spellbound with his voice which was "clear as a bell" and "could be heard for two blocks."

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

At the end of his magnificent effort, he always received a tremendous ovation.

It was a gem of oratorical art, resplendent with beautiful sallies of imagery, and at times the speaker soared into impassioned passages of electoral eloquence.

Phineas Banning also was a master of the oratory of the period. In one political talk, the General declared that "thanks to our Constitution," the important questions of the campaign would not be settled "by clash of arms, but by the silent ballot . . . silent, yet more powerful than arms or steel-clad warriors, and more restless than the torrent of Niagara, or the wild waves of the angry ocean." Banning also asserted that if the members of the Republican party would be true to their consciences, they would give their political enemies such a defeat that mortal foe had never before experienced. "The General interspersed his remarks with interesting anecdotes, and kept the listeners in the best of humor from the commencement to the end of his very able effort."

Other spell-binders included Col. James G. Eastman (who gave the Centennial oration in 1876). He was a brilliant conversationalist and excelled Fitch "in resonance, and in radiancy of manner and expression." Frank Ganahl, in Ben Truman's opinion, had a "delightful and sonorous voice," but he was usually on the losing side in politics. Col. James Howard became very cynical at times, "and rounded out his best sentences with grimaces and sneers." Others who ranked as excellent speakers were forcible General Volney Howard, Andrew Glassell, who made "elegant and superb addresses in court," and Ignacio Sepulveda. The latter had been educated at Yale, and spoke English as fluently as his native Spanish. Henry T. Gage, a lawyer and later governor of California, was also distinguished for his fine delivery.

In all the election campaigns much abusive language was used; for candidates didn't hesitate to tear the characters of their opponents to shreds. Partisanship was intense; they made sarcastic remarks, indulged in unpleasant personalities, and punctuated their speeches with violent language.

When William Brewer (a member of an eastern group of men

who were making a geological survey) visited California during the sixties, he described a political meeting he had attended:

Then the speeches began. Men and women were seated, and the eloquent speakers told of the horrible designs of the other parties, of their infamous doctrines, of their wonderful inconsistencies, of the scoundrels who were their leaders, and they pathetically told of the cruel persecutions and slanderings their own party had received, of its patriotic leaders and pure principles, of its innocence and the immaculate purity of its office seekers.

I felt sad that so pure a party should not have all the offices and the scoundrels of the other parties could not all be instantly hung . . .

That evening I heard Conness, the candidate of the Douglas Democrats for Governor. I then learned that it was the other party that was plotting the downfall of the state and the general ruin of mankind, which terrible catastrophe could be averted only by voting the ticket of the patriotic and moral party.

In a campaign, during this decade, before a city election when a new mayor was to be elected, a speaker for Joel Turner was not very complimentary to previous holders of the office. This orator declared that Los Angeles was rapidly becoming the mecca for visitors from all over the United States and also from abroad; therefore the town should have a mayor who was capable of welcoming such celebrities. He deplored the fact that Los Angeles had never had "a high-toned" mayor and that some of these officials couldn't even speak English. He believed, since Joel Turner was out of a job, and also had the "social manner," that he was the ideal candidate for the position.

In a period when there were not so many social activities, and transportation was limited, political rallies gave the whole family a fine chance for entertainment. Such all-day meetings were often held in a grove near town. From early morning a continual stream of carriages, wagons, and people on horseback, or on foot, made its way there. "It seemed a cross between a camp meeting and a German May picnic."

Everyone was dressed in his best, in spite of the heat and the dust. Before dinner people roamed around greeting friends whom they, perhaps, hadn't seen for months. Young patriots got away from their mother's apron strings and cavorted with their pals un-

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

der the trees. Of course, all the ladies discussed the local gossip and told each other their domestic troubles. Young couples walked around, arm in arm, while the older men discussed their crops, the hard times, and the prospects of their political candidates.

Meanwhile all were getting tantalizing whiffs of the delicious aroma of the barbecued meats which cooks had skillfully prepared. First, they had made a fire in a long pit, over which iron bars had been placed. On these were spitted large pieces of beef, pork, and mutton, roasted to a king's taste. When everything was ready, the meats were carried to the tables which had been set in the shade of the trees and that already were weighted down by dishes of other foods. Everyone "pitched in" at once, and got his full share of the delectable feast. William Brewer commented:

If poor Lincoln's army is assaulted as was that pile of eatables, it stands a narrow chance, and if Secessionists fight as valiantly as they eat, then the Union is indeed in danger.

For the most part, table manners were forgotten; boys walked around with a big bone in one hand, and hunk of bread in the other. The ladies were fearful lest the gravy spot their best frocks; and they scolded the youngsters when they came too near, with their hands and faces daubed with pie or other delicacies.

When all had eaten as much as possible, they tried to wipe off the superfluous grease; and then toasts were drunk. Soon the band was playing loudly, inviting the people to draw near the stand where the speakers were waiting. Then the big events of the day began: the introduction of candidates and the flow of eloquence by various orators as they praised their own party and dammed their rivals. The *Star*, July 30, 1859, described a political rally attended by many Angelenos at the grove of Ira Thompson at El Monte, just east of the pueblo:

Benches had been placed for the accommodation of the large assemblage, but so great was the desire to hear the eloquent gentleman (Colonel Kewen, candidate for District Attorney), who expected to address the Democracy, that standing room only could be found within the sound of the speaker's voice, for the immense masses.

The ladies, God bless them, turned out in great numbers. By their presence they signified their sanction and approbation of the cause, they

had a powerful influence. With their sweet smiles and gentle plaudits, they encouraged the battle which is now being waged in the County against political fraud and upstart, mock Democracy. With such support, no wonder the speakers were eloquent in their defense of right, and bold and fearless in their assertions.

Before elections, betting was quite prevalent in and around the pueblo of Los Angeles, and bets as high as \$1,000 were placed. There were also some amusing agreements entered into by members of opposing parties, as is shown by these announcements in the *Star* and *Express* during the seventies:

There is an agreement between two individuals in this city on the next Presidential election as follows:

If Horace Greeley be elected our next President, S..... is to wheel C..... in a barrow from the Pico House, down Main Street to the Courthouse, stopping at the *Star* office where both parties are to give three cheers for Greeley. Should Grant be elected, Mr. C..... will wheel Mr. S..... the same route, stopping at the *Express* office to give three cheers for Grant. We opine Mr. C..... for once in his life will have a free ride and we will join with him in giving three lusty cheers for Horace Greeley.

At another election, a bet was made, in regular legal form, in which Ed Brown agreed, that in case S. J. Tilden was elected President, he would wheel R. Cameron with a sack of flour in a wheel barrow from the Courthouse to the Lopez store and back again. On the other hand, R. Cameron agreed to perform the same office for E. Brown in case R. B. Hayes were elected. Afterwards the flour was to be sold and the proceeds devoted to a benevolent society.

In the early fifties, usually anyone could vote who went to the polls, since there was no register of voters. Many Mexicans, who had not taken out American citizenship, also numerous Indians, were allowed to cast their ballots. Usually crowds of challengers hung around, to question adherents of the opposition; yet few votes were declared illegal.

It was quite common, too, for the same person to vote several times, after changing his appearance somewhat by shaving off his beard or mustache. This state of affairs went on until 1866 when the legislature passed the registry law.

Pony Express

L 116

Washington D. C. Oct. 9, 1860

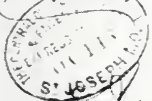
Dear Sir

During the past week intelligence from all parts of the Union indicates the position of the contest being narrowed down to Lincoln & Breckinridge. We have elected the State Ticket in Florida by not less than 2000 Majority despite all the efforts of the Douglas & Bell parties & the contrary. The preliminary elections in Delaware have terminated in our favor although we had to combat against all others Bell Douglas & others and which of course ensures that State next month for our ticket. The news from Oregon is daily becoming more satisfactory and I shall be disappointed if our expectations are not realized. Our friends in Maryland & Missouri are working strenuously and report great confidence in the result. The remaining Southern States can be put down as certain for Mr. Breckinridge. The State election in Pennsylvania is off to day and we feel certain of electing Freier - It is the Battle ground and the solution of the contest if favorable must tend to the advantage of our candidates. - The Union Opinion in that State & New Jersey & New York is one of all Conservatives who are opposed to the election of Lincoln. The Douglas leaders have in all instances endeavored to break it down while many of them have openly proclaimed their preference for Lincoln. We are looking for good news from your State Oregon.

Very Truly Yours

Isaac Stevens
Ch. W. & Co., Ex. Com

L 116



J. C. Corbel Esq
Los Angeles,
Cal

—From the Corbel Collection, Los Angeles County Museum Library

PONY EXPRESS LETTER WITH ENVELOPE

This letter from Isaac Stevens, Chairman, National Democratic Executive Committee, was addressed to Antonio F. Corbel, one of the four John C. Breckinridge California Electors on the Democratic ticket of 1860. The letter dated, "Washington, D. C., Oct. 9, 1860," arrived in St. Joseph, Missouri, on Oct. 11, and in Sacramento on Oct. 29. Transmission time from Sacramento to Los Angeles is not recorded.

don Andrés Pico, don Agustín Olvera y don Antonio F. Coronel. Dos de ellos han sido electores,—el otro lo será. Como hay cuatro candidatos en la palestra, puede acontecer que la elección vaya á la Cámara de Representantes, adonde habrá una renida contienda entre los cuatro candidatos para la presidencia, y la elección no se verificará antes del 4 de marzo de 1861, en cuya coyuntura el Senado de los Estados Unidos habrá de elegir uno de los dos candidatos para vice-presidente que reciban mayor número de votos: en consecuencia, si así fuere, LANE, de Oregon, será el escogido por el Senado, de cuya corporación es miembro. El general Lane ha vivido muchos años en la costa del mar Pacífico, ha trabajado aquí personalmente en 1849 en las minas, en fin, es de los nuestros,—un hombre de bien; y si faltando BRECKINRIDGE en la elección tenemos á Lane, debemos quedar muy satisfechos.

En las circunstancias actuales es nuestro deber apoyar para presidente y vice-presidente á

LOS CANDIDATOS NACIONALES

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE
DE KENTUCKY.

JOSEPH LANE
DE OREGON.

FELIPE A. ROACH

San Francisco, 16 de octubre de 1860:



Para Presidente,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.
DE KENTUCKY.

Para Vice-Presidente,

JOSEPH LANE,
DE OREGON.

Para Electores de Presidente,

V. E. GEIGER,
DE TEHAMA.

ANTONIO F. CORONEL,
DE LOS ANGELES.

ZACH. MONTGOMERY,
DE SUTTER.

ALLEN P. DUDLEY,
DE CALAVERAS.

—From the Coronel Collection, Los Angeles County Museum Library

PAGE FROM 1860 DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN LEAFLET

Printed in Spanish, this leaflet made an unsuccessful bid for Democratic support of the Breckinridge-Lane ticket against Stephen A. Douglas, who was defeated in the election by Abraham Lincoln.

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

There was, for years, only one voting place in the pueblo; it was at the Bella Union Hotel, which had developed from the adobe that had been the office of Pio Pico when he was governor of California. Later a second polling place was opened at the Round House in the 300 block on Main Street. Ballots consisted of tickets of different sizes and colors—as each candidate printed his own—and this caused much confusion. Voters often had difficulty getting close enough to the box, which stood on the wide window sill, to place their ballots in the slit, while the election judges and clerk sat inside watching the box.

On the day before elections, the various parties often gave the Indians or Mexicans drinks, kept them in a corral all night, and then took them to the polls, where the political boss gave each so-called voter his ticket to deposit then the holder staggered up to the ballot box. When these illegal voters were turned loose, they sometimes were rounded up by the opposition, and again taken to the voting place. Once an entire Indian tribe voted—so one authority says—at another election, names on a steamer list were used by men voting for the second time.

No one made any secret of the fact that votes were sold in the open market, the usual price being \$2.50. Once, when a well-known Republican was up for County Clerk, his brother herded a bunch of Mexicans into a corral, while waiting for the polls to open. Some Mexican politicians arrived on the scene and by their flowery native speeches they persuaded the group to vote for the rival candidate. Although this was a mean trick, nothing could be done about it.

If a candidate ignored the regular method of getting votes, he was liable to find himself defeated, as happened in 1856 when John Stanley was running for sheriff against D. W. Alexander. Stanley believed he would win as his friends and acquaintances had promised to vote for him. But he was a surprised man when he was badly defeated. Then he made this classic remark, “I didn’t know there were so many liars in Los Angeles County.”

About the same time, an eccentric Angeleno, named Paul Hunt, wanted to be Mayor, but he was opposed by Thomas Foster and William Dryden, who received 192 and 179 votes respectively, while Hunt got only three. Very angry about the result, Hunt pro-

ceeded to tell the world what he thought about this dishonest election. Mounted on a barrel in front of the Bella Union, he declared that he had been badly treated; he was sure all his friends had voted for him, but he had been cheated, after spending his shoe leather and money in vain.

Also in the 'sixties, many tricks were resorted to, either to get people to the polls, or to keep them away. Captain Pohlamus, for many years associated with Phineas Banning as captain of such steamers as the *Los Angeles*, tells this incident, which occurred when some Los Angeles voters, members of the cavalry, were stationed at Drum Barracks in Wilmington.

The political race was a close one, and each side wanted to get out the entire vote. Word was sent the cavalymen that they would not need to ride their horses to town, as they would be taken to the pueblo in stages with a brass band. Then on election day the opposition contrived to have all the horses taken to pasture, at some distance away.

By afternoon, when no stages appeared, the soldiers became suspicious, and were made very angry by a message from Los Angeles, thanking them for the votes they were going to cast, but stating that these wouldn't be needed. As the men had no horses, they couldn't make the trip of more than twenty miles. However, a few hardy souls walked, but unluckily arrived after the polls had closed.

There was always a big jubilee after an election, when the victor could "crow over" his opponents. For instance, in 1860, when Henry Mellus was elected Mayor of Los Angeles, he and his brother officials paraded around town in a decorated stage coach. The officials sweated in the close, hot vehicle, while the members of the band bounced about as they played on the top of the stage.

Angelenos were thrilled when one of their number, John G. Downey, a prominent citizen of the pueblo became governor, the first one from Southern California under the American regime. He had been elected as Lieutenant-Governor; but when Governor Latham became a U. S. senator, Downey succeeded him. Then his fellow citizens welcomed him back home with a salute of one hundred guns, paraded with a band and carried banners with the slogans,

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

“Governor Downey, Senator Latham, and The Union.” Later, during the Civil War, the Governor made some political mistakes, showed decided leanings toward the Confederacy, and as a result, was not re-elected.

Politics in Los Angeles took on some bitter aspects in the early 'sixties, with the majority leaning toward secession. The “fire-eating” Democrats, and Unionists—later Republicans — had many verbal clashes. There were four presidential candidates in the campaign of 1860: the “Regular Democrats,” the Southern “Bolters,” the Unionists, and Republicans. Since most of the inhabitants favored the Democrat, Breckinridge, a rousing rally with noisy salutes was held in front of the Montgomery Saloon on Main Street. Judge Dyden presided, while Senator Latham was the speaker. As usual some of the ladies attended; a few sat in chairs on the platform, while others remained in their carriages nearby.

Although Abraham Lincoln carried California (since the northern part of the state was strongly for the Union) there was much talk around Los Angeles about state division and of an independent Pacific Republic. Henry Hamilton, then editor of the *Star*, was a fiery Irishman, who did not hesitate to criticize the President and administration. Late in 1861 the *Star* was suppressed, and Hamilton spent some time in jail. Teachers with Southern sympathies, who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Union, were not permitted to teach in the public schools. Consequently, some of them started private schools which were attended by the children of Southern Sympathizers.

As the war went on, Angelenos of Southern birth met at the Bella Union, signing lustily such songs as “We’ll drive the Bloody Tyrant from our native soil,” or “We’ll hang Abe Lincoln to a tree.” They hung up Beauregard’s picture in the hotel after the Fall of Ft. Sumter, and rode through the streets shouting for Jeff Davis and the Confederacy. In May, 1861, the Unionists, though in the minority, decided to show their colors; therefore, they had a big flag raising at the Court House. The presence of Captain Hancock and his men, brought in from Fort Tejon, prevented trouble in the pueblo.

By the time President Lincoln’s second campaign came around,

in 1864, the Unionists had become much stronger in Southern California. On October 21 a rousing Republican rally took place in front of the Lafayette Hotel, where a crowd had gathered from the town and surrounding country. The Wilmington delegation, headed by General Banning, arrived in fifteen stages and other vehicles, led by an eight-horse coach with the Fourth Infantry band. After they made their grand entry into town, they took part in a long torch-light parade. President N. A. Potter presided, opening the meeting with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Prominent Republicans, including Don Abel Stearns, were on the platform. General Banning made a short, but scathing speech against traitors and rebellion; the Honorable Ramon Hill showed the loyalty of the Spanish-speaking citizen of Los Angeles. A lengthy oration by the Hon. W. E. Lovett closed the program.

The following week the Angelenos were invited to attend a rally at Wilmington, where Phineas Banning and other leading citizens were making extensive preparations for the big affair. The *News*. November 5, 1864 told of the coming event:

BARBECUE AND UNION RALLY AT WILMINGTON

All who have the acquaintance of Mr. Banning know his generosity would feed and clothe the multitude; on the coming occasion nothing will be wanting which is within the reach of attention and money. It is to be hoped that the citizens of Los Angeles will turn out en masse—go with coach and carriage; in numbers by hundreds in return of the compliment extended to Los Angeles on the 21st. ult. by the citizens of Wilmington. As Wilmington was founded under the flag of our Union, has ever voted Union, they entered under a transparency, bearing the inscription, "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," and as Los Angeles has always been exactly the reverse—the nesthold of secession, we should suggest that its motto shall be—a visit to the "righteous"—"We Are Returning, Father Abraham." It is never too late to do good, but the time for repentance is short as the election takes place on Tuesday next, the 8th. inst.

According to reports, the barbecue was a great success, the largest gathering Wilmington ever had, with many ladies present. Addresses were given by General Banning, Colonel Curtis, commandant of Drum Barracks, and the Hon. H. E. Lovett. Later, everyone enjoyed a gala ball at the leading hotel, the Wilmington Exchange.

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

At the election, a few days afterward, the Republicans carried the County. Naturally, this unusual victory called for a "super" celebration in Los Angeles, with a parade, salutes from a 12-pound cannon, furnished by Colonel Curtis, and plenty of fireworks. So ended another vigorous presidential campaign. All went home, tired out, but more convinced than ever that there was no excitement equal to a good political fight.

Sometimes Angelenos and other Southern Californians who went around electioneering met rough treatment. Once at Compton the Democratic meeting was broken up by the Republicans. According to the news report, the latter broke the buggies of their rivals, stole the wraps, robes and drums. Worst of all, the Republicans got hold of the Democrats' demijohn of whiskey and filled the air with cheers for their own candidates.

During this campaign local affairs, too, came in for their share of attention, especially as Phineas Banning was a candidate for the State Senate. His intention was to get a railroad bill through that would permit the building of a road between Wilmington and Los Angeles. The local papers carried on the feud, for there was much opposition to the proposition. When General Banning was elected by a large majority, the opposition press declared he had been elected "through fraud, corruption and treachery." Banning's workmen were devoted to him, and voted for him even though they were Democrats. One of his men, Captain Wilson, the night watchman, was heard groaning loudly that evening and begging God to forgive him for having voted the "Black Republican" ticket.

When 1867 came, Phineas Banning was up for re-election as the first railroad bill had not been passed. This campaign was a fiery one, with several mass meetings. The Democrats distributed posters, announcing a meeting before the Bella Union. Cannon were fired, rockets sent up, while a brass band played loudly and long.

At this rally, presided over by the president of the Democratic Club, E. W. Nottage, the Hon. Axtell, candidate for Congress, addressed the citizens, "in a forcible and telling speech . . . after which the meeting broke up and all departed satisfied with their evening's entertainment." But a correspondent of the San Francisco *Alta* reported that the Stars and Stripes were not raised at the affair;

and he asserted that the Democrats still loved the Confederacy. Again there was a jubilee after the election in 1867:

Bonfires were blazing in all the streets; salutes were fired at intervals until a late hour, and the whole city illuminated in honor of the signal victory we have recently gained over our Republican enemies. At an early hour a procession of horsemen carrying torches with men on foot, with elegantly dressed gentlemen in all their glory . . .

Music was unequalled and the refreshments would have done credit to a Delmonico. Dancing concluded one of the most elegant assemblages.

Phineas Banning, although a Republican, was re-elected to the State Senate in the election of 1867. When he reached San Francisco by coastwise steamer, he missed the regular one to Sacramento. But the ingenious Senator chartered a special boat, and according to his political rivals at home, again succeeded in "stealing a march upon the unsuspecting voters of Los Angeles County." At this session his railroad bill passed, which made possible the construction of the first railway in Southern California.

At the close of Banning's two terms, his good friend, B. D. Wilson, was elected after a spirited campaign. Wilson declared that although he had been a Democrat for years, he now wanted to be considered an independent. Then A. J. King and other partisans accused Don Benito of trying to break up the Democratic party. The rival factions lambasted each other at a great rate at the usual campaign meetings. For one gathering a stage was erected between the trees in front of the Bella Union, and 17 gaslights gave plenty of light for the affair. "The balconies of the Bella Union and Lafayette were occupied by ladies, representing the beauty and fashion of the city."

In 1872 there was another "spicy" campaign when Horace Greeley was the Democratic nominee. Although the Democrats held their rallies as usual, the Republican paper declared that they didn't appear to be very enthusiastic about their candidate. Their most important meeting, presided over by B. D. Wilson was described by the *Star*, July, 1872:

At eight o'clock a number of bonfires were lighted in the vicinity of the Lafayette and Bella Union Hotels; when through the lurid glow of

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

pyrotechnics and the boom of artillery and the music of the band. The standard bearers of the Los Angeles Democracy presented themselves upon the rostrum, and proceeded to make the necessary nominations.

Colonel Kewen, as on so many other occasions, was the chief speaker:

He reviewed at length, in his usual golden eloquent style, the abuses of the Grant administration; descanted upon the condition of the Republic under Democratic rule, and then contrasted the flourishing, respected immaculate government of those days with the degraded despotism of today. He declared in favor of Horace Greeley.

After other orators had spoken, the band played patriotic airs, and the "vast assemblage" dispersed. The Democratic headlines acclaimed this as the greatest political event ever staged in the city; they also stressed the unequalled enthusiasm of the crowd.

However, the Republican *News* declared this meeting was not the success that the Democrats claimed, and asserted that the speech of the fiery Colonel was not hailed with as much enthusiasm and applause as generally was the case:

The Colonel, as usual, said many pretty things, and as usual, the hearers went away asking each other, "What did he say?"

The *News* editor said that the Los Angeles "Democrats were not prepared to swallow Horace Greeley as principal or by proxy."

The Republicans were not quite so vocal this year, but they did have one mass meeting, at least, where de Barth Shorb, B. D. Wilson's son-in-law, spoke for three hours, with much applause by the adherents of his party. This campaign involved the important issue of a subsidy to the Southern Pacific Railroad, to bring their line to Los Angeles. There were three groups on this issue: those who were against all subsidies, those who favored the Southern Pacific, and those who wanted to aid Tom Scott in building his Texas Pacific line.

The *Express* asserted that "railway companies are soulless corporations, invariable selfish, with a love for money." Various meetings were held to discuss the issues, pro and con. On November 4, the night before the election, those in favor of the Southern Pacific

subsidy held a parade with all the "fixings," while bonfires blazed, bands blared out, and orators tried to persuade the Angelenos that it was their duty to vote for the subsidy. Apparently the voters heeded these enthusiastic orators, for the subsidy won by a large majority. This election paved the way for the culminating event of this decade and period—the coming of a transcontinental line in 1876.

1876 was also an exciting political year, for it witnessed the memorable struggle between Tilden and Hayes for the Presidency. One of the Democratic rallies was advertised as follows:

DEMOCRATIC RALLY

A GRAND
OPEN AIR MEETING
in front of
The St. Charles Hotel
will be held

This Thursday evening, Oct. 3
the meeting will be addressed by

Harry George
and
Col. Thos. Bagge

COME AND HEAR THE TRUTH

Late in October the Democrats had a big gathering, with a torchlight parade and floats. The Young Men's Democratic Club furnished a large triumphal car drawn by six horses, and decorated with mottoes in German, French and Spanish, showing how cosmopolitan the character of the pueblo was. Slogans included "The People Won't Be Fooled" and "We Want Tilden and Reform." As usual the platform was lighted by gas jets; the St. Charles (formerly called the Bella Union) was decorated with flags and bunting and was "one blaze of illumination." The windows and balconies were filled with "groups of fair ladies." After the procession of celebrities

Daily Life in Early Los Angeles

and the speaker, the Hon. Wigginton, had returned to the platform, the glee club sang campaign songs. Then the orator harangued the audience and as usual urged them "to redeem the nation in November."

In the good old sleepy pueblo days, Angelenos *did* take their politics seriously and had a fine time lambasting each other. Nowadays a political convention over the radio seems rather tame in comparison with those early free-for-all fights. It would really be interesting to be transported back to those days, to see a torchlight parade and one of the "rip-roarin' " political meetings of that by-gone period.



The Discovery in 1901 of the La Brea Fossil Beds*

By Mary Logan Orcutt



IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THE RECORD while it is still clear, this brief account of the discovery in 1901, by my late husband, William W. Orcutt, of the famous fossil beds on Rancho La Brea, is given, as I knew the story from his telling.

The Rancho La Brea, originally a part of an old Spanish grant, was acquired by Major Henry Hancock in the early 1870's. The presence of tar pits on the Rancho had been known from the earliest times, its name deriving from the Spanish word, *brea*, meaning tar or asphalt.

The tar seepages were recorded by the diarist, Father Crespi, who accompanied Gaspar de Portola on his expedition to Monterey in 1769. In the diary he states, that "on their way north they came upon tar springs, and used the *brea* as fuel for their camp-fire."

Early settlers in California, as well as the Indians, their predecessors, used the asphalt, exuding from the pits, for roofing their dwellings, caulking their boats, water-proofing their containers, and as fuel for their fires.

The occurrence of bones mixed with the asphalt had long been noted but they were generally assumed to be the skeletal remains of cattle, and other local animals, that had become trapped in the viscous mud in their search for water, and unable to extricate themselves, had perished. A favorite nickname of the tar pits was *La Huesomenta*, the bone-yard.

William W. Orcutt, by profession a petroleum geologist, was associated, shortly after his graduation in 1895 from Stanford University, (where he majored in civil and hydraulic engineering, and geology) with the Union Oil Company of California, as head of their Geological Department.

Incidentally, this Geological Department is credited with being

*This sketch was read by the author at a luncheon of the *First Families* at the Hotel Statler in 1953.

The Discovery in 1901 of the La Brea Fossil Beds

the first to be established commercially in the oil industry of that time. Mr. Orcutt was elected an honorary member of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists and, also, was a life member of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

In 1901, while exploring for oil sands and other oil indications on Rancho La Brea, (as I have heard my late husband relate the circumstance) his attention was attracted to a curious mosaic of bones, embedded in the asphalt near the pool. Upon investigation, his knowledge of paleontology aided him in recognizing the bone pattern as being a part of the integument of the extinct ground sloth, an armored animal. On a second visit to the pits, with the proper tools, he was able to remove and to reassemble this mosaic.

Thereafter, from time to time, as his professional duties permitted, and with the consent and encouragement of Madame Hancock, then living on Rancho La Brea, Mr. Orcutt made many visits to the pits, laboriously removing, piece by piece, the fragile bones of the ancient fossils, which because of their brittleness and the tenacity of the asphalt in which they were embedded, could be removed only by unwearied patience, and meticulous skill. Often the cost of retrieving a single bone was a whole day's labor.

In the course of this excavation work, which Mr. Orcutt pursued alone, because he feared that the precious fossils might be broken by careless handling, he was rewarded, in 1906, by being able to remove from the asphalt the complete skull of a sabre-toothed tiger, the first entire fossil skull of this terror of the pre-historic animal kingdom, which, up to that time, had ever been found in the world.

With this rare find of a priceless fossil, Mr. Orcutt realized that information of this discovery of pre-historic animal remains should be given to some scientific institution qualified to carry on with the best of modern equipment the exploration and development of a project so important in interest to science and to the world in general.

Under these circumstances, it was natural that Mr. Orcutt should consult his alma mater, Stanford University, for advice in the matter. The Stanford officials informed him that, to their great

regret, their Paleontological Department was not, as yet, equipped to develop adequately so important a project.

However, they advised that information of the discovery be given to Doctor John C. Merriam of the University of California, whose Paleontological Department was working along those lines and had facilities for exploration.

In accordance with this advice, shortly afterwards, Mr. Orcutt commissioned his friend and fellow-geologist, Mr. F. M. Anderson, who expected to visit Berkeley in the near future, to apprise Doctor Merriam of the discovery.

Immediately upon receiving this information from Mr. Anderson, Doctor Merriam wired Mr. Orcutt, and took the train for Los Angeles that evening.

Mr. Orcutt met Doctor Merriam at the train on his arrival, showed him the collection of fossils which he had exhumed, took him to the La Brea pits, and later arranged for a conference with the Hancock family, who graciously consented to grant Doctor Merriam the concession for exploration of the fossil pits which he requested, and soon thereafter work was begun in exploration at the La Brea fossil pits under the supervision of the University of California.

Later, concessions for digging at the pits were acquired by the Southern California Academy of Science, who issued a brochure on the discovery, and, also by the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County, who operated in the interest of the County Museum.

The rest of the story of the La Brea Fossil Pits is history, and the product of the continued excavations may be viewed by visitors to the Los Angeles County Museum and to Hancock Park, where are assembled the greatest collection of pre-historic animal fossils in the world today. Rare fossil specimens taken from these pits have been acquired by leading museums in many countries. On arriving in Los Angeles in 1915, Theodore Roosevelt's first request was that he be taken to view these fossil pits and the fossil collection in the Museum.

In our Los Angeles County Museum may be seen the articulated skeleton of the Imperial elephant, which in life, is estimated to have been fifteen feet in height, and to have weighed from eight to ten tons. This is the only perfect fossil specimen of this huge beast on view in the world at this time.

The Discovery in 1901 of the La Brea Fossil Beds

Also, on exhibit at the Museum are fossil specimens of the giant ground sloth, the sabre-toothed tiger, the giant "dire" wolf, camels, tapirs, and numerous fossil remains of the lesser carnivora, who roamed Rancho La Brea approximately forty thousand years ago, and by their presence in that pre-historic world give evidence of a climate, a flora and fauna much more tropical than exists in this locality today.

Several fossil specimens of animals new to science, exhumed from the La Brea pits by Mr. Orcutt, were given the name "Orcutti," in his honor, and in recognition of his discovery and introduction to the scientific world of what is now considered to be the greatest deposit of pre-historic animal fossils, as yet known.

In conclusion, I desire to pay tribute to the late Madame Hancock, and to her son Mr. G. Allan Hancock, for their generous and whole-hearted cooperation with the various agencies engaged in the exploration and development of this project, which is of inestimable value to the scientific world; also, as a citizen of Los Angeles, I wish to express my gratitude for the munificent gifts of this family to the public of Los Angeles City and County.

This philanthropy reached a high point in May 1915, when Mr. G. Allan Hancock, as a memorial to his parents, conveyed to the people of Los Angeles City and County, through their Board of Supervisors, title to the Hancock collection of fossils taken from the Rancho La Brea pits and the deed to twenty-five acres of land, in which the fossil beds are included. This tract of land, fronting on Wilshire Boulevard, in the heart of Los Angeles City, is known as Hancock Park, and is now being developed by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors as a museum illustrating in reproduction, as nearly as possible, the environment and form in which these fossil animals once roamed in this locality in the pre-historic world.

This park and these Museums with their exhibits are the priceless heritage of the citizens not only of Los Angeles but of the world at large and they represent the philanthropy of their donors, and the devoted labor of countless workers in the field of science.

John C. Austin

By Marco R. Newmark



JOHN C. AUSTIN WAS BORN near Banbury, Oxfordshire, England, on February 13, 1870. After an elementary education under private tutors he served as an apprentice in the office of an English architect.

In 1891 he came to the United States and spent a year in the office of a Philadelphia architect, after which he returned to the firm in England with whom he had served his apprenticeship.

Six months later he again came to the United States and located in San Francisco. Here, he spent two and one-half years with a firm of architects and in 1894 he came to Los Angeles and opened an office.

On August 16, 1902, he married Miss Hilda V. Mytton. She passed away on November 25, 1931.

He served as President of the Jonathan Club, 1916-1919. In 1922 he became associated with Frederic M. Ashley, the name of the firm being John C. Austin and Frederic M. Ashley.

The latter resigned on September 30, 1937 and the firm name is now Austin, Field and Fry.

In 1928 Mr. Austin was appointed a member of a committee of seven to adjust claims resulting from the failure of San Francisco Dam. He was elected vice-chairman of the Citizens Committee of the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, November 3, 1932, and so served until the committee was disbanded. He was president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in 1930.

On February 5, 1935, he married Miss Dorothy K. Bell.

In 1940 he was a member of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Labor Mediation Board, for the Los Angeles District. He served as chairman of the Legislative Advisory Committee on Defense and Employment during World War II. He was at one time President of the Los Angeles Humane Society. He is a past-president of the State Board of Architectural Examiners. He is a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts of England.

John C. Austin

Mr. Austin's firm built many of the important buildings of the city. Among the most important are the Los Angeles High School, St. Vincent's Hospital, the Shrine Auditorium, the Chamber of Commerce Building, the California State Building, the Griffith Park Observatory, American Red Cross offices and Blood Bank, the Union Oil Company Research laboratory, the University of California at Los Angeles general office and class room building, the County Law Library, the Southern California Reception Center and Clinic for California youth; and his firm was one of three firms who completed the City Hall.

Mr. Austin has indeed made important contributions both to the architectural development of Los Angeles and to the public affairs of the city, the state, and the nation.



Book Reviews

By the Staff

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOAQUIN MURIETA. By Yellow Bird (John Rollin Ridge.) With and Introduction by Joseph Henry Jackson. The Western Frontier Library, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman Oklahoma. 1955. Pp. 159. \$2.00.

Joseph Henry Jackson' introduction gives a brief biographical sketch of Yellow Bird the half Cherokee Indian named John Rollin Ridge who came to California in a day when the trek was West. His own childhood and young manhood were spent with his father's people where he saw bloodshed and treachery to the extent that his writing also depict this vein. According to Jackson, Joaquin Murieta was legend based on threadbare fact. He compares the original Ridge version along with copies of that era. Until today Murieta has been accepted at THE Bad Man of California. A natural outgrowth of the time, he explains. Jackson full introduction is followed by the original story taken from the only known first edition. For this reason alone, it would be a good book to add to your Californiana.

— A. C. L. F.

THE POINT LOMA COMMUNITY IN CALIFORNIA—1897-1942; "The Theosophical Experiment" by Emmett A. Greenwalt, Professor of History at Los Angeles State College. The University of California Press (2-28-55) Ills., Pp. 236, Index. \$2.75.

This is the revealing story of the experimental theosophical community on Point Loma, San Diego, California, as it came into being and existed for forty-five years. This community grew under the guidance of Katherine Tingley who virtually controlled much of the wealth of the Theosophical Society in America. Mrs. Tingley gathered followers who believed in the doctrine of Karma and reincarnation in face of the Christian theology.

All through the years a lively controversy ensued and heralded over the land of Point Loma's Raja Yoga. The separation of parents from their children was a serious question—what became of these children?

Many rumored scandals threatened the good name of this community. Finally the Theosophists left with the assurance that their

Book Reviews

unique contribution in agricultural experiment, Greek and Shakespearean drama, and the arts and social reforms had made Point Loma a cultural acropolis in the Southwest.

The book is carefully documented and is intended not only for those interested in theosophy but also for the general reader. It is stated that no other adequate treatment of Point Loma's Theosophical Community is available.

—M. L. F.

RUFFLED PETTICOAT DAYS. By Blanche Gray, Murray & Gee, Inc., Publishers, Culver City, California. Pp. 147.

"When we first came to Los Angeles the town was sound asleep under the shade of the orange trees . . ." Thus begins Mrs. Grays delightful little account of her fifty years or more in California. Coming as a young wife with three small children, each family event was an occasion to this sparkly, busy woman who found time to enter into both Civic and Church activities. Reading her story this reviewer had the feeling that the author sat just at the other end of the living room sofa, telling in a half-laughing manner these everyday happenings that have stayed so vividly with her down through the years. These are those who will not assent in remembering her descriptions of certain places and people. there are those new-comers to the city who will chuckle through appreciative amusement, enjoying her conversational tone. The "Unusual Weather" comes into play on several occasions. The Gray family is representative of the period at the beginning of the century when new houses had begun to spring up on the outskirts of the city. They finally built a home on 4th Avenue in the West Adams district and today Mrs. Gray still occupies that house—the gophers long since having been dispelled! The three ponies and Bestey the Cow had to be given up for the more modern automobile and other conveniences were added as time brought them down to the day when Los Angeles was a grown woman attracting even many more people to her door than when the Grays arrived with freight car full of furniture and animals—when the city was enjoying her "Ruffled Petticoat Days." A book to read and keep.

— A. C. L. F.

Activities of the Society

MEETING

October 26, 1954

President John C. Austin greeted members and friends of the Society and recognized the following honored guests present: Mrs. Ysabel Cram Marquard (of the Del Valle family of Rancho Camulos), Mrs. Robert C. Tipton (of the pioneer Murphy family of San Jose), Mr. Carl I. Wheat from San Francisco (he was the first editor of the Society's publication *THE QUARTERLY*), Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ganahl (of the Pioneer Ganahl Lumber Co.).

The President introduced the speaker, Mr. Guy E. Marion, who was for many years the Research Manager of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce (1932-1952).

The subject, "How Our City Grew," was very enlightening. The speaker gave a summary of the census of Los Angeles going back to Spanish Colonial Days of the years 1790, 1820, the Mexican period of 1836 and 1850, the beginning of the American Period and through to 1952.

It was said that these family names persist through the year: the Spanish Dominquez, Sepulvedas; the French Vignes, Sentons; the German Kurlitz, Roeders; the North American Pioneers Welso, Williams, Wolfskill.

After a very informative talk the President invited all present to the refreshment room where at the laden board Mesdames Edmond F. Ducommun and B. S. Mitchel sat at urns.

Meetings of November and December were cancelled because dates conflicted with the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays.

Gifts to the Society

In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.

The Society is making an especial effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.

Many members having treasured ancestral keepsakes were impelled to give them to the Society because of the realization that in private possession they would, sooner or later, disappear or deteriorate, whereas, in the custody of the Historical Society of Southern California they will be preserved indefinitely.

MARCO R. NEWMARK,
Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests

ACHOIS COMIHAVIT CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERI-

CAN REVOLUTION. An historic garment: short, flap front corduroy breeches. These were worn by the Revolutionary ancestors of Mrs. Mary Corbet Cole, D.A.R., a Beaver Hat of the pre-Lincolnian period that was worn by an ancestor of Mrs. Mary Corbet Cole. A copy of the Granite State Free Press, Vol. 53, No. 36. March 5, 1897, Lebanon, N. H. (Article on "Inauguration Ceremonies—President McKinley") ; Copy of Mason City Express, Mason City, Iowa. Vol 4., No. 8, Sept 28, 1898; Copy of Saturday Gazette, Mason City, Iowa, June 25, 1887; Copy of the Morning Star, Boston, Mass., February 7, 1895 (Newspapers presented by Mrs. Leighton J. True, D.A.R.)

REV. PHILLIP CONNELLY, S. J.: Congressional Record, Proceedings and Debates of the 83rd Congress—Second Session—"How Hughes Lost California In 1916," Extension of remarks of Hon. Leroy Johnson of California. In House of Representatives August 19, 1954. The Article follows; "How Hughes Lost California in 1916" by Edward A. Dickson, formerly publisher of the Evening Express, only living person who participated in the incident. Mr. Dickson is the Treasurer of the Historical Society of Southern California.

MR. EDMOND F. DUCOMMUN: Framed Photograph of the donors father the Pioneer Charles Ducommun, also photograph of the family residence at No. 87 Ducommun Street, this was the French district of Old Los Angeles. The photographs of the donor's mother the noted philanthropist, Mrs. Charles (Leonide) Ducommun and a treasured lace and ribbon shoulder cape worn in the early eightys—a baby long robe, worn by the Ducommun children.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

MR. BURDIC EATON: Memoir (439) Brochure, biographical sketch dedicated to Frederic Eaton, M. Am. C. E. This sketch was compiled by J. B. Lippincott, A. Am. Coc. C. E. assisted by William Mulholand, M. Am. Co. C. E. these were all Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES:
Framed illuminated print, of the Isais W. Hellman residence at 4th and Main Streets, Los Angeles. (1842-1900)

MR. CLEMENT J. GAGLIANO: Large Wall Map of the Territory of the United States from Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, executed by order of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War to accompany the Report of the Exploration for a Railroad Route Dated March 3, 1854. This map comes from the collection of the Pioneer Zanjero, Charles M. Jenkins.

MR. MARCO R. NEWMARK: An unusual letter that followed the writer around Europe and caught up with him at his family home in Santa Monica. This letter was sent on its way on February of 1904 and was forwarded from place to place all over the European continent and then America until in July of 1904 when it arrived in Los Angeles and it was forwarded to the donor who was in Santa Monica by this time.

MRS. MARCO R. NEWMARK: A set of historic writing quills, these are a reminder of the first ink writing in Los Angeles.

ELMER R. PASCOE, M. D.: Photograph of Mayor Rader who served the City from December 12, 1894 to December 16, 1896. Frank Rader was a part of the first of the early Los Angeles Fiestas de las Flores.

Index

VOLUME XXXVI

Compiled by Carroll Spear Morrison

A

Achois Comihovit Chapter of the
D.A.R., 347.
Agricultural Society, Formation of
Southern California, 36.
Aguilar, Christobel, 322.
Ah Cat, 298.
Ah Date, 301.
Ah Quan, 298.
Ah Sam, 301.
Ah Shee, 294.
Ah Tie, 294.
Ah Wing, 297.
Ainsworth, Captain George J., 131, 135.
Alexander, D. W., 322.
Allen, Herbert, 316.
Anderson, Dave, 230.
Anderson, F. M., 340.
Annual Pilgrimage, 1954, 170.
Arcady, A County Judge, paper of
Charles Fernold, *rev.*, 258.
Arcane, Bennett, 53.
Arlt, Dr. Gustave O., 94, 99, 261.
Arnold, William, 20.
Arthur, James P., 160.
Arredondo, Maria Candelaria, 22-45.
Atherton, Gertrude Franklin, 103.
Austin, John C., 94, 169, 172.
Austin, John C., A Historical Profile, by
Marco R. Newmark, 342-343.
Austin, Mary Hunter, 109.
Avila, Adriana, 128.

B

Babb, J. M., 147.
Bache, Alexander Dallas, 163.
Bailey, Dr. and Mrs. Wesley, 221.
Baldwin, E. J. "Lucky", 42.
Baldwin, James, 19.
Bale, Captain E., 59.
Ball, A. M. W., 21.
Bandini, Arturo, 125.
*Banks and Banking, A Brief Survey of
Early Los Angeles*, by Helen Tyler,
40-45.
Banning, Phineas, 20, 99, 325, 333.
Barneson, Captain John, 272.
Barrett, Lt. James, 151.

Bauer, Harry J., 218.
Baur, Cecelia, 196.
Baur, John E., 14.
Beanfields, Builders, and Books by
Lawrence Clark Powell, 312-321.
Behn, John, 22.
Behn, Johann, 212.
Bell, Alexander, 322.
Bell, Dorothy K., 342.
Bell, Horace, 16, 230.
Benson, F. A., 217.
Berton, Frances, 93.
Billalobos, G., 128.
Bixby, Llewellyn, 46.
Blanchard, Frederic T., 318.
Boardman, Reverend, 231.
Bonebrake, George H., 42.
Borglum, John Gutzon, 283.
Boring, Wm., 147.
Botillo, Don Narcisso, 229.
Bouton, Edward, 42.
Boyle, Andrew, 126.
Brent, Judge J. Lancaster, 161, 229, 322.
Brewer, William, 325.
Brier, Reverend J. W., 15.
Brinley, C. H., 232.
Bruitt, Ray A., 44.
Brotherton, T. W., 44.
Brown, S. O., 132.
Brown, Thomas, 44.
Bryant, Captain, 199.
Burrill, George T., 322.
Butters, Captain John S., 148.
Butterfield, Private Henry A., 152.

C

Cabrillo, Juan Rodriquez, 156.
Cady, Colonel Albermarle, 55.
Calderwood, J. F. and Captain M. H.,
152.
California, ed. and pub. by C. H. Webb.
rev., 102.
*Californians in the Constitutional Con-
vention of 1849, Native*, by Donald
E. Hargis, 3-13.
California Almanac and State Fact Book.
pub. by E. V. Solitore, *rev.*, 92.
California, Changes In My Time, by
Rockwell D. Hunt, 267-286.

California's Literary Women by Gustave O. Arlt, 99-114.
California Volunteers, by A. Hunt, 146-154.
 Camphouse, Sam, 41.
Camp Cady, The History of, by Leonard Waitman, 49-91.
 Carillo of Los Angeles, 4-13.
 Carillo, J. J., 128.
 Carillo, Leo, 169.
 Carleton, Major, 55.
 Carlton, Carrie (Topsy Turvey), 101.
 Carson, Kit, 51.
 Carter, Dr. and Mrs., 126.
 Chavez, Julian, 322.
 Chavis, Julian, 229.
 Childress, A. D., 44.
Childs, Ozro William by Hortense Childs Reynolds, 138-145.
 Childs, Jacob and Sarah, 138.
 Clearwater, C. D., 94.
 Clarke, General, 55.
 Cohn, Kaspere, 44, 250.
Colorado, A Voyage on the, by Frances Berton, rev., 93.
Colorado River and Grand Canyon, The Books of the, rev., 93.
 Colton, John B., 15.
Commerce of the Prairies, by Josiah Gregg, rev., 258.
 Constitutional Convention of 1849, 3-13.
 Connelly, Rev. Phillip, 347.
 Coolbrith, Ina Donna (Josephine Donna Smith), 100-102, 282.
 Cooper, Captain Juan Bautista, 182.
 Cooper, Sarah, 280.
Coronel, Antonio Franco, by Marco R. Newmark, 161-162.
 Coronel, Don Ygnacio and Dona Mariana, 161, 322.
 Cota, Raphaela (Mrs. John Temple), 46.
 Coves, Elliot, 60.
 Covarrubias of San Luis Obispo, 4-13.
 Crail, Joe, 217.
 Cremony, Captain John C., 59.
 Cronise, Titus, 268.
 Cross, Captain John, 185.
 Cullimore, Clarence, 249.
 Cummins, Adly H., 112.
 Cunningham, William N., 181.
 Curtis, Callie C., 117.
 Curtis, James F., 61-62.

D

Dale, Harrison C., 180.
 Dana, William G., 181.
 Danielson, "Old Timer", 217.
Davidson, George by Oscar Lewis, rev., 163.
 Davidson, Mrs. Gwyneth J., 287.
 Davidson, Lt. J. W., 60, 226.
 Davidson, Sgt.-Major, 149.

Davis, "Deacon", 314.
 Davila, Pio Quinto, 129.
 Davis, Horace, 269.
 Davis, M. Philip, 94.
 Davits, P., 128.
 Dawson, Emma Frances, 110.
 De Gruf, Albert, 79.
 De la Guerra of Santa Barbara, 4, 13.
 De Pedrorena of San Diego, 4, 13.
 De Pledge, C. C., 44.
 Dickson, Edward A., 94, 277, 314.
 Doheny, Edward L., 272.
 Dohs, Fred, 38.
 Dominguez of Los Angeles, 4, 13.
 Dominguez, Juan Jose, 246.
 Dominguez, Manuel, 119.
 Downey, John G., 36, 40, 41, 58, 229, 330.
 Drum, Colonel R. C., 60, 62.
 Ducommun, Charles, 41.
 Ducommun, Mrs. Edmund, 94, 346.
 Ducommun, Edmund F., 95, 172, 347.
 Duffey, Mrs. James B., 170.
 Dunhan, Frances E., 263.
 Dunn, Jos. T., 131.
 Ryer, Minnie Myrtle (Mrs. Joaquin Miller), 101.

E

Eastman, Colonel James G., 325.
 Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Burdick, 172, 348.
 Echeandia, Jose Maria de, 181.
 Eells, Rufus S., 21.
 Elliot, J. M., 43.
 Ellison, William H., 92.
 Emerson, Ralph, 231.
 Eyre, Lt., 77.

F

Fargo, C. A., 20.
 Farley, William, 79.
 Farmers and Merchants National Bank, 348.
 Fernald, Grace, 316.
 Fitch, Anna M., 101.
 Fitch, Tom, 324.
 Fleming, S. A., 43.
 Flint, Benjamin and Thomas, 46.
 Foard, J. Macdonough, 100.
 Foote, Mary Halleck, 111.
 Ford, John Anson, 261.
Fort Tejons Centennial, by Clarence Cullimore, 249-254.
 Foster, Lt., 60.
 Foster, Stephen C., 161.
 Frances, John, 281.
 Franklin, William, 39.
 Fremont, John Charles, 51.
 Fremont, Jessie Benton, 103.
 Freres, Lazard, 196.
 Frohling, Mrs., 121.
 Frye, A. W., 45.

Index

G

Gage, Henry T., 325.
Gagliano, Clement J., 94, 173, 348.
Ganahl, Mr. and Mrs. C. C., 346.
Ganahl, Frank, 325.
Ganter, Appolonia, 143.
Garces, Fray Francisco, 50.
Garfias, Manuel, 322.
Geiger, Carolina Fredericka, 194.
George, Henry, 273.
Germain, Donald Price, 95.
Germania Society, 116.
Getz, Milton G., 44.
Gibbons, Tom, 271.
Glassell, Andrew, 325.
Goodman, Morris, 322.
Goss, Helen Rocca, 325.
Gould, Will D., 47, 118.
Graff, John, 14.
Granger, Lewis, 161.
Grant, Private Thomas B., 152.
Greef, Dr. C. O., 217.
Greef, Ralph and Kitty, 214.
Griffen, Mrs. Helen S., 95.
Griffin, John S., 41.
Griffith, John M., 21.
Groenewegen, George, 313.
Guerrero, G. D., 128.
Gui Sing, 297.
Gutierrez, Manuel, 246.
Gwinn, 7.

H

Hahn, Herman, 44.
Hancock, Henry, 207.
Hancock, G. Allen, 341.
Hancock, Captain Winfield S., 232.
Hancock, S. S. Ada, 199.
Hanley, James C., 263.
Hanson, George, 204, 207.
Hardy, William H., 74.
Hargis, Donald E., 3.
Hay, John, 124.
Hayes, Judge Ben, 28, 322.
Hayes, Mrs. Ben, 229.
Haynes, Dr. John R., 277.
Hayward, James Alvinza, 40.
Hearn, Patrick, 147.
Hearst, Phoebe A., 280.
Hellman, I. M., 41.
Hellman, I. W., 40, 41, 44, 186.
Henderson, William, 181.
Hereford, Carrie and Dora, 199.
Hesperion, 101.
Hicks, Mr., 140.
Hill, R. G., 44.
Hill, Reverend W. B., 124.
Hill, W. G., 323.
Hindman, Jo., 214.

Hittell, John, 268.
Hodges, A. P., 229, 322.
Hogen, C. L., 94.
Hollenbeck, J. E., 42.
Hopkins, Maria Alden, 95.
Houston, Flora Belle, 95.
Howard, A. J., 44.
Howard, Colonel James, 325.
Howard, General Molney, 325.
Hoyt, Franklyn, 130, 185.
Huber, Emeline (Mrs. Ozro W. Childs), 143.
Huber, Joseph, 143.
Hunt, A., 146.
Hunt, Captain Jefferson, 53.
Hunt, Lt. Edward Bissell, 105.
Hunt, Rockwell D., 267.
Huntington, Henry, 136.

I

Ibanez, Padre Florencia, 125.

J

Jackson, Helen Hunt (Neé Helen Maria Fiske), 104-108.
Jackson, William S., 106.
Janssens, The Life and Adventures in California of Don Augustin, edited by William H. Ellison, *rev.*, 92.
Joaquin Murieta, The Life and Adventures of, by John Rollin Ridge, *rev.*, 344.
Johnson, Hiram, 277.
Johnston, Robert, 199.
Jones, Carrie and Constance, 206.
Jones, Mark, 197.
Jordan, David Star, 281.

K

Kaiser, Charles, 37.
Kanouse, P. A., 217.
Kearney, Denis, 269.
Kedder, William S., 60.
Keith, William, 283.
Keller, Mat, 122.
Kennedy, J. Lenox, 182.
Kennedy, Mary Boyce, 155.
Kewen, Colonel E. J. C., 115, 324.
King, Frank L., 44.
King, John, 118.
Kline, G. W., 44.
Knowland, Joseph R., 261.
Kolisher, Mr., 196.
Kremer, Maurice, 40.
Kress, John, 22.
Krieder, Mrs. Samuel L., 96.
Krythe, Maymie R., 28, 115, 225, 322.

L

La Brea Fossil Beds, The Discovery in 1901 of the, by Mary Logan Orcutt, 338-341.

Lancers, 22.

Lancy, Elmer, 220.

Lauber, Dr., 60.

Lawler, Oscar T., 41.

Lawton, Ed., 217.

Layne, J. Gregg, 173.

Lazard, S. & Co., 40.

Leck, Henry and Carrie, 196.

Le Conte, Joseph, 281.

Lecouvreur, Frank, 19, 20, 203.

Lee, Polly and Ellen, 39.

Lee and Ryland Circus, 39.

Lehman, George, 208.

Lenz, Edmund, 202.

Lenz, Louise, 192.

Lewis, S. J. and Nathaniel C., 287.

Lichtenderger, Louis, 19.

Lopez, Juan V., 129.

Los Angeles County, A Historical Sketch of, pub. by Louis Lewin & Co., rev., 165.

Los Angeles, Daily Life in Early Days, by Maymie R. Krythe. Part I, 28-29; Part II, 115-129; Part III, 225-237; Part IV, 322-337.

Los Angeles Terminal Railroad, The, by Franklin Hoyt, 185-191.

Lovcie, Adolph, 216.

Lowe, T. S. C., 44.

Mc

McCaully, J. J., 217.

McCrae, Randle, 94.

McCrea, Mrs. Reba Cole, 263.

McDowell, General, 63.

McFarland, Dan, 189.

McGillivroy, Alec, 314.

McKay, Mrs. William, 217.

McLane, C. L., 281.

M

Maas, Professor A. R., 217.

Maas, H. A., 216.

Maas, Harold, 216.

Mack, George W., 147.

MacLeon, Rod, 173.

Manly, William L., 15.

Maraga, Gabriel, 50.

Marion, Guy E., 96, 346.

Marquard, Mrs. Ysabel Cram, 346.

Marquez, Don Francisco, and Senora (Neé Maria Roque Valenzuela), 155, 158.

Martz, C. M. S., 217.

Marwedel, Emma, 280.

Mascarel, Jose, 41.

Mason, Herbert, 217.

Masonic Lodge, No. 42, 23.

Mellis, Henry, 330.

Merriam, Doctor John C., 340.

Merriam, Captain John L., 152.

Meyer, Ben R., 44.

Mighels, Ella Sterling, 101, 112.

Mikesell, Marvin W., 238.

Millington, S. J., 38.

Mine, Lost Goller, 16.

Mitchell, Mrs. Beatrice Sabiche, 94, 170, 173, 346.

Mohun, James, 232.

Molla, Senior, 128.

Mollinet, Fritz, 223.

Monnette, Ora E., 44.

Moore, Captain Benjamin D., 12, 26.

Moore, Ernest Carroll, 315.

Mora, Bishop, 120.

Morgan, Dale, 182.

Morris, Madge, 270.

Morrison, M., 58.

Mott, S. H., 42.

Mullaly, Porter and Ayers, 18.

Mulholland, William, 27.

Myers, F. N., 43.

Mytton, Hilda V., 342.

N

Nahl, Charles C., 283.

Neidt, Pauline, 24.

Newmark, Harris, 40, 204.

Newmark, Mrs. Marco, 169, 348.

Newmark, Marco R., 46, 161, 172, 255, 264, 342, 348.

Nichols, John G., 161, 322.

Nordholt, William, 21.

Norris, Frank, 270.

Norton, Judge Myron, 231.

Norton, Lt. A. W., 152.

Nuez, Father, 51.

O

O'Leary, Father, 118.

Older, Mrs. Fremont, 111.

O'Malveny, Judge Henry, 36.

Orbison, R. V., 217.

Orcutt, Mary Logan, 338.

Orcutt, William W., 338.

Ord, Edward O. C., 47.

Otis, General H. G., 271.

Overland Monthly, 102.

Index

P

- Palos Verdes, Rancho*, by W. W. Robinson. 245-248.
Panorama, by W. W. Robinson, *rev.*, 164.
 Park, Cyril, 217.
 Parkhurst, Emilie, 111.
 Parrish, Lt. Comdr. Carrol, 96.
 Pascoe, Elmer R., M.D., 96, 348.
 Patrick, M. S., 42.
 Perry, William H., 22.
Petroleum in Venezuela, A History, by Edwin Lie, *rev.*, 165.
 Phelps, Janette H., 101.
 Pico of San Jose, 4, 13.
 Pico, Andres, 35, 206.
 Pico, Mrs. Isabelle F., 174, 264.
 Pico, Pio, 34.
 Pittsinger, Eliza, 101.
 Platford, Sid D., 174.
 Poinsett, Joel R., 182.
Point Loma Community in California, by Emmett A. Greenwalt, *rev.*, 344.
 Polaski, Mr., 196.
 Potter, N. A., 22.
 Powell, Lawrence Clark, 312.
 Pratt, Lydia (Mrs. Jonathan Temple), 46.
 Puck, Charles, 96, 174.
 Putnam, Frank B., 94, 96, 174.

Q

- Quest of a Hemisphere*, by Gonzelle Cross Boyle, *rev.*, 165.

R

- Raimund, R. E., 20.
Rancho Boca de Santa Monica, by Mary Boyce Kennedy, 155-160.
 Rager, Lewis, 229.
Redondo Railroad, by Franklyn Hoyt, 130-137.
 Reeves, Joseph Morgan, Jr., 174.
 Requena, Manuel, 322.
 Reyes, Don Francisco and Senora (Née Maria Antonia Machado), 158.
 Reyes, Don Ysidro and Senora (Née Maria Antonia Villa), 155, 158.
 Reynolds, Hortense Childs, 138.
 Richardson, Q. M., 149.
 Richardson, Sarah, 138.
 Rieber, Charles, 315.
 Ripley, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic C., 96.
 Robinson, W. W., 245.
 Rocca, Andrew, 292, 295.
 Rodriguez of Monterey, 4, 13.
 Rogers, Harrison G., 180, 182.
 Rogers, Tempe Sarah Ann, 215.
 Rajo, Don Manuel, 35.
 Rajo, M. C., 229.
 Rolder, Louis, 19.
 Rolle, Andrew F., 179.
 Roman, Anton, 282.

- Romatka, 66.
 Romer, Margaret, 160.
 Rose, L. J., 36, 42.
 Rossetti, Victor, 174.
 Rowell, Chester, 277.
 Rowland, Sheriff, 200.
 Royce, Joseph, 282.
 Rude, Chester A., 43.
 Rudkin, Charles N., 93.
Ruffled Petticoat Days, by Blanche Gray, *rev.*, 345.

S

- Sabichi, Mateo, 40.
 Salazar, Angelita, 128.
 Salitore, Edward V., 92.
 Sanchez, Juan M., 42.
 Sanford, Mr., 199.
 Sanford, W. T. B., 229.
 Sansevain, Don Louis, 121.
Santa Barbara, The Changing Role of the Port of, by Marvin W. Mikesell, 238-243.
 Sarraill, A. J., 217.
 Sartori, Joseph F., 43.
 Schaefer, Mr. and Nancy, 192.
 Schumacher, John, 18.
 Schumacher, Mary and Carrie, 192, 212.
 Schumacher, P. F., 217.
 Scott, Jonathan, 121.
Scott, Joseph, by Marco R. Newmark, 255-257.
 Security-First National Bank, 96.
 Sepulveda, Francisco Xavier, 245.
 Sepulveda, Ignacio, 328.
 Sepulveda, José, 34, 231.
 Sepulveda, Juan, 22.
 Shain, Floyd, 217.
 Shaminac, Tribe of the Improved Order of Red Men, 118.
 Shaw, Private O. W., 152.
 Shelton, James E., 43.
 Shuey, Lillian, 111.
 Signaret, Felix, 197.
 Silliman, Benjamin, 272.
 Silva, Olympia, 123.
Six Guns and Saddle Leather, by Ramon F. Adams, *rev.*, 164.
 Sloper, F. A., 217.
 Smith, Agnes Coolbrith (Mrs. William Pickett), 101, 102.
 Smith, Don Carlos, 101.
 Smith, Jackson and Sublette, 179.
 Smith, Jedediah S., 51.
Smith, The Riddle of the First Visit to California of Jedediah, by Andrew F. Rolle, 179-184.
 Snow, R. K., 217.
 Spence, Edward F., 42, 43.
 Stearns, Abel, 17, 22.
 Stearns, Don Abel and Senora Donna Arcadia, 116, 121.
 Sterry, Mrs. Norman, 174.
 Stevens, Jerry, 150.
 Stewart, George H., 43, 44.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Stewart, Lyman, 272.
 Stimson, Mrs. Marshall, 96.
 Stimson, Willard, 217.
 Stoll, Henry W., 212.
 Storke, Ada Addis, 109.
 St. Patricks Benevolent Society, 118.
 Stroble, Max Von, 22.
 Sullivan, Maurice, 180.
 Sutton, J. N., 135.
 Sweatt, John, 281.

T

Tanner, T. W., 39.
 Tell, Charles, 231.
 Temple, F. P. F., 40, 41.
Temple, The Life of Jonathan (John),
 by Marco R. Newmark, 46-48; 322.
 Temple, Lydia (Neé Pratt) Mrs.
 Jonathan, 46.
 Thompson, R. H., 131.
 Tierney, Margaret, 144.
 Tilden, G. F., 231.
 Timms, G. W., (Alex), 20, 21, 203.
 Tipton, Mrs. Robert C., 346.
 Toberman, James R., 41.
 Tomlinson, John J., 20.
 Town, R. M., 42.
 Truman, Major Ben, 323.
 Turner, Joel, 326.
Tweedy, by Jo Hindman, 214-224.
 Twist, W. W., 117.
 Tyler, Helen, 40.

U

Ussher, Fred, 216.

V

Vallejo of Sonoma, 4-13.
Vancouver in California, edited by
 Marguerite Eyar Wilber, *rev.*, 259.
Van der Leck Lenz, Caroline, edited by
 Louise Lenz, 192-213.
 Van der Leck, Lorenz and Wife (Neé
 Caroline Geiger), 192.
 Varnum, Mrs. George, 94, 169.
 Vasquez, Tiburcio, 200.
 Vejar, Ramona, 125.
 Vulture Mining Co., 19.

W

Waitman, Leonard, 49.
 Walsh, James, 21.
 Warner, Colonel J. J., 36.
 Warren, Mrs. Stafford, 175.
 Waters, A. J., 44.
 Waters, R. G., 44.
 Weil, Lawrence I., 96.
 Welch, Clyde M., 264.
 Welch, M. M., 217.
 Weller, Mrs. Catalina Pico, 264.
 Wentz, Carl F., 45.
 West, H. H., 175.
 West, Captain, 60.
Western Wayfaring, by J. Gregg Layne,
rev., 166.
 Wheat, Carl I., 346.
 Wheeler, Benjamin Ide, 281.
 Wheeler, John, 229.
When East Was East in the Old West,
 by Helen Rocca Goss, 292-311.
 Whipple, Lt. A. W., 54.
 White, Ammia, 150.
 White, Laura Lyons, 111.
 White, Mrs., and son Jeff, 115.
 White, Stephen M., 118, 271.
 Whiting, Samuel, 322.
 Whitney, Charley, 314.
 Whittier, Donald W., 264.
 Wigdol, O. J., 44.
 Wiggins, Frank, 271.
 Wiggins, Kate Douglas, (Neé Kate E.
 Smith), 108, 280.
 Wilcox, Captain Henry, 42.
 Wilhardt, Louis, 16.
 Wilson, B. D., 230, 322, 333.
 Wilson, K. B., 44.
 Williamson, Lt. R. S., 54.
 Winn, A. M., 273.
 Wiston, Dr. J. B., 37.
 Wood, Corporal, 152.
 Woods, Reverend James, 28.
 Woods, Verna, 111.
 Woodworth, Wallace, 22.
 Workman, Thomas, 199.
 Workman, William, 41.

Y

Yorba, Teodosio, 34.
 Young, Captain, Erving, 51.
 Young, O. S., 175.

Z

Zane, R. R., 216.
 Zaragoza, General, 128.

ANNOUNCEMENT...

*The
Historical Society of Southern California*

QUARTERLY

will present in its next issue a detailed account of the historic
celebration occasioned by the Los Angeles civic dedication of the
statue of

GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

in Douglas MacArthur Park, Los Angeles, on January 26, 1955.



The account will include the luncheon introductory address
delivered by

Dr. Clark G. Kuebler

Provost, University of California at Santa Barbara

and a major portion of the three historic addresses delivered by

General MacArthur



Inasmuch as this is an event of historical significance and the edition of the
QUARTERLY is limited, it is suggested that members and
friends wishing additional copies place their
orders with the Secretary before
April 30, 1955.

Publications

of the

Historical Society of

Southern California

2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California

DUnkirk 2-5582



1892 — Annual Containing the Sutro
Documents with translations - - each \$3.00

1931 — One Hundred Fiftieth Anni-
versary Special Publication
(Annual for 1931) - - - - each \$5.00

All other numbers of Annual
Publications - - - - - each \$2.50

A limited number of sets of Annuals
(1892 - 1934, inclusive) are
available - - - - - per set \$75.00

These sets do not include An-
nuals for 1895, 1924 or 1933,
which are out of print.

THE QUARTERLY — One full year to
members - - - - - per run \$8.00

Individual single numbers to
members - - - - - each \$2.00

Individual double numbers to
members - - - - - each \$3.00

THE QUARTERLY — One full year to
non-members - - - - - per run \$10.00

Individual single numbers to
non-members - - - - - each \$3.00

Individual double numbers to
non-members - - - - - each \$4.00

